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SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,

Rejecting the overtures of King Edward

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE, ADVENTURES, AND HEROIC ACTIONS,
OF THE CELEBRATED
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,
General, and Governor of Scotland.

TRANSLATED INTO METRE, FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN OF
MR. JOHN BLAIR, CHAPLAIN TO WALLACE,
BY ONE CALLED BLIND HARRY

REVISED AND IMPROVED BY WILLIAM HAMILTON.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED, A

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION,

*Elucidating the Causes and most memorable passages of
the War.*

New-York :

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM W. CRAWFORD.

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TO THE HIGH, PUSSANT, AND MOST NOBLE,
PRINCE JAMES,

Duke of Hamilton, Castleherault and Brandon, Marquis of Clydesdale, Earl of Arran, Lanark, and Cambridge, Lord Aven, Polmont, Machanshire, and Innerdale, and Baron of Dutton.

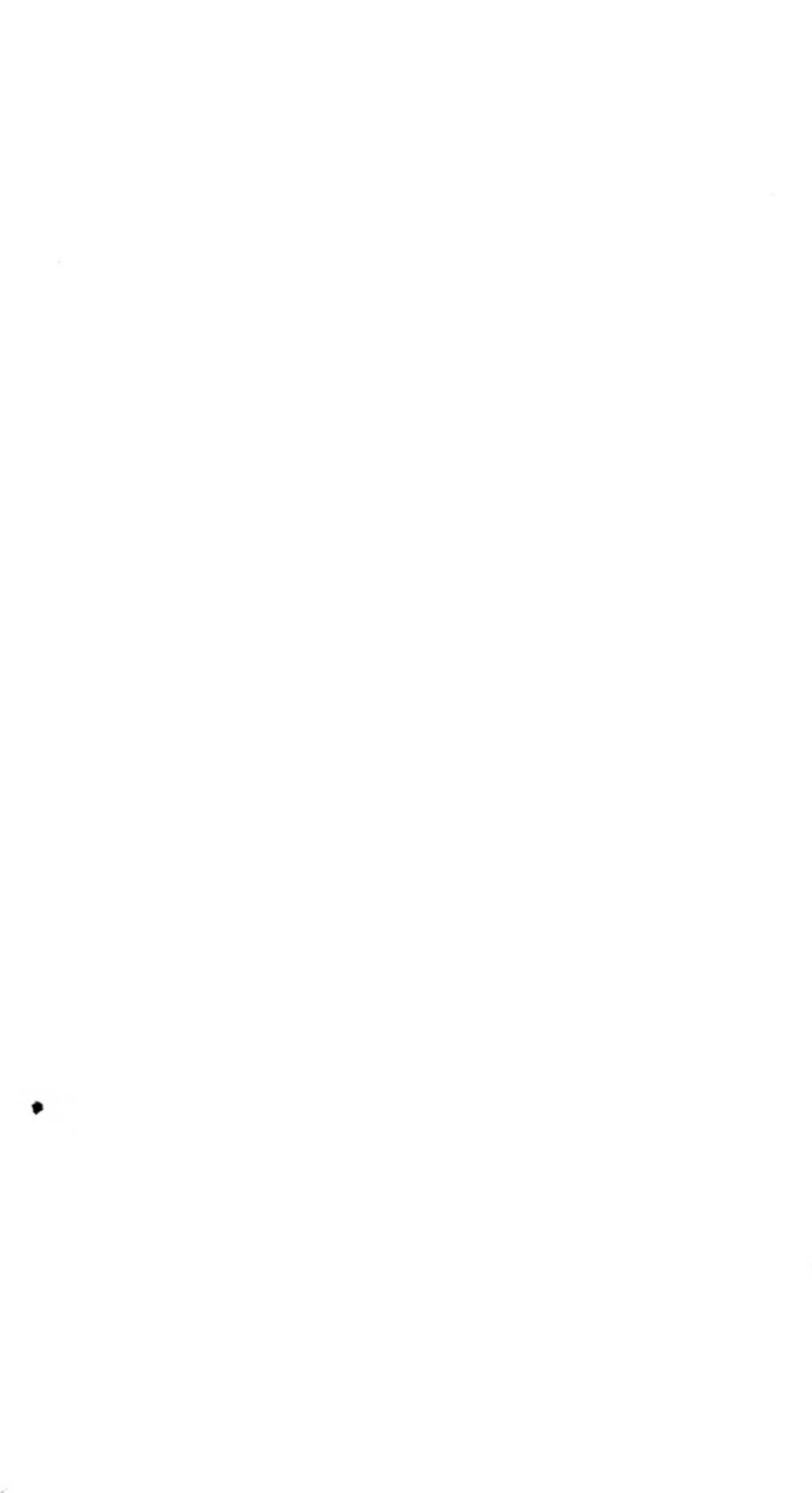
May it please your Grace,

OF all the endowments of nature, heroic virtue has justly been the most admired. It shines in none of the heroes of antiquity with a truer lustre than in Sir WILLIAM WALLACE; and none of them have deserved better of their country than he has done. All his wisdom, valour, and conduct, were still employed for the good of his country; and, while he held the supreme command, by his vigilance defended Scotland from all treasons at home and attempts from abroad. It is these heroic virtues of our great general, that make me presume, my Lord, to beg your Grace's patronage to his history, done in modern Scots' verse. And I humbly presume your Grace will have the goodness to forgive the low strains of a writer, whose greatest motive is to make the history of an ancient hero intelligible to the age he lives in, in order to form their minds to virtue, by setting so glorious a model before their eyes. If, by that, I can deserve my countrymen's thanks, or entitle myself to the least share of your Grace's favour, I shall reckon myself unspeakably happy.

I am not now, my Lord, to take up your Grace's time, to offend your modesty by recapitulating the advantages you have from your birth improved by education, and assisted by ample fortune, nor of your many princely virtues; these, my Lord, being every where spoken of, with the utmost admiration by all. That your Grace may be your country's boast, and as useful to it as any of your illustrious ancestors have been, shall be the constant prayer of

May it please your Grace, your Grace's most humble,
Most obedient, and most devoted servant,
WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Gilbertfield, Sept. 21, 1721.



HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS history of Sir **WILLIAM WALLACE** was written in Latin by Mr. John Blair, chaplain to Wallace, and turned into metre by one called **Blind Harry**, in the days of King James IV. and contains a relation of the most famous war that ever fell out in the isle of Britain, fought most valiantly for the space of forty years, between the two realms of Scotland and England ; the one unjustly pursuing, the other constantly defending, the liberties of their country ; during which broils, there happened great alterations, both in the general state of this kingdom, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular families ; the one for betraying, the other for maintaining, their country's freedom and welfare.

That the whole history may be more clear, we have thought good, in a short introduction, to set down the causes, occasions, and the most memorable passages of this war. In the year 1285, King Alexander III. being killed by a fall from his horse at Kinghorn, without any issue of his body, and in him the whole posterity of his father Alexander the second, and grand-father William the Lion being extinct, the right of the crown fell to the heirs of David, Earl of Huntington and Garioch, youngest brother to William the Lion. He had left three daughters, the eldest, Margaret, married to Allen, Lord of Galloway ; the second, Isabel, to Robert Bruce (surnamed the noble,) Lord of Annandale and Cleveland : the youngest, Ada, married Henry Hastings, an Englishman ; who having no just title to the crown, the contention rested between the posterity of the two eldest daughters ; for Allen, Lord of Galloway, leaving no sons by his wife Margaret, his eldest daughter, Dornagilla of Galloway, married John Baliol, a man of great power, and lands both in Scotland, England, and France, and bore to him John Baliol : afterwards King Robert Bruce, by his wife Isabel of Huntington, had Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, (by marriage of Martha, heretrix thereof,) who contended with John

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Baliol, and died in the time of Wallace's wars. His eldest son, Robert Bruce, succeeded king of Scotland.

Dornagilla of Galloway claimed the crown, as heir to Margaret, eldest daughter to Prince David. Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, son to Isabel the second daughter, yet contended, that, in feudal succession, the first male ought to succeed before a woman standing in the same degree, as a son excludeth his sister from succession, although she be elder; and therefore he and Dornagilla of Galloway standing in the second degree from Prince David, he ought to be preferred to her; as for her son John Baliol, he could claim no right but by her, and likewise was a degree further off from Prince David. The like practice had fallen out some years before, in the time of Hugh the fourth, Duke of Burgundy, whose eldest son (dying before his father,) left a daughter, Jola, Countess of Nevers, who claimed to succeed her grandfather Hugh IV. notwithstanding, Robert, second son to the same Hugh IV. was preferred to her, and succeeded the Duke of Burgundy. If, then, the second son in feudal inheritance succeed before the eldest son's daughter, far more ought the nephew to succeed before the niece. The right of succession being thus made doubtful, the competitors were so powerful, that they drew the greatest part of the kingdom into equal factions; so that it seemed impossible to settle the controversy at home, without running into a most pernicious civil war.

The states of Scotland, to prevent this mischief, thought it fittest to submit the arbitration of the plea to Edward I. surnamed Long Shanks, king of England, and that upon divers weighty reasons; for he and his father King Henry III. being joined by many alliances of bands and friends to the two last kings of Scotland, had lived in great amity and concord with them, receiving and interchanging many favours and kind duties. The two competitors also, Bruce and Baliol, had as great lands in England as in Scotland, so that he (and he only) was able to make them stand to reason. Finally, the states of Scotland not being able to determine the plea, there was no prince besides more powerful, and, in appearance, more like to compose the controversy, without great bloodshed. This motion was in secret very greedily embraced by King Edward, hoping in so troublesome a water to find a gainful fishing, either

by drawing the kingdom of Scotland under his direct subjection, or at least under his homage, as lord paramount and superior; considering the difficulty to determine the question at home, and the interest he had in both the parties, being (for a great part of their estates) his vassals and subjects; his great power also, having (besides Ireland) a great part of France under his dominion, and the low countries his assured confederates, gave him great encouragement: neither wanted he great friendship in Scotland, having at that time many of the greatest noblemen in Scotland vassals and fendaries to himself for many lands which they held in England, partly for great services done to himself and his father, partly lying within Northumberland, and the border shires, then holden by the Scots in fee of England; partly also by interchange of marriage and successions between the two nations, which for a long time had lived in perfect amity, as if it had been but one kingdom: and, to make the controversy more fearful, he stirred up eight other competitors, besides Bruce and Baliol: Florence Earl of Holland (descended of Ada, sister to William the Lion;) Patrick Dunbar Earl of March; Sir Walter Ross; Sir Nicholas Souls; Sir Roger Mondeville; Sir John Cumming of Badenach (these five were descended of younger daughters of Allen, Lord of Galloway;) Sir William Vescie son of King Alexander II's illegitimate daughter, but pretended to be legitimate; and John Hastings Lord Abergavenny, descended of Ada, youngest daughter of Prince David of Huntington.

Having thus prepared matters, he came to Berwick, and met with the states of Scotland, to whom he promised to decide the controversy according to equity; and that it might seem more likely, he brought from France sundry of the most famous lawyers of that age: he chose also out of the assembled states of Scotland, twelve of the wisest and most honourable, to whom he joined the like number of English, as assessors to him in his arbitrament. At this meeting, by the doubtful answers of lawyers, and number of new pretendants, he made the matter more difficult, and appointed a new convention at Norham, in the borders, the year following.

Difficulties thus increasing, and the Earl of Holland having on foot a great army to take the crown of Scotland

by force (which their own stories affirm to have landed in Scotland, and to have intercepted some strengths,) at the meeting of Norham, King Edward dealt secretly, and by fit agents with the states of Scotland, for eschewing of eminent mischiefs, to become his subjects; he being descended of King David's sister, and so but two degrees further from the crown of Scotland than Bruce or Baliol were. This being flatly refused by all, he betook himself to his other design: and first dealt secretly with Robert Bruce, promising to discern in his favours, if he would take the crown of Scotland to be holden of him, and do him homage for it; but he stoutly refused to subject a free nation to any over-lord: whereupon King Edward called for John Baliol, who, knowing that he was not so much favoured of the states of Scotland, easily condescended to King Edward's desire; and being by him declared king of Scotland, the states, desirous of peace, conveyed him to Scone, where he was crowned, anno 1291, and all, except Bruce, swore to him obedience. Thereafter, Duncan Macduff, Earl of Fife, was killed by Lord Abernethy (a man of great power in those times, allied both with the Cummings and Baliol.) The Earl's brother, finding the king partial in the administration of justice, summoned him to appear before the king of England in parliament: where being present, and sitting beside King Edward (after he had done him homage,) when he was called upon, thought to answer by a procurator: but he was forced to rise and stand at the bar. This indignity grieving him greatly, he resolved to free himself of this bondage. At the same time, war breaking out between England and France, Edward sent ambassadors to the parliament of Scotland to send aid to him, as now being their over-lord. There came also other ambassadors from France, desiring the ancient league to be renewed. The king and states of Scotland renewed the league with France, which had remained inviolably kept for the space of five hundred years before. The king of England's suit was rejected, because the pretended surrender and homage was made by John Baliol privately, without the consent of the parliament. A marriage was also concluded between Prince Edward Baliol and a daughter of Charles Earl of Valois, brother to the French King Philip. Edward, having foreseen all these things, had drawn Robert Bruce, Earl

of Carrick, with his friends, enemies to Baliol, and divers noblemen of Scotland, who held land of him in England, to bring such forces as they could make to assist him in the French war; but, withal, taking truce with the French for some months, he suddenly turned his forces, destined against France, towards Scotland. His navy was vanquished at Berwick, and eighteen of his ships taken. Yet his land host, by means of the Brucian faction, and the Englished Scots noblemen, took the town of Berwick with great slaughter; and, shortly thereafter, Dunbar, Edinburgh, and Stirling. In and about these castles he had killed or taken captive the greatest part of the Scots noblemen; so that crossing the Forth, the blow being so sudden, he found no preparation for resistance. Baliol surrendered himself to King Edward, at Montrose, and was sent by sea into England, where he remained captive, till such time as, by the intercession of the Pope, he was set at liberty, swearing and giving hostage never to return into Scotland. King Edward came to Scoon, and took upon him the crown of Scotland, as forfeited by the rebellion of his homager Baliol. He sent for the nobles of Scotland who remained, that they, with such as were his captives, might swear homage to him, as to their leige lord and king: those who refused, were detained prisoners.

King Edward, thinking that now all was sure for him in Scotland, left John Plantagenet (some call him Warren,) Earl of Surry, and Sir Hugh Cressingham, treasurer, and returned to prosecute the French war, taking such of the nobility of Scotland as he feared, along with him, with their followers. The great men of Scotland being in this manner either imprisoned by King Edward, or sworn to his obedience, and tied thereto by reason of their lands holden of the crown of England, the rest either fled into the isles and Highlands, or thought it sufficient to defend their own till better times.

But while men of power neglected the public cause of the liberty of Scotland, William Wallace, a youth of honourable birth, being son to Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie, but of mean power, having first in private killed many Englishmen of the garrisons, as he could overtake them, by these exploits became so encouraged, being a man of invincible hardiness, incredible strength of body, and withal

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very wise and circumspect, that he gathered his friends and neighbours, and by jeopardies and stratagems divers times cut off great numbers of the enemy : the report thereof drew to him such as affected the liberty and welfare of their country, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof; as, namely, the Earl Malcolm Lennox, the Lord William Douglas (who had been taken captive at Berwick, and sent home upon assurance,) Sir John Graham, Sir Neil Campbell, Sir Christopher Seaton, Sir John Ramsay, Sir Fergus Barclay, Andrew Murray, William Oliphant, Hugh Hay, Robert Boyd, John Johnstoun, Adam Gordon, Robert Keith, Ronald Crawford younger, Adam Wallace, Roger Kilpatrick, Simon and Alexander Frasers, James Crawford, Robert Lauder, Scrimiger, Alexander, Auchinleck, Ruthven, Richard Lundie, William Crawford, Arthur, Bisset, James and Robert Lindsay, John Cleland, William Ker, Edward Little, Robert Rutherford, Thomas Halliday, John Tinto, Walter Newbigging, Gordon, Baird, Guthrie, Adam Currie, Hugh Dundas, John Scot, Stephen Ireland, Mr. John Blair, Mr. Thomas Gray, and other gentlemen, with their friends and servants; who, after some valiant exploits happily achieved, and an army of ten thousand men led by Thomas Earl of Lancaster, to the Earl of Warren, defeated by Wallace at Biggar (holding an assembly at the Forest Kirk,) chose Wallace to be Warden of Scotland, and viceroy in Baliol's absence; in which office he so valiantly behaved himself, that in a short space he recovered all the strengths on the borders and brought the south parts of Scotland to quiet.

The English, fearing the loss of all, subtilly took truce with Wallace for one year, beginning in February. In June following, they proclaimed a justice-air to be held at Glasgow and Air, the eighteenth of that month, thinking to entrap Wallace and all his friends, and, under colour of law, to cut them off at the day appointed. All landed men, according to the custom, assembling to this court, the Englishmen condemned them of felony, and hanged them presently; among the rest, Sir Ronald Crawford, sheriff of Air, uncle to Wallace; Sir Bryce Blair, Sir Neil Montgomery, and many of the barons of Kyle, Cunningham, Carrick, and Clydesdale. Those that escaped by flight advertised Wallace, who chanced to come later than the rest.

He, assembling such of the country as detested so horrible a fact, extremely hated the authors thereof, in the beginning of the night secretly entered into Air, set fire unto the place where the Englishmen, after that fact, were securely sleeping, and suffered none to escape. The garrison of the castle issuing forth to quench the fire, an ambush, laid for the purpose, entered the house, and made it sure. The next morning Wallace came to Glasgow, where the Lord Henry Piercy had retired from Air, the day before : him he expelled thence with great slaughter. The victory he so hotly pursued, that immediately thereafter he took the castle of Stirling, recovered Argyle and Lorn, with the town of St. Johnstoun, and country around ; thence he travelled through Angus and Mearns, taking all the strong places until he came to Aberdeen, which he found forsaken of the English, who had fled by sea, with the Lord Henry Beaumont, an English lord, who had married the heretrix of the earldom of Buchan, named Cumming. Thus all the north country was reduced to the obedience of Wallace, except the castle of Dundee : while he lay at the siege of this place, news came of the approach of the English army, led by John, Earl of Warren and Surry, and Sir Hugh Cressingham, with a great number of Northumberland men, and such of the Scots as held with England, to the number of thirty thousand. Wallace having with him only ten thousand men, long hardened in arms, met with them beside Stirling, on the north side of the Forth, which, having no fords at that place, was passable only by a wooden bridge. This he on purpose had caused to be weakened, so that the one half of the host being past, led by Cressingham, the bridge broke with the great weight of their baggage. Those who were over, Wallace charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part in pieces, with their leader Cressingham ; the rest, seeking to escape, were drowned. The Earl of Warren, with those that escaped, was assailed by Earl Malcolm Lennox, captain of Stirling castle, and being hotly pursued by Wallace, hardly escaped himself, flying into Dunbar, a castle then belonging to Patrick Earl of March. In this battle, fought the 13th of September 1297, there died no Scotsman of remark except Andrew Murray of Bothwell. The English garrisons, hearing of this discomfiture, fled

from all places ; so that before the last of September, all the strengths of Scotland were recovered, except Berwick and Roxburgh.

After these victories, he held a parliament at St. Johnstoun, as warden of Scotland, and settled the whole country, causing the nobility to swear to be faithful to the state, till such time as they might condescend who should be king, Earl Patrick Dunbar, refusing to acknowledge the authority of this parliament, was chased out of Scotland ; and because for several years past, the ground had not been manured, and great famine threatened the land, Wallace assembled a great host, and entered England, where he remained all the winter, and the spring following, living upon the enemies, and enriching his soldiers by their spoil : during which time the English durst never encounter him in the open field : only at the first entry, King Edward, with a great army of raw soldiers, came against him in the plain of Stannuir ; but perceiving the discipline and hardy resolution of Wallace's host, before they came nearer than half a mile, drew back his army and retired : Wallace, for fear of an ambush, kept his soldiers in order, and pursued them not. Thus King Edward left his country to the mercy of a provoked enemy ; and notwithstanding that he promised battle, yet he kept himself close till a peace was concluded for five years, Berwick and Roxburgh being rendered to the Scots.

— Scotland thus enjoying perfect liberty, Wallace being earnestly requested by the French king, to the end that his special captains might be kept in military exercise during the peace, sailed over to France, with fifty of them in his company. He was encountered on the way by Thomas of Chartress (commonly called Thomas of Longoville,) who with sixteen sail infested the seas ; but, boarding Wallace's ship, he was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him and King Robert Bruce for the liberty of Scotland. After his landing in France, he was employed in war against the English, who at that time possessed the duchy of Guyen and Bordeaux ; them he defeated in several skirmishes. But, in a few days, he was called home by some of his friends in Scotland : for King Edward understanding his absence, and pretending that he had broken the peace in Guyen, dealt with Robert Bruce.

Earl of Carrick, and his friends, with such noblemen of Scotland as held lands in England, or envied Wallace's glory, showing that it was a shame for them to suffer Wallace, a mean gentleman, to rule Scotland, while any of the blood-royal did remain ; so, promising his assistance to Robert Bruce, he sent a great army into Scotland, and by the help of the Brucian faction and Englished noblemen, he easily obtained the greatest strengths of Scotland. Wallace returned the next summer, and secretly amassing a number of his special followers, who had lurked till his coming back, on a sudden surprised St. Johnstoun by stratagem ; and pursuing his victory hotly, chased the English out of Fife. Upon the report hereof, all the rest of his followers came from their lurking holes, by whose assistance he recovered divers strengths. The Lord William Douglas took the castle of Sanquhar by a stratagem, and finding the English captains of the nearest garrisons to come and besiege him, he sent secretly to Wallace, who coming with his power, not only raised the seige, but chased the whole English garrisons out of those quarters : from hence he came to the north parts, which he recovered with small difficulty, except the strong castle of Dundee, to which he laid seige.

The king of England, grieved at this fortunate success of Wallace, and understanding that he was highly envied by the Earl of March, the Cummings (the greatest surname then in Scotland,) and divers ancient noblemen (to whose honour Wallace's renown seemed to derogate,) he stirred up Robert Bruce, elder, his faction, persuading them that Wallace was Bruce's only competitor for the crown. Having so made a strong party for himself in Scotland, the next spring he came with an army of forty thousand men, Scots and English, to Falkirk, six miles below Stirling. The Scots army was very great, being thirty thousand strong ; if they had been all of one mind : but John Cumming, Lor' of Cumbernauld, who had an eye to the crown, had persuaded the Lord John Stewart of Bute, being tutor and grand-father by the mother to the Lord James Stewart of Renfrew, lately deceased, to contend with Wallace for the leading of the van-guard, alleging the same belonged to the Lord Stewart's house by ancient privilege. Wallace refusing this, they parted one from another in high chafe, there

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remaining no more but ten thousand of his old soldiers. Cumming, with a thousand of his followers, after a small show of resistance, fled treasonably, leaving the valiant Stewart enclosed by two battles of the English, by whom, after fighting valiantly for a long time, he was cut off with all his followers. Wallace, with his battle, defended themselves valiantly, until they were safely retired beyond the river Carron, losing (besides some others) the noble Sir John Graham, the most valiant worthy of Scotland, next unto Wallace. Bruce, whom the king of England had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to assist him for the recovery of his right from the usurper, perceiving Wallace on the other side of Carron, desired to speak with him, and upbraided him with so foolish an usurpation of the kingdom of Scotland, against so powerful a faction at home, assisted by so mighty a king abroad. I, answered Wallace, intended never to reign in Scotland, but finding my native country abandoned by you and Baliol, who have the right to the crown, have set myself to defend my friends and neighbours from the unjust tyranny and usurpation of the king of England, who setteth you forth most unnaturally to tear the bowels of your mother with your own hands. After divers speeches to this purpose, Bruce, perceiving the fraudulent and tyrannous dealing of King Edward, returned to his host. The next morning, Wallace, understanding that the English army was weakly entrenched, and in great security, amassing with his own army such as had escaped, set upon them in the dawning, before they could be arrayed, and killed many; so that the English king returned at that time without any farther exploit. Bruce, remembering what he heard of Wallace, desired King Edward, according to his former promises, to put him in possession of so much of the kingdom of Scotland as was then under his power; to whom he answered, in the French tongue.—‘Have we no more to do but to conquer kingdoms for you?’ By this speech the Lord Prince conceived so great grief and anger, that, within a few days, he departed this life, without seeing his eldest son Robert Bruce, afterwards king, being kept for the assurance of his father’s obedience in Calais castle in France.

After this unhappy battle, Wallace, striving to recover such castles and strengths as King Edward had inter-

cepted, found such opposition and backwardness by envious emulators, that he returned to St. Johnstoun, and in an assembly of the states, resigned his charge of warden, and with eighteen men passed again into France, according to a promise at his return therefrom. This happened in the year 1300. The opposite faction, having gained their desire, choose John Cumming governor, the rather because King Edward had promised to assist him to the crown of Scotland. But he found him as great an enemy as he had been to Wallace. For after seven months truce, obtained by means of the French king, Edward sent Sir Raiph Godfrey, with a great army, to subdue the Scots, and to put an end to the war, which they expected should be easy. Wallace being now out of the way, John Cumming, joining with the Lord Simon Fraser, making some eight or nine thousand men, came to resist the English, who having wasted the country as far as Roslin, about six miles from Edinburgh, expecting no resistance, divided themselves into three battles, that they might spoil farther into the country. The Scots embracing the occasion set upon the first battle, and easily discomfited them; the second also, albeit stronger, by the joining of those who fled, was after a long conflict put to the rout. By this the third battle coming to the revenge, put the Scots to a great strait, as being sore wounded, wearied, and weakened in the two former battles, and having to withstand a fresh enemy of far greater number: hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives, lest they should assist the enemy, and with their weapons to arm the baggage men: and setting forward both with courage and necessity, seeing no escape, after a long and hard fight, they put the enemies to flight on the 24th March, 1302.

King Edward, sore incensed by this evil success, sent for Robert Bruce, younger, out of Calais, whom he persuaded, that he had for a long time, against Wallace, defended his father's right to the crown of Scotland: that, having put Wallace out of the way, he found the Cummings as great enemies: notwithstanding, he intended yet once more to put that enemy out of the way, and to settle him in his kingdom. The young prince, believing him, caused all his friends and favourers in Scotland to join with him, and, entering the border, spoiled the country, and took di-

vers castles as far as Douglas. Some report that the Lady Douglas, named Ferras, an English woman, betrayed that castle to the Bruce, who took the Lord William Douglas captive, with all his children and goods. That lord himself was kept prisoner in Berwick, and thereafter in York, where he died. Meantime, King Edward had prepared a mighty army, both by land and sea, with which he entered Scotland, subduing all before him, and came to Stirling, kept then by Sir William Oliphant; who, after a long siege, knowing of no relief, yielded the castle upon condition that himself, and all that were with him, should pass with their lives safe: notwithstanding, King Edward kept still all the noblemen, together with the Captain Sir William Oliphant, and such as would not swear homage to him (pretending to be protector of Robert Bruce's right,) he sent prisoners to London. Having in this castle intercepted divers of John Cumming's friends, he procured them to draw him to a parley with them; in which he so blinded him with the hopes of the kingdom, and with fear of utter undoing, that he joined himself and his friends to the English; who, by this accession, easily passed forward with the course of victory as far as the utmost bounds of Ross: and, in his coming back, carried away with him into England, all books, registers, histories, laws, and monuments of the kingdom; and amongst others, the fatal nairnie chair, whereupon the former Scots kings used to be crowned at Scone, on which was engraved a prophecy, bearing—'That, wherever this chair should be transported, the Scots shall command there.' He carried with him also the learned men and professors of Scotland; amongst others, the famous Dr. John Duns, surnamed Scotus, thinking thereby to discourage and effeminate the minds of the Scots, that they should cast off all care of recovering their liberty, the memory thereof being drowned in oblivion. At his return into England, he left his cousin Sir Aymer de Vallance, Earl of Pembroke, viceroy, having fortified all castles with strong garrisons.

The Scots, who stood for the liberty of their country, being forsaken by John Cumming, sent earnest letters to France, to move Wallace to return. He was then making war upon the English at Guyen; but, hearing the mischiefs of his country, obtained leave of the French king to return.

and secretly amassing some of the remainder of his old friends, recovered divers castles and towns in the north, and having greatly increased his army, besieged St. Johnstone till it was tendered. But as he proceeded in the course of his victories he was betrayed by his familiar friend, Sir John Monteith, to Aymer de Vallance, who sent him into England, where, by King Edward's command, he was put to death, and his body quartered, and sent into the principal cities in Scotland, to be set up for a terror to others.

But this cruelty prevailed little for securing King Edward's conquest; new enemies arising where he least expected; for, as he returned from his last journey into Scotland, John Cumming and Robert Bruce meeting together, after a long conference on the state of their country, perceived, that, although he had promised to each of them apart, his help to obtain the crown of Scotland, yet his intention was only to use their assistance, to conquer and secure it to himself, as he well declared, by spoiling the country of all monuments, public and private. Hereupon they agreed that Cumming should quit all his right to the crown in favour of Bruce, and that Bruce should give him all his lands for his assistance. This contract, written and sealed by both parties, Bruce returned for Scotland with the host, waiting for a fit time to escape from Edward: in the mean time Wallace returning and recovering many places in Scotland, sent privately for Bruce to come home and take the crown, and to his brother Edward Bruce, a most valiant youth, who, coming out of Ireland, took sundry strengths in Annandale and Galloway. Cumming, who had kept old enmity with Wallace, not enduring that Bruce by his means should come to the crown, revealed the contract betwixt him and Bruce, to Edward, who at first delayed to cut off Robert Bruce till such time as he might get the rest of his brethren in his hands.

Bruce, advertised of his danger by the Earl of Gloucester (some call him the Earl of Montgomery,) his old friend, who sent him a pair of sharp spurs, and some crowns of gold, as if he had borrowed the same, guessing the meaning of this propine, caused by night three horses to be shod, with their shoes turned backward, to prevent pursuit, and then posted away from court, with two in his company, and on the fifth day (the way being deep in winter) arrived at

his own castle of Lochmabane, where he found his brother Edward, with Robert Fleming, James Lindsay, Roger Kilpatrick, and Thomas of Chartres, who told him how Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Monteith and the Cumming faction, a few days before. Immediately thereafter, they intercepted a messenger with letters from Cumming to King Edward, desiring that Bruce should be despatched in haste, lest (being a nobleman much favoured by the commons,) he should raise greater stirs. The treachery of John Cumming, before only suspected, was hereby made manifest, which so incensed the Lord Bruce, that, riding to Dumfries, and finding Cumming at the mass in the Greyfriars, after he had shown him his letters, in impatience he stabbed him with a dagger: and others who were about him doing the like, not only despatched him, but also his cousin Sir Edward Cumming, and others who assisted him. The slaughter fell out on the 9th of February, in the year 1306, as we now account.

The Bruce, thus rid of one enemy, found a great number as it were arising out of his ashes; even the whole puissant name of Cumming, with their allies, the Earl of March, the Lord of Lorn, the Lord of Abernethy, the Lord of Brechin, the Lord Souls, the most part of the north, and all Galloway followed the Cummings: the Earl of March and Lord William Souls commanded the Merse, with Berwick and the borders; all which they yielded to King Edward, and maintained against Robert Bruce. At the same time, his two brethren, Thomas and Alexander Bruce, with Ronald Crawford, younger, secretly landing in Galloway, were taken by Duncan M'Dougal, a great man in Galloway, and sent to Edward, who caused them all to be hanged. On the other side assembled to him, beside these above named, the young Lord James Douglas, (who hearing of his father's death, returned from France where he was at school, and staid a time with his kinsman William Lambertoun, bishop of St. Andrews,) Earl Malcolm Lennox, Earl John of Athol (although of the Cumming's blood, yet being father-in-law to Edward Bruce,) Sir Neil Campbell, Sir Gilbert Hay, Sir Christopher Seaton, Sir Thomas Rannald, Sir Hugh Hay, John Sommerville, David Barclay, Alexander and Simon Fraser, Sir Robert Boyd, Sir William Hallyburton, with sundry who had stood to Wal-

lace before. With this company he passed to Scoon, and took upon him the crown of Scotland in April, 1306. After this he gathered an army, minding to besiege St. Johnstoun, but, finding his power too weak, he retired to Methven, where he was unexpectedly assaulted and discomfited by Sir Aymer de Vallance, but with small loss of men, except some who were taken, as Randal, Barclay, Fraser, Inchmartine, Sommerville, and Sir Hugh Hay, who were constrained to swear homage to King Edward. The commons, discouraged with this hard success, fearing the English, forsook the new king, who had only a few gentlemen about him, with whom he travelled towards Argyle, meaning to lurk for a time with his brother-in-law Sir Neil Campbell, but he was encountered by the way by John of Lorn, cousin to John Cumming, and constrained to flee, albeit with small slaughter of his own folk. After this second discomfiture he sent his queen (being daughter to Gratney Earl of Mar) with his brother Sir Neil Bruce, and John Earl of Athol, to the castle of Kildrummy in Mar. The king of England sent his son Prince Edward with a mighty host to besiege this castle. The queen, hearing this, fled to the firth of Tain in Ross; but the Earl of Ross took her and her daughter, and sent them captives into England. The castle of Kildrummy was traitorously burnt by one of the garrison; all that were within it taken, and hanged at the command of the English king.

Robert, seeing winter approaching, and finding no retreat in the mainland, retired with his most entire friends, to his old friend Angus, Lord of the Isles, with whom he stayed a short time in Cantire, and thereafter sailed over into the isle of Raughline, where he lurked all the winter, every man esteeming him to be dead. The next spring he landed quietly in Carrick, and on a sudden intercepted his own castle of Turnberry. Lord Piercy flying home out of it to his own country, Sir James Douglas departing thence secretly, came into Douglasdale, and by means of Thomas Dickson, an old servant of his father's, he recovered his own castle of Douglas, and cast it down once and again: then he returned to King Robert to Cumnock, showing him, that Aymer de Vallance and John of Lorn, with an army, were coming against him. The king, with five hundred valiant men, kept themselves in a strong place, waiting while Sir

Aymer should invade ; but took no heed to John of Lorn, who, fetching a compass, set upon his back with eight hundred Highlandmen ; and had well nigh enclosed him about. The king, perceiving the danger, divided his men in three, and appointing where they should meet at night, fled three sundry ways. John of Lorn having a sloth-hound pursued still after the king, who putting away all that were in his company, save one man, fled into the next wood, and with great difficulty escaped the sloth-hound.—Sir Aymer, disappointed of his enterprise, shortly thereafter, with fifteen hundred chosen men, very nigh surprised the king in Glentrore wood ; but the king with his men so resolutely defended the place, being very strong, and killing divers of the first who assaulted them, the rest fled back ; then with more courage he went into the field, and reduced Kyle and Cunningham to obedience ; Sir James Douglas also, with threescore men, lying in an ambush at a straight place in Cunningham, called the Nether-ford, where Sir Philip Moubrey was passing with a thousand men against the king, being then in Kyle, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. On the 10th of May following, Sir Aymer, with three thousand men, came against the king, then lying at Galston in Kyle : King Robert, hearing of his coming, albeit he exceeded not 600 men, came forth against him at a place under London-hill, which he so fortified on either hand with dikes and fousies, that the enemy could not enclose him on the sides ; and so, by the stout and resolute valour of so few, Sir Aymer was put to flight, which he took so sore to heart, that he retired into England, and gave over his office of warden or viceroy ; John of Britain, Earl of Richmond, being sent into Scotland in his place.

King Robert, after this, past into the north, leaving Sir James Douglas on the borders, who, taking his own castle of Douglas by stratagem, razed it to the ground, and in a few days chased all the English out of Douglasdale, Ettrick-forest, and Jedburgh-forest, and took Sir Thomas Rannald, the king's sister's son (who had followed the English ever since his captivity,) and Sir Alexander Stewart of Bonkle. Sir Alexander and Simon Fraser, meeting King Robert in the north, showed him how John Cumming Earl of Buchan, David Lord Brechin, Sir John Moubrey,

and the rest of the Cumminian faction, were gathering an army against him.

Meanwhile, by the assistance of his friends in these quarters, on a sudden, he surprised the castle of Inverness, the fame of which victory caused many other strengths to yield: all which he overthrew, and greatly increased the number of his friends. In his return, becoming sick at Inverary, Cumming set upon him. The king, after his friends had for a time defended him, recovering somewhat, went out to the field, and so hardly assaulted his enemy at Old Meldrum, that albeit their number was far greater, yet they took their flight. With the like success he set upon the king in Glenesk in Angus, where, being shamefully put to flight, he fled into England, with Sir John Moubrey, and died there. Lord David Brechin fortified his own castle; but David Earl of Athol forced him to yield it and himself to the king. Mean time, Philip Fraser took the castle of Forfar; and the king, pursuing this victory, reduced all the north to his obedience; and joining with Lord James Douglas, returning from the south with his two captives, he took St. Johnstoun by surprisal; from thence he passed into Lorn, the lord whereof had ambushed two thousand men on the side of a high steep hill, where the king behoved to enter through a narrow passage: but Sir James Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser, and Sir Andrew Gray, climbing the hill, came suddenly on their backs, and put them to flight. John of Lorn fled into England by sea; his father, Lord Alexander M'Dougal, yielded himself and the castle of Dunstaffnage to the king.

By this means, all on the north side of the Forth were reduced to obedience: Sir Edward, his brother, in the mean time, with long and hard fighting, had conquered Galloway. James Douglas, by stratagem, surprised the strong castle of Roxburgh on the Fastens-even, while all the garrison, (after the custom of the time) were feasting and playing the riot. The report whereof so whetted the valiant Thomas Randolph, newly restored to his uncle's favour, and made Earl of Murray, that having besieged the castle of Edinburgh for some months, he set himself by all means to carry the same, which he obtained by a narrow passage up through the rock discovered by him; by which he and sundry stout gentlemen secretly passed up, and scaling the wall, after

long and dangerous fighting, made themselves master of the place. The garrisons of Ruther-glen, Lanark, Dumfries, Ayr, Dundee, and Bute, hearing this, yielded up these castles, which were all razed. The isle of Man also returned to the obedience of the crown of Scotland. Sir Edward Bruce having besieged Stirling castle three months, agreed with the captain, Sir Philip Moubrey, that if the king of England did not rescue him within twelve months thereafter, the castle should be yielded to King Robert. Albeit, this seemed a rash provocation of so mighty a king as Edward II. (who some seven years before had succeeded his father Edward Longshanks, but far degenerate from his valour,) having not only England, Ireland, and many Englished Scots, with the duchy of Guyen, Bourdeaux, and other parts of France, subject unto him, but also the low countries strictly confederate with him; yet king Robert prepared himself to encounter him in the fields, and gathered some five and thirty thousand men, few but valiant. The king of England had above an hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand horse: with which multitude, intending to destroy the inhabitants of Scotland, and divide the land to his followers, he came to Bannockburn (two miles below Stirling,) where, on the 21st of June, 1314, he was encountered by the Scots, and after long and hard fighting, his great army put to rout: himself, with a small company, fleeing into Dunbar, was sent by the earl into England in a fisher-boat, leaving two hundred noblemen and gentlemen killed by the Scots, and as many taken. The number of the commons slain and taken was incredible; of Scots were slain two gentlemen of note, Sir William Wepont and Sir Walter Ross, with four thousand common soldiers.

After this victory, Stirling being yielded, and Dumbarton got by composition, the Earl of March, the Lord Souls and Abernethy, and others of the Cummings' allies, were reconciled to the king, who past into the isles, and brought them to obedience, taking John of Lorn captive, who died in prison in Lochleven. Thus Scotland was freed of the bondage of England, except Berwick, which was recovered four years thereafter, 1318; and the Scots making divers incursions into England, under the leading of Earl Thomas Rannald and James Lord Douglas, requited the harms re-

ceived from them before, and enriched themselves with their spoil.

As for the authority of these two histories, although they possibly err in some circumstances of time, place, and number, or names of men, they generally write the truth of the story of those times, both at greater length, and upon more certain information, than those who have written our chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusal (gentle and courteous reader,) I wish you profit thereby, and all happiness from God. Farewell.

THE
HISTORY OF
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

OF our ancestors, brave true ancient Scots,
Whose glorious scutcheons knew no bars, nor blots :
But blood untainted circled ev'ry vein,
And ev'ry thing ignoble did disdain ;
Of such illustrious Patriots and bold,
Who stoutly did maintain our rights of old,
Who their malicious and inver'rate foes,
With sword in hand, did gallantly oppose :
And in their own, and nation's just defence,
Did briskly check the frequent insolence
Of haughty neighbours, enemies profest,
Picks, Danes, and Saxons, Scotland's very pest ;
Of such, I say, I'll brag and vant so long,
As I have power to use my pen or tongue ;
And sound their praises, in such modern strain,
As suiteth best a Scot's poetic vein.

First, here I honour in particular,
Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, much renown'd in war ;
Whose bold progenitors have long time stood,
Of honourable and true Scottish blood ;
And in first rank of ancient Barons go,
Old knights of Craigy, baronets also ;
Which gallant race, to make my story brief,
Sir Thomas Wallace represents as chief.
So much for the brave Wallace' father's side,
Nor will I here his mother's kindred hide.
She was a lady most complete and bright,
The daughter of that honourable knight,

Sir Ronald Crawford, high Sheriff of Air,
Who fondly doated on this charming fair.
Soon wedded was the lovely blooming she,
To Malcolm Wallace, then of Ellerslie ;
And from this pair, if legends tell the truth,
Young Malcolm came, a bold and fearless youth,
Then William, who, by true consent of all,
Was honoured to be the Scottish general ;
And to the nation's universal joy,
At Forrest Church made Baliol's viceroy.
Whose martial courage, with his conduct wise,
From English thralldom rescu'd Scotland thrice,
And did preserve the old imperial crown,
To his immortal glory and renown.
'Twas then, that, to the terror of his foes,
Our Thistle did drive home the insulting Rose.
But here I must beg leave to bid adieu,
To good Sir William, for some minutes few,
Till, like a just, impartial honest man,
As I have heard, tell how the wars began.

King Alexander, at Kinghorn in Fife,
There, from his horse did lose his royal life ;
Through which arose a grievous sore debate,
Some years thereafter, who should rule the state.
David our prince, earl of Huntington,
Three daughters had, whom search all Britain round,
Through all its corners, and its different arts
None more excell'd in bright, and princely parts.
Bruce, Baliol, Hasting, from those ladies spring ;
The Bruce and Baliol strive who shall be king.
Nor did the dispute end, but grew so hot,
The candidates in two strong factions got,
Which at that time appear'd to be so equal,
Few could foresee, or guess well at the sequel :
Here lay the great distress and misery,
The case at home could not determined be :
Wherefore, to avoid a bloody civil war,
The Scottish States esteem'd it better far,
The two contestants should submit the thing
To the decision of the English king.
Who greedily the ref'rence did embrace,
But play'd his cards with a dissembling face :

Yea, so politic was the crafty king,
 For his self ends, things so about to bring,
 That agents he did secretly employ,
 The Scottish lords with cunning to decoy
 To his own measures a pernicious plot,
 Quite opposite unto the trust he got ;
 Thinking to make (so big his hopes were grown)
 The Scottish crown pay homage to his own.
 Which, with one voice, flatly the states refuse,
 In spite of all politices he could use.
 The bishop there of Glasgow sitting by,
 Said ' Sir, excuse us for we do deny
 ' Any our lord but the great God above,
 ' To whom we'll homage pay, or subiect prove.'
 Then to the Bruce, the treason was propos'd,
 Which was by him most gen'rously oppos'd :
 ' Believe me, Sir,' said he, ' I'll hang as soon,
 ' As I'll resign our independent crown ;
 ' Therefore leave off, your words are all in vain,
 ' Such treachery true honour does disdain.'
 Unto the Baliol next he did apply,
 Who did consent, alas ! too hastily,
 To hold the crown of Edward, contrair right,
 For which he was created king on sight.
 O base decision ! Shall the guise thus go ?
 Shall ancient Scotland hold of England ? No,
 On such base terms, both make a scurvy step,
 Edward to grant, and Baliol to accept ;
 A thing which is for certain known and sure,
 Was never yet in either of their pow'r ;
 Neither could be, without the firm assent
 Of the estates of Scottish Parliament ;
 Since the Scots crown, our kings so long had wore,
 Was to be independent as before.
 An English Parliament, within short space,
 Is call'd, where Baliol suffer'd great disgrace ;
 At which affront, being so exceeding wroth,
 He quickly broke his base unlawful oath ;
 Repented sore, and curs'd the fatal hour,
 Wherein he swore what was not in his pow'r,
 Which was much better, as divines exhort,
 Than to continue and be ruined for't

On which King Edward rais'd an host with speed,
And came himself with them to Wark on Tweed :
Unto Corspatrick of Dunbar he sent,
His counsel asks, but on a bad intent ;
Who, when he came in presence of that king,
Advis'd him, and inform'd him ev'ry thing :
Then like a rogue, against the light of nature,
To his own country proves a bloody traitor :
To Berwick goes the treach'rous hellish knave,
To undermine, destroy, cheat, and deceive :
Was welcom'd there, with more respect than due,
And thought, by Scots, both faithful, leil, and true,
King Edward follows on with all his host ;
By treachery poor Berwick then was lost.
Corspatrick rose when all were sleeping sound,
Drew the portculzies, let the bridges down.
Edward he enters, bloodily falls on,
Eight thousand kills, and fifty, spareth none.
Then to Dunbar he and Corspatrick rode,
Without remorse, or any fear of God :
There did the stout and valiant Scots convene,
With resolution true, and courage keen,
To fight King Edward then the common foe
Who dy'd in blood, did through the nation go ;
But by deceit, and a prodigious force,
The Scots are here again put to the worse.
The Earls Mar, Monteith, and Athol brave,
No access to their gallant men could have ;
Who in the castle closely were block'd up,
And scarcely had whereof to bite or sup :
So by no means unto their meu could get.
Corspatrick had the castle so beset,
At last the armies march and do enclose,
Where the brave Scots, o'erpower'd by their foes,
Rather than fly, or cowardly to yield,
Do bravely fight and die upon the field.
Thus to Corspatrick's everlasting stain,
Without all mercy, most of them were slain ;
For when the battle hottest was, he then,
Traitor, hew'd down all his countrymen.
Great loss the Scots, at Berwick and Dunbar,
Had in this most unjust and cruel war.

CHAPTER II.

How King Edward and Corspatrick came to Scoon and deposed the Baliol.

KING Edward and Corspatrick march for Scoon,
And Scotland now sings a most mournful tune.
Few Scots were left, the kingdom to defend ;
Then for the Baliol to Montrose they send ;
And to their great and everlasting shame,
Do strip him of his royal diadem.
When thus depos'd, Edward usurps the crown,
And then, alas, all things went upside-down ;
Was crown'd upon the very self-same stone,
Gathelius sent from Spain, with his own son :
When Iber Seot first into Scotland came,
Kenneth, our king, and second of that name,
Brought it to Scoon, where kings in pomp and glore,
Were crowned for eight hundred years and more ;
Even in that ancient royal marble chair,
So famous and so long preserved there,
Which as a trophy thence they do transport,
To London, where King Edward kept his court.
But yet I'm told that ancient fates decree,
Where this stone stands Scots shall the masters be.
Bruce, with eight score, the flow'r of Scotland then,
Were captives led away, with English men.
At last the pow'rs above beheld the wrong,
And let not the usurpers reign too long :
For at this time Scotland was almost lost,
And overspread with a rude South'ron host.
Wallace's father to the Lennox fled ;
His eldest son he thither with him led ;
The tender mother's also gone at last ;
And to Kilspindie's with young Wallace past ;
Into the pleasant Carse of Gowrie, where
He was brought up with his old uncle there ;
Who to Dundee him carefully does send
For education, but behold the end :
There he continues in his tender age,
Till more adult, then he does ramp and rage,

To see the Saxon blood in Scotland reign,
And govern'd by a most unrighteous king,
Who wrought great wrong in country and in town,
Wasted our lands, and broke our buildings down :
Maids, wives, and widows' chastity they spill,
Nor could the nuns resist their lustful will.
King Herod's part they acted in the land
Upon the children they before them fand ;
The bishoprics that were of most avail,
From bishops and archbishops they took hail.
Nor could the Pope them with his threat'nings scare ;
They gripp'd all, through violence of war,
Of ev'ry benefice was worth the while,
They took the rents, left bishops the bare style ;
Our barons kill'd, without remorse or care,
As testify the bloody barns of AIR,
Where eighteen score were hang'd by Saxon seed,
As in the seventh book you shall shortly read.
But I go on, with faithful pen and true,
And candidly my purpose do pursue :
Wallace, tho' young as yet for sword or spear,
Did grieve and groan such injuries to hear ;
Ah ! should my country suffer such distress,
Said he, and South'ron daily thus increase ;
O had I but ten thousand at my back,
And were a man, I'd gar their curpons crack.
Yet ere he was full seventeen winters old,
He was both seemly, hardy, stout, and bold ;
Was with the South'ron frequently at strife,
And sometimes twin'd them of their precious life,
By hewing down, all grew above their neck :
A certain token of true Scots respect,
Then left them welt'ring in their blood and gore
A full foot shorter than they were before ;
That they to Scots might give no more offence,
Wherewith his priest most freely did dispense :
Absolv'd the sin, and did remit the guilt
Of South'ron blood so innocently spilt.

CHAPTER III.

How Wallace killed young Selbie, the Constable's Son of Dundee.

UNTO Dundee young Wallace now is gone,
Sprightly and gay as could be look'd upon,
Well shap'd and handsome, clever, neat, and clean,
Clad with a garment of a gemming green.
The constable, old Selbie, liv'd hard by,
That crabbed rogue, who most maliciously
Oppress'd the Scots, with great dispute and rage ;
A son he had near twenty years of age,
Who some young fellows with him ev'ry day
Took to the town to sport the time away.
This vain young fop, so much on folly bent,
Young Wallace saw, then straight unto him went,
And, with disdain, said, 'Scot, I pray thee stay,
'What devil clad thee in a suit so gay ?
'A horse's mantle was thy kind to wear,
'And a Scots whittle at thy belt to bear,
'Rough roulion shoes, or any common trash,
'Did serve such whore's sons thro' the dubs to splash ;
'Give me that knife under thy girdle hings ;'
'Nay pardon me, Sir, I know better things ;
'Therefore forbear, I earnestly intreat,
'It both defends me, and it cuts my meat.'
Selbie assaults him, and would it take by force,
And so the plea went on from bad to worse.
Fast by the collar Wallace did him take,
Made the young squire tremble there and shake,
His dagger with the other hand drew out,
In spite of all his men so throng about :
And boldly without either fear or dread,
Upon the spot, he stick'd young Selbie dead.
The squire fell, of him there was no more,
And then his men pursu'd young Wallace sore,
Who made a pair of cleanly clever heels,
And so escap'd from all the South'ron chiel's ;
The bloody dagger fast held in his hand,
And spared none that did his flight withstand.

Unto an inn he formerly did know,
Thither he fled, and could no further go,
Help, help, he cry'd, when the goodwife he saw,
And save my life from cruel South'ron law.
With russet gown she quickly got him drest ;
Above his clothes which cover'd all the rest
A suddled curch o'er head and neck let fall,
A white worn hat then birsed on withal ;
And as the South'ron came into the inn,
Gave him a rock, then he began to spin ;
In quest of Wallace they some time have spent :
But could not know at what door in he went ;
They search'd through all the corners of the inn.
But he sat still and cunningly did spin ;
Tho' at the trade he was not 'prentice long,
He drew a thread, and croon'd away the song.
Away they went, then Wallace did revive,
And laugh, and smirtled at them in his sleeve.
Like madmen, then, they all run up and down,
Cry, burn the Scots, leave none alive in town.
Yet the goodwife kept Wallace until night,
Safe and secure out of the South'ron's sight.
Thro' a back way she did convey him fast,
Where quietly he by the water past.
Such was his mother's great concern and care,
That she of him did almost now despair.
At length she met him, to her great surprise,
‘ Bless me, dear son, may I believe mine eyes ?
‘ Is't possible that thou hast the danger past ?
‘ Sure, Providence is more than kind at last.’
There he inform'd her of his doleful case,
At which she wept, and often said ‘ alas !
‘ Ere thou leave off, thy foes will have the fang'd.’
‘ Mither, he said, I'd rather see them hang'd :
‘ These English lowns that do possess our land,
‘ Methinks we should most manfully withstand,’
His uncle knew he had the squire kill'd,
Which the old man with grief and sorrow fill'd ;
Yet did abate when a few days were past,
But dreaded much mischief to him at last,
The English now most subtle ev'ry way,
A ditty great 'gainst Scots prepared they ;

For, at Dundee, they call a justice eyre,
No longer then durst Wallace sojourn there.
His mother clad herself in pilgrim's weed,
Then him disguis'd, and both march'd off with speed ;
Nought to defend himself he had from foes,
But a small sword he bore below his clothes ;
Away they went, none with them living moe :
When challeng'd, said, to St. Marg'ret we go.
From South'ron folk great friendship thus they found,
Because St. Marg'ret was of English ground.
Closs by Lindores, the ferry o'er they past ;
Then through the Ochle marched very fast ;
Into Dunfermline lodged all that night :
And on the morrow by the day was light,
They travelled with some English gentlemen,
Who had their dwelling in Linlithgow then.
A captain's wife, who had a pilgrim been,
Was there, who, when she had young Wallace seen,
Did him admire because he was so fair,
Handsome, genteel, and of engaging air ;
There merrily they past the time around,
Then cross'd the Forth streight to Linlithgow town ;
Where mutually a compliment or two
Was past, and then to Dunipace they go :
Where Wallace' friend did dwell, a parson great,
Wallace by name, of opulent estate :
A man devout, who bravely made them fare,
And share the best, the time they tarry'd there,
He did inform, and made them understand
The troubles great that then were in the land,
Intreating them, in kind and homely phrase,
There to abide till God sent better days.
Wallace reply'd, I hasten to the west,
Our kin are kill'd, were I at home, the best
Of South'ron blood, I hope, 'twixt you and me,
To let it out, then I'll avenged be.
The parson sigh'd, and said, he much did doubt,
It would be long ere that time came about.
Come weal, come wo, my purpose I'll pursue,
Then to the honest parson bade adieu.
To Ellerslie he and his mother went,
She on the morrow for her brother sent,

Who told her, to her sorrow, grief, and pain,
 Her husband and her eldest son were slain.
 That when Sir Malcolm's bough-snows were cut,
 Southron to death upon his knees he put :
 Till with their bloody spears, they bore him down,
 Then stick'd that glorious knight of great renown.
 Thus at Lochmabane, for their country's sake,
 A noble exit these two herees make.
 To Ellerslie I back again repair,
 Where good Sir Rannald met his sister there ;
 Who did beseech, and humbly pray'd also,
 That to Lord Piercy forthwith he would go ;
 For from her house she would no longer fly,
 But long'd at home for to live quietly.
 Sir Rannald in his sister's favour wrote,
 And then to her a safe protection got ;
 Which the brave Wallace highly did disdain,
 Therefore no longer would with her remain.
 Nor durst Sir Rannald entertain him there,
 So to his shift away does Wallace fare.
 The English had the whole strengths of the land,
 And what they did, none durst nor could withstand ;
 Yet Wallace never could with them accord ;
 For be he squire, be he laird, or lord,
 That with disdain durst look him in the face,
 He get a blow unto his great disgrace.
 The English clerks, in prophecy have found,
 A Wallace should put them from Scotish ground,
 Which afterwards prov'd to be very true,
 For thrice he drove away the barbarous crew.
 Sir Rannald now a place for him prepares,
 To keep him safe from English traps and snares,
 With his own uncle who at Rickertoun
 Did dwell, and was Sir Richard of renown.
 In heritage he had that whole estate,
 Tho' blind he was, which chanc'd thro' courage great.
 'Gainst Englishmen ; whom he did daily dare,
 When he was young, and well expert in war.
 Then did he burst some veins, and lost much blood,
 A gentleman, both valiant, wise, and good.
 In Februar, Wallace was to him sent,
 And in April, a fishing from him went :

Which will afford come sport as you shall hear,
Pray listen then with an attentive ear.

CHAPTER IV.

How Wallace fish'd in Irvine Water.

DREADING no harm, nor danger of his foes,
Wallace a fishing for diversion goes,
To try what sport and pastime he might get ;
None with him but a boy to bear his net.
Lucky he was, fish'd most successfully,
Till the Lord Piercy, and his court rode by :
Which did confuse, and much perplex his mind,
Because he had forgot his sword behind.
Five of that trooping train in garments green,
Mounted on horseback having Wallace seen ;
To him advanc'd, and blustering language gave,
Then damn'd and swore, 'Zounds Scot, thy fish we'll have.
With modest grace, good Wallace did reply,
' I'll share the half with you most cheerfully.
One of them answer'd, ' that would be too small ;'
Then lighted down, and from the boy took all,
Then Wallace said, ' I'm sure in modesty
' You'll leave us some, if gentlemen you be ;
' An aged knight that lives in yonder house,
' Let him have some, pray be so generous.'
The clown, he boasting, said not one word more,
But this, ' The river has enough in store ;
' We serve a lord shall dine on them ere long,'
Then Wallace fretting, said, ' Thou'rt in the wrong.'
' Whom hast thou here ? Faith thou deserves a blow,
' Poor pratting Scot, how darest thou talk so ?'
Then at him runs, and out his sword does draw :
But Wallace poult-staff kept the rogue in awe.
That trusty tree, as the poor scoundrel found,
Laid him and sword both quickly on the ground :
Wallace the sword caught fast into his hand,
Which did the saucy fellow soon command :
Then a back stroke, so cleverly he gave,
His neck in two most cleanly there he clave.

The other four alighting from their horse,
 Do him attack with all their strength and force.
 Ye tho' they him surround on every side,
 With ready-blows he paid them back and side.
 Up to the head so fierce he struck at one,
 That his broadsword cut thro' his collar-bone:
 A knight in the plain, that stood near by,
 His broadsword and sword on the field did lie.
 Five more he slew, two fled with all their might,
 The others were, in a confounded fright;
 The last he kill'd, no longer durst remain,
 And from the English bucks upon the plain,
 Thus in great hurry, having got their cuffs,
 They scamper'd off in haste to save their busks.
 When Piercy knew, by the poor silly lowns,
 That three were kill'd, and saw two bloody crowns,
 He quickly ask'd how many foes might be?
 They said, 'But one?' 'A devil sure was he:
 ' Since one has killed three, put two to flight;
 ' Cowardly coxcombs, pack you out of sight:
 ' Most madly, it seems, the Scot has fought,
 ' For me this day, in faith he's not be sought.
 ' Was't ever heard before? you where sons burds
 ' That a Scots poult-staff foil'd five English swords.'
 To Wallace I return, who, by mere force,
 Defeat the five, and pick'd up all their horse:
 Was better mounted than he was before,
 Rode to his uncle, fish'd that day no more.
 The news did so surprise the ancient knight,
 He almost fainted in his nephew's sight:
 Then bids keep secret: ' for such fishing sport,
 ' If it be known, you may pay dearly for't.'
 ' Uncle,' said Wallace to the good old man,
 ' I'll push my fortune now where best I can:
 ' Since I no longer may with you abide,
 ' I'll try these English geldings how they ride.
 A purse of gold the knight unto him gave,
 Wallace kneel'd down, and humbly took his leave;
 When that is done, pray nephew, send for more,
 Thus ends the first book, here I draw my score.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

How Wallace kill'd the Churl with his own staff, in Air.

YOUNG Wallace now clever of lith and limb,
 With graceful air, appears both tight and trim,
 Which, with his many other useful charms,
 Confounds the South'ron, highly them alarms ;
 His glorious actions early did presage,
 A humbling stroke to cruel South'ron rage
 Which did so many of his friends destroy,
 As scarce was known since Adam was a boy.
 Yet the late fishing makes poor Wallace fond,
 At Ochter-house a little to abscond :
 Then to Langland wood, when it grew late
 To make a silent and a soft retreat.
 Some little time thereafter did repair
 Unto the pleasant ancient town of Air ;
 Close by the wood, did there dismount his horse,
 Then on his foot, walk'd gravely to the cross,
 Lord Piercy did command the castle then,
 And the whole town did swarm with Englishmen.
 Which sight, no doubt, did Wallace much confound.
 Yet never dash'd, but briskly walk'd around ;
 Though some affirm, which I am apt to trow,
 He in his heart curs'd the barbarian crew,
 And being prompted by his youthful age,
 Could scarce refrain his passion and his rage.
 But passing over this I now make haste,
 To entertain you with a handsome jest.
 Into the town lived a huge English clown,
 For filthiness none equall'd him i' th' town,
 Who greatly bragg'd of his prodigious strength,
 Which cost him dear, as you shall hear at length.
 A greater burden, said this prince of sots,
 He'd bear, than any three good sturdy Scots ;
 And with a staff, like a stage-dancer's pole,
 For one poor great he would permit and thole

The strongest man to beat him on the back ;
So imprudently did the carle crack,
Which story, when it came Wallace' ear,
To smile and laugh he scarce could well forbear :
He told the fellow, that he would be willing,
' For one Scots blow to give an English shilling.'
The greedy wretch did freely condescend,
Which quickly brought him to his fatal end ;
Then Wallace gave him such a dreadful blow,
Upon his back, to his eternal woe,
That to the view of all were present there,
He clave his rig-bone, and he ne'er spake mair ;
Thus dy'd the wretch, for a poor price and small,
And his great English hurdies paid for all.
With swords round Wallace then the English flock,
He no ways dash'd, did his steel bonnet cock,
And strnck a South'ron with that trusty tree,
Out o'er the head, till brains and bones did flee ;
Then cleverly, with such good will and luck,
On the steel bayonet hath another struck,
Till, though the noble tree it frush'd and rave,
He kill'd the fellow, and turn'd to the lave ;
Then with an awful grace, he made a paw,
And out his sword with majesty did draw ;
Which clear'd his way, like a true friend indeed,
And quickly help'd him to a sturdy steed.
Two fony fellows there, that griev'd him most,
He dons'd their donbliets rarely to their cost :
His anger kindled, to such height it grew,
With one good stroke the foremost there he slew,
A blow he got upon the other knave,
Till his sword down through his body drove.
Five South'rons he, 'twixt hope and great despair,
Kill'd on the spot ; now was not that right fair ?
Out through the town, his way did cleanly force,
Made his escape, and then did mount his herse :
To Langlands fled, his time he well did use,
And left the blades all sleeping in their shoes.
Him foot and horse pursue to overtake,
But the thick trees his refuge he did make.
Provisions came to him from Ochter-house,
And every thing that was fit for his use :

Such necessaries they to him afford,
As do supply him both to bed and board.

Good Wallace then, upon a time at length,
Return'd to Air as he recover'd strength ;
But, ah ! it prov'd a most unlucky day,
I wish to Jove that he had staid away,
Sir Rannald's servant, for some fish he sent,
That errand, O ! that Wallace had miskent !
For, as you'll quickly understand and hear,
The sauce was sharp, and cost him very dear.

CHAPTER II.

*How Wallace kill'd Lord Piercy's Steward, and was
imprisoned in Air.*

THE fish no sooner had the servant got,
Than Piercy's steward call'd, and said, Scot,
‘ For whom buys thou those fish thou carry'st there ? ’
Who answered, ‘ Sir, for the sheriff of Air.’
‘ By heaven’s king,’ the steward rudely swore,
‘ My lord shall have them thou may purchase more.’
Wallace incens’d with anger, standing by,
Said, ‘ Why such rudeness, tell the reason why ? ’
This fired soon the haughty steward’s blood,
Who thought what Wallace spoke was next to rude,
And did his stomach so with venom fill,
As might the vilest loathsome spider kill.
‘ Go hence,’ said he, ‘ thou saucy Scot, with speed ;
‘ Thee, and thy sheriff both I mock indeed.’
Then with his hunting staff he Wallace smote,
But he had better kiss’d his foot ; poor sot ;
For Wallace by the throat him quickly caught,
And the proud Steward better manners taugt.
Then from his pocket pull’d a dagger knife.
Which twimm’d the foolish coxcomb of his life.
But, ah ? alas, how quick assembled then,
Four score at least well harness’d Englishmen :
Whose post it was to watch and guard the town ?
There suddenly poor Wallace they surround.
At them he star’d, and never spoke a word,
But boldly drew his awful daring sword ;

And cleverly unto his feet did get,
And stick'd the foremost fellow that he met.
Upon the knee, another hit he so,
That moment made the bone asunder go.
Nor can I say the third had better luck,
Who got his neck in two most cleanly cut.
Thus Wallace rag'd and ramped, lion-like,
And made the carles strangely fidge and fyke.
No wonder, for they got most grievous wounds.
So desp'rately he claw'd their South'ron crowns :
And though the gate with swords and spears they keep,
He hew'd them down like heartless silly sheep :
Yea, when they him environ'd round about,
Quite through the press he suddenly broke out,
Unto a wall, was built by the sea-side,
Where in his own defence he did abide.
Till from the castle issu'd one and all,
Got on a Dyke, and then broke down the wall.
No shift he had, but there to fight or die :
Great numbers then he hew'd down hastily :
So furiously out through the South'ron's past.
But, oh! his noble sword did burst at last ;
Broke from the hilt, he knew of no remeед,
Then stoutly drew his dagger out with speed.
One there he kill'd, and other two he sent
To death, the same way that the first child went.
But, at the last, his foes on ev'ry hand,
They rudely rush with spears, and him command.
Such was their pity, they forbid to slay,
But starve with hunger till he'd pine away.
Thus they the sacred scriptures verify,
The wicked's mercies are mere cruelty.
With English now he's pris'ner gone at will ;
Had he got help, he would have fought them still.
To speak of ransom, that was all in vain,
Because that day, so many he had slain.
His trouble here, I scarcely can well tell,
His prison much resembled that of hell.
Such meat and drink as they to him allow,
Would kill and poison even a very sow.
But here I leave him in this doleful case,
Till providence shall order his release.

The woeful weeping and the piteous moan,
 Was made for him would rend a heart of stone.
 No comfort here to dissipate their fears,
 Nought to be seen but pale cheeks stain'd with tears.
 Alas ! said they, can life endure to see
 Wallace imprison'd by the enemy ?
 The flow'r of youth, in sweet and tender age,
 Made subject to the cruel Saxon rage.
 Living this day, a Chieftain there is none
 Like the young Wallace : for its he alone,
 That's capable of Scotland to take care,
 But now he's caught into the woful snare.

CHAPTER III.

How Wallace was imprisoned at Air, and escaped.

HERRINGS and water for his nourishment,
 And such sad stuff, to Wallace they present :
 Instead of what was wholesome cleanly food,
 Got the refuse of ev'ry thing was good.
 Thus in the prison, languishing he lay,
 Till death was pictured in his beauteous clay,
 His vital spirits almost spent and gone,
 Then to JEHOVAH made his piteous moan :
 Confess'd his sins, most humbly then implor'd
 Mercy thro' Christ, his Saviour and his Lord.
 Then said, ' My God, O please for to receive
 ' My soul and body, I thee humbly crave.
 ' For if relief thou do not quickly send,
 ' My days in prison here I'll shortly end.
 ' Please to prolong my days, O God, to me,
 ' Since my belief is wholly upon thee :
 ' Which by thy grace thou graciously hast wrought,
 ' And me from hell, by thine own blood has bought.
 ' Why wilt thou give thy handy-work to those,
 ' Who are our nation's and my mortal foes ?
 ' And who maliciously this land abhor,
 ' Would me destroy, with many others more ?
 ' O bruckle sword ! thy mettle was not true,
 ' Thy frushing blade, me in this prison threw :
 ' To English men, o'er little harm thou's done,
 ' Of gallant Scots, who kill'd so many a one.

' Of us, indeed, they have not kill'd a few,
 ' My valiant father, and bold brother too,
 ' Were at Lochmabane kill'd by South'ron ;
 ' But death resisted, sure can be by none.
 ' This ancient kingdom, Lord, do thou relieve,
 ' From English thraldom, and deliverance give.
 ' Tho' now, O Lord, my power be gone indeed,
 ' Yet King of kings, help thou and send remeед,
 ' Of worldly comforts, now I take my leave,
 ' I shall be shortly, where I shall not grieve :
 ' Thus heartily to all I bid adieu,
 ' None other gift have I to leave you now.'

Adieu Wallace, that was both strong and stout,
 Long in this prison thou must lie no doubt ;
 Now all thy noble kindred, brave and bold,
 Thy freedom purchase cannot, no with gold.
 Thy tender mother, that in pain thee bore,
 In her soft arms shall ne'er enclose thee more !
 How seemly wast thou, with thy sword and shield,
 When thou kill'd numbers on the bloody field ?

Complain ye poor, with revrence tell your tale ;
 Complain to heaven with words that cannot fail ;
 Lift up your voice to the great God above,
 That's full of mercy, pity, and of love.
 Complain for him, that sits in dismal cells,
 And in the melancholy dungeon dwells :
 With grief and pain, which he can scarce endure,
 Pray for relief to the great God of pow'r.
 Complain ye birds that once were blythe and glad ;
 Now change your notes, and hang the drooping head ;
 Complain ye lords, complain ye ladies bright,
 Complain for him that worthy was and wight :
 Complain ye men of war, in mornful song,
 For him of Saxon's sons that suffers wrong :
 Complain for him, who lies both day and night,
 In prison for maintaining Scotland's right :
 Complain for him, who did most frequently,
 Sound up the triumph of our victory.
 What shall I say of the brave Wallace more ?
 A cruel flux in prison, and a sore,
 Did then reduce him almost to last breath,
 And left him gasping in the jaws of death.

The jailor's now commanded with great awe,
 To bring him to the sentence of the law ;
 Who, when he view'd him, to his great surprise,
 Thought death already had shut up his eyes.
 In haste returns, and does report the news,
 That he had paid both law and prison dues.
 Persuaded thus, that he was very dead,
 For Wallace now there was no more remed.
 Being concluded by consent of all,
 To throw him quickly o'er the castle-wall.
 But providence which interposes oft,
 Directs his fall into a place was soft ;
 His nurse who liv'd in the New Town of Air,
 Hearing the news, with haste came running there.
 And on her knees, with face as pale as clay,
 Did purchase leave to bear his corpse away.
 With sorrow him unto her house she bore,
 Then with warm water bath'd his body o'er.
 His heart she found to flighter to and fro ;
 His eyes at last they did cast up also.
 Then on a bed she laid him, soft as silk,
 And suckled him with her own daughter's milk.
 Her love to him, and tender care was such,
 In a short time, he did recover much.
 Thus secretly she did him nurse and feed,
 And made the word still pass that he was dead.
 She weeped sore in ev'ry body's sight,
 Till he became both able stout and tight.
 Thomas the Rymer, at that very time,
 Who prophecy'd in ancient Scotish ryme,
 In vulgar estimation not the least,
 Did pay a visit to the parish priest ;
 Whose servant had just at the market been,
 And what befel poor Wallace there had seen.
 The priest does on his servant quickly call,
 What news, said he ? Sir, few or none at all.
 The priest said, that he never yet did know,
 The Scots and English part without a blow.
 Good Wallace, quoth the lad, and shook his head,
 I saw them cast him o'er the wall for dead !
 The priest replied, with a heavy heart,
 For that I hope to see the South'ron smart.

Wallace was wight, and come of gentle blood ;
 Thomas, he said the tidings were not good.
 The priest said, surely they would foster feud :
 But Thomas said, that Wallace was not dead.
 The servant told, he saw a woman there,
 That did belong to the New Town of Air ;
 Upon her knees, from South'ron purchase leave,
 To carry Wallace somewhere to his grave.
 Pensive a little, Thomas in his thought,
 By God, said he, that hath this world wrought,
 And brings to pass each thing for his own glore,
 If he be dead, Thomas shall live no more.
 The honest priest hearing him speak so plain,
 He charg'd his servant to return again,
 To view the woman's house, and carefully
 To look about, what he could hear or spy.
 The servant thus in haste is gone away,
 Straight to the house and place where Wallace lay.
 Who's this lies here, he did demand in plain ;
 The woman rose in sorrow, grief, and pain :
 The worthy Wallace, Oh ! replied she,
 Then weeped sore and very piteously,
 She on her knees did pray for JESUS' sake,
 He would conceal, and no discovery make.
 The servant answer'd, with a fearful oath,
 That he to harm him would be very loath :
 Might he in life but see him with his eyes,
 He would rejoice, or curs'd might he be thrice.
 She, to good Wallace, led him up the stairs,
 There saw him gladly, and back soon repairs
 To Thomas and his master, who attend,
 To hear the story all, from end to end.
 He told them, the first tidings were a lie,
 Then Thomas said before that Wallace die,
 Out of this land he shall the South'ron send,
 And thousands on the field make their last end.
 He Scotland thrice shall bring into great peace,
 And South'ron ay be frightened at his face.
 Then cheer up Scots, cast from you care and sloth,
 And pray believe what Thomas says is truth.
 When Wallace' actions we to light produce,
 We'll find him not inferior to Bruce :

But cause the Bruce was of our kingdom heir,
 Wallace therefore with him we'll not compare.
 Yet by his courage and his conduct wise,
 As we have heard, he rescu'd Scotland thrice.
 Unto the nation's universal joy,
 The time he was the Baliol's viceroy.

CHAPTER IV.

The Battle of Loudounhill.

Now to my purpose, gladly I return,
 Since I for Wallace need no longer mourn :
 Who when he found himself in case to ride,
 Thought it not safe in New Town to abide.
 Then to the cruel South'rons' great surprise,
 Once more appears, them frights and terrifies :
 His nurse, her daughter, child and family,
 He first dispatch'd away to Ellerslie.
 When they were gone, no weapon could he find
 There, that could suit and please his anxious mind,
 Except a sword, that in a nook did stand,
 O'ergrown with rust, which he took in his hand.
 He drew the blade, and found it could well bite,
 Which pleas'd his fancy to a very mite.
 Then blythly, said, ' Faith thou shalt go with me,
 ' Till with a better I provided be.'
 To see his uncle, good Sir Rannald, then,
 Fain would he go, but that the English men,
 Who cunningly for him had laid the snare,
 He fear'd might catch him in his journey there.
 At Richardtown then longed for to be,
 To get some horse, and armour quietly.
 With all precaution, Wallace ventur'd fair,
 Yet met three South'ron, riding into Air :
 Long Castle bold, and with him yeomen two,
 Wallace drew back and would not with them go.
 At him they ride, and said, despitefully,
 ' Thou Scot abide, for sure thou art a spy :
 ' Or else some thief, that does not shew thy face.'
 But Wallace answer'd, with a modest grace,
 ' Sir, I am sick, for God's love let me be,'
 Long Castle said, ' by George that shall not be.

' Thy countenance prognosticks somthing odd,
 ' To Air with me thou shalt travel the road.'
 Pull'd out a sword that was of noble hew,
 His rusty sword, good Wallace also drew.
 Then with a single, but a dreadful blow,
 He clave his neck-bone cleverly in two,
 The yeomen then in haste soon lighted down,
 The first miss'd not a clink out o'er the crown :
 Which to the craig, a clean incision made,
 A brave performance by the rusty blade.
 The other fled, and durst no longer stay
 He scar'd at blood, that was the reason why ;
 But Wallace quickly brought the culzeon back,
 And there gave him the whistle of his plack.
 Along his ribs he gave him such a rout,
 Till all his entrails and his lungs hang out.
 Then took their horses and their armour bright,
 Their nobler weapons, clever, clean, and tight,
 And all their coin, syne on his horse he cocked,
 With gold and money jingling in each pocket.
 Then in great haste he rode to Richardtown,
 A merry meeting was at's lighting down.
 Sir Richard he was there, that noble knight,
 Who mourning for him almost lost his sight.
 And his two sons, who never were so fain,
 As now, to see Wallace a live again.
 Sir Rannald also came to see him fast,
 The woman told at Crosby as they past,
 How Wallace scap'd ; Sir Rannald changed hews,
 He wanted faith to credit the good news.
 Till him he saw he thought the time was long :
 But when they met, who can express with tongue
 How him he hass'd and kiss'd so tenderly
 'Till's very soul was in an extasy ?
 The tears of joy, which from his eyes did flow,
 Ere he could speak, a long time held him so :
 But at the last, most lovingly, said he,
 Welcome, dear nephew, welcome home to me.
 Thank'd be God that hath this wonder wrought
 And safely out of prison hath thee brought.
 His mother came, and kinsfolk not a few,
 With joyful heart to know those tidings true.

To Robert Boyd, that worthy was and wight,
 Wallace, he was a blyth and welcome sight.
 From every different part, they crowd and come,
 To visit and to welcome Wallace home.
 Thanks be to God, who did to him dispense,
 So happy, kind, and good a providence.
 Here ends my second book, I say no more,
 But quietly I draw a second score.



BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

*How Wallace reverg'd the slaughter of his Futher and
 of his Brother on Loudoun-hill.*

Now July, deck'd in all her trim array,
 On hill and dale did fruits and flow'rs display,
 Blyth was each beast that breaks the tender blade
 Of grass, or nibbles in the green-wood shade :
 And store of fish came in at ev'ry firth,
 Most dainty cheer, and got with meikle mirth,
 But Scotland all this while, sad skaith of wars,
 Oppress'd with want, in doleful case appears.
 For many a day throughout this hurry'd land,
 No plough was drawn, but labour at a stand ;
 So that by August came, with lack of meat,
 Our folk with thin chaft-blades, look'd unco blate.
 But English men, who wanted not for gear,
 Were well-hain'd callans, and had ay good cheer ;
 For to them duly, in good waggons came,
 All things to gust the gab, and cram the wame :
 Well fed they were ; nor wanted to propine,
 Among their friends ; but tisted canty wine.
 So eruce they grew, might no man them withstand,
 But as they lik'd they rul'd o'er all this land.
 Till tidings came, that Wallace, stout and fair,
 Had broke the prison in the town of Air ;
 Which when they heard, they suddenly were cast
 Into the dumps, and stood right sore aghast.

Earl Piercy too, when he had heard this tale,
 E'n thol'd the loss, as he had tint his kail ;
 And thus he spoke, I meikle dread that we,
 My merry men, this doleful day shall dree.
 For if so be that Wallace is not fast,
 From Edward's yoke he'll free this land at last.
 So prophecies of old, long time have said,
 As they inform, who antique legends read ;
 As though of legends we, and spells might doubt,
 Yet well the lown I ken, and ken him stout.
 And think it better, since better may not be,
 To fleetch him off, with gold and land in fee :
 Might he stand stedfast for King Edward, then
 Might all the land be rul'd by English men.
 By force, his late escaping let's us see,
 Not to be dung or vanquished is he

Thus they : forsooth, to Wallace we return ;
 Sore thrawn was he, and did with anger burn.
 In Richardtown no longer would he bide,
 For friends' advice, or ought that might betide.
 So when they saw their counsel all was tint,
 They let him take his will, and forth he went,
 To venge him, if he might upon the plain,
 On South'ron blood that had his kindred slain.
 Sir Richard had three sons, as has been told,
 Adam, Richard, and Simeon, brave and bold :
 The eldest, Adam, might no man him flee,
 So stout, tho' aged but eighteen, was he,
 Of person large, right hardy, wise and wight :
 Thereafter, good King Robert made him knight.
 For in the Bruce's wars his trusty arm,
 On English men had oft wrought meikle harm.
 This valiant squire with Wallace forth did ride,
 Into the field, and so did Robert Boyd,
 A canty earle, who scorn'd, he was so cruce,
 The English yoke, nor with their king made truce.
 Cleland was there, who was of Wallace' blood,
 And had with him full oft in perils stood,
 And Edward Little, his sister's son so dear ;
 A goodly gang, all graith'd in armour clear,
 Accouter'd thus, from Richardtown they rode,
 To Machline-muir, but short time there abode ;

For friends inform'd them, that in bondage were,
 How Fenwick straight was coming on to Ayr,
 With waggons load of victual, and rich spoil,
 And good purvey, they brought them from Carlisle.
 This Wallace heard, a blythe man then was he,
 And inly grain'd at bloody game to be.
 To Loudon, then, they trysted straight to ride,
 And in a shaw, a little there beside,
 They lodged them, and seeing it was night,
 Kept watch from gloaming till the morning light,
 A good true Scot, who kept a stabling there,
 By Loudon hill, a true Scot, late and air,
 Frae be't he saw them, came within a blink,
 And brought them wealth of meat and tosic drink ;
 Syne told them how the carriage men in haste,
 Had sent for riders, who to Air had past,
 Leaving the rest with power and great avail,
 Who were by then he trow'd, in Annandale,
 Then Wallace said, we must not sojourn here,
 Nor change our weeds, but wear our ilk day gear,
 For ay since from his prison he got free,
 A summer weed was all the weed had he ;
 Harness except, which still he bore for life,
 To work his will in case of sudden strife :
 A good habergeon, cover'd with his gown,
 Was in his hand, a steel cap on his crown.
 Two gloves of plate his hands did guard full well ;
 Close was his doublet and the collar steel,
 His face when he came in among strange folk,
 He held it best to hide within his cloak,
 Else in the battle, it was ever bare,
 On foot no champion might with him compare,
 So strong he was, so terrible and sture ;
 His dreadful dints were gruesome to endure,
 More did they set, if Wallace had been ta'en,
 Than if a hundred Southron lowns were slain.

These worthy Scots would now no longer stay,
 To Loudon hill they past by break of day,
 Devis'd the place, and loose their horses turn,
 And thought to win, or never home return.
 Two scouts they sent, to visit well the plain,
 But they right soon returned in again,

Reporting, how the foes were coming fast ;
 Then quickly on the ground they all them cast :
 Praying, with humble heart, the God of might
 Them to protect, and Scotland's broken right ;
 In harness bright, they graith'd them readily,
 Nor flinch'd there one of all the company.
 Said Wallace, then, here was my father slain,
 And brother dear, which doth me meikle pain :
 So shall myself aveng'd be on that head,
 The traitor here, that caus'd the felon deed.

No longer tarrying, now, with hearty will,
 Incontinent they hy'd them up the hill,
 Fenwick the knight, the convoy did command,
 And meikle dole had he wrought in the land.
 The sun was up, and dight in bright array,
 When English men saw them upon the brae.
 Them as he saw, said Fenwick to his men,
 You Wallace is, for well the loon I ken.
 Though he so lately did our prison break,
 Soon gripp'd again, he's no have leave to crack,
 His head, I ken, would better please our king,
 Than gold, or land, or any earthly thing.
 With carriage he his servants bade bide still,
 Then with the lave he thought to work his will.
 Nine score he led in harness burnish'd bright ;
 And fifty were with Wallace in the right.
 Unrebuted the South'ron were in weir,
 And fast they came, full awful in esfeir.
 A dyke of stones they had quite round them made,
 And proudly there with great rampaging rade.
 The Scots on foot, the pass took them before ;
 The South'ron saw their courage was the more.
 In prideful ire, thought o'er them to ride ;
 But none as they did wish, it chanc'd that tide,
 For Scots on foot great room about them made,
 With prancing spears, and sore upon them laid.
 The South'ron, who were arm'd in plates of steel,
 That day did reckon to avenge them weel.
 And rudely on their horse about them rade,
 That scarce with ease upon their feet they bade ;
 Wallace the foremost met so fell and keen,
 The wayward spear went through his body clean,

Then swords were drawn, both heavy, sharp and lang,
 On either side full cruelly they dang.
 A sore assailzie then there might be seen,
 Of horse, and men, as e'er was on the green.
 The English men, who were expert in weir,
 Thought by main force, the Scots quite down to bear,
 And with their horse environ'd them about,
 That of the day they made no longer doubt.
 But our men stoutly to their orders stood
 And dy'd the field that day with South'ron blood.
 Fenwick, their captain, dight in glitt'ring gear,
 Did on a prancing steed that day appear ;
 Forth to the thickest fight he hies him fast,
 And syne his spear with dreadful fury cast.
 A cruel chiel he was and unco keen,
 Of Wallace' father he the death had been,
 And brother also, whom he lov'd so dear,
 Who, when he saw the traitor knight was near,
 Outrageous as a hungry lion grew,
 And at full speed to claw his nodule flew ;
 Syne at the lown a fearful fleg let flee,
 And from his rumple shear'd away his thigf.
 Ere he was dead, a throng came in so fast,
 Poor Robert Boyd was almost smoor'd at last.
 Wallace was near, and turn'd in again,
 To rescue him, then chas'd them through the plain :
 The remnant follow'd after them full fast,
 And drove the South'ron till they were aghast ;
 There Adam Wallace, heir of Richardtown,
 And Beaumon, strake a squire of much renown,
 Right belly flaught, so that withouten mair,
 The burnish'd weapon him in sunder share.
 Some English yet, although their chief was slain,
 Them still abode as men of meikle main ;
 Where Wallace was, the deed was little kenn'd,
 Though they did all themselves for to defend.
 For he behav'd himself so worthily,
 With Robert Boyd, and all their chivalry,
 That not a South'ron ere ev'n-tide,
 Might any longer in that stour abide ;
 But thought their part was plainly for to flee,
 Which even as many did as could win free.

An hundred at this brilliment were kill'd ;
 Three yeomen Wallace left upon the field.
 Two were of Kyle, and one of Cunningham,
 Who left to follow Wallace their own hame ;
 Of English men fourscore escap'd that day,
 Leaving their convoy to the Scots a prey,
 Who there got wealth of gold, and other gear,
 Harness and horse, and other things of use and weir,
 The English knaves, they made the carriage lead
 To Clyde's green wood, till they were out of dread ;
 Syne fair and fast with widdlies they them band,
 To boughs of trees, and hang'd them out of hand.
 None did they spare that able was for weir ;
 But priests and women they did ay forbear.
 When this was done, full blyth they went to dine ;
 For they no scant of victual had or wine.
 Ten score of harness'd horse they got that day,
 Beside good provender and other prey.

The South'ron now, who from the field did fly,
 With sorrow to the town of Air they hie.
 There to Lord Piercy dolefully relate
 Their sad disaster and unsonsy fate,
 What skaith he got and who were slain in fight ;
 And how his men were hang'd by Wallace wight.
 Said Piercy, then, if Wallace long we bear,
 Out of this land he shall exile us clear.
 Certes, when lately he our prisoner was,
 O'er slothfully our keeper let him pass,
 Not safe ev'n in this fortress shall we be,
 Since now our victual we must bring by sea.
 Besides it grieves me for our men so true,
 Our kin the day that we came here may rue.

CHAPTER II.

How the English men made peace with Wallace.

When Wallace now had vanquish'd in the field,
 The traitor false, that had his father kill'd,
 And brother, alas ! that brave and worthy knight,
 With many more, that all were men of might ;
 We caus'd provide, and distribute their store,
 To go on new exploits, and purchase more.

In Clyde's green wood, they did sojourn three days,
 No South'ron might adventure in those ways.
 Death did they thole, durst in their gate appear ;
 And Wallace word did travel far and near.
 When it was heard he living was again,
 The English men thereof had meikle pain.
 Earl Piercy straight to Glasgow did him fare,
 And of wise lords a council summoned there.
 And though they had ten thousand men or more,
 Would yet no chieftain out on Wallace go,
 So did they dread the carle. Then did devise,
 How they by wily gaits might him surprise.
 Sir Aymer Vallance, that false knight and strong,
 In Bothwell, dwelt, and then was them among ;
 He said, my lords, my counsel I'll propone,
 Which if he take, ye meikle skaith shall shun ;
 Peace must be made withouten more delay,
 Or he more wicked pranks than these will play.
 Lord Piercy said, with him no truce can be,
 A carle so h[er] ightly, and so fell is he.
 More mischief he will do before he blin' ;
 For South'ron blood to shed he thinks no sin.
 Reply'd Sir Aymer, truce ye sorely need !
 Thereafter ye may find out some remed.
 I think 'twere best, so gentle he's and true
 To try what good his kin with him can do.
 This matter bid Sir Rannald take in hand,
 With his nevoy, or forfeit all his land,
 Until such time as he the work hath wrought.
 Sir Rannald straight was to the council brought,
 Where him they charg'd with Wallace peace to gain,
 Or he in London prisoner should remain.
 Sir Rannald said, my lords, ye know right well,
 For my advice he will not do a deal.
 His worthy kin ye cruelly have slain,
 And caus'd himself in prison thole much pain.
 How think you then he'll do this thing for me,
 Now he's at large, although you cause me die.
 Lord Piercy then did speak Sir Rannald fair ;
 Make but this peace, thou sheriff art of Air ;
 And if the bus'ness can accomplish'd be,
 Under my seal I shall be bound to thee,

That English men shall do him no distress,
Nor any Scot withouten due redress.

Sir Rannald knew, he could not them gainstand
So undertook what Piercy did command ;
Piercy, who true and valiant still had been
And mild in peace, although in battle keen.

Hy'd then Sir Rannald to the woods of Clyde,
Where Wallace wight did with his men abide ;
With whom foregathering as to dine he went,
He sat him down, and shar'd their merriment,
And feasted was with dainties rare and fine ;
King Edward's self drunk never better wine.
Then after meat, his errand he declar'd
And how, unless he came he would have far'd ;
Nevoy, said he, part of my counsel take,
And for a season, truce with South'rons make ;
To hear their yoke that would indeed be sin,
Who are so set to ruin all thy kin.

Then Wallace said, unto his men shall be
No peace, unless ye better like than me.
Said Boyd, before this worthy knight should fall,
I think, 'twere best make peace, though sore it gall.
For that advice, Cleland put in his word ;
And Adam, heir of Richardtown, concurr'd :
As they agreed, did Wallace peace proclaim,
In hopes within few months to gain his aim.
Then leave they took full sadly on the plain,
Praying they might in safety meet again.

Each went his way ; and Wallace bound to ride
To Crosbie, with Sir Rannald to abide.
In August's pleasing month was cry'd this peace ;
And Mars and Juno their contentions cease :
Saturn grew mild ; and all the stars above
Gave place to Venus, gentle queen of love.

CHAPTER III.

How Wallace slew the Buckler-player in the town of Air.

BUT Wallace wight, still tholing in his breast
His country's wrongs, at Crosbie could not rest,
Much did he gain in travel for to be,
And sorely long'd the town of Air to see.
So with Sir Rannald passing on a day,
Fifteen he took, and to the town went they.
Disguis'd they went, and in the gate they saw,
An English fencer at the weapon shaw ;
There as he stood, his buckler in his hand,
Wallace near by, a looker on did stand.
Lightly he said, Scot, dar'st thou try a stroke ?
Quoth Wallace, yea, gin thou dar'st with them yoke,
Smite on, he said, thy nation I defy :
Wallace therewith a fleg at him let fly ;
The sword so fell was on the buckler cast,
Clear through his harns it to his shoulder past.
Lightly returning to his men again,
The women made a din, our fencer's slain.
The man is dead, what needs there of words mair ?
Feli men of arms, then round him 'sembedle there.
Eight score at once upon sixteen they set,
But Wallace quickly with the foremost met,
And lent him with good will a fearful blow,
That through his helmet shatter'd all his pow.
Syne struck another so, the breast aboon,
The sword went clear throughout th' unsonsy lown,
Great room he made, so did his trusty men,
Till many a feckful chiel that day was slain,
For they were wight, and well train'd up in weir,
On English men right boldly did they bear.
Great slaughter of the enemies they made ;
Their hardy chief so well about him laid ?
Till from the castle new recruits they spy'd ;
Which Wallace seeing, wisely turn'd aside,
Thinking it safest to evite surprise ;
For he in war was not more wight than wise.
Then through the throng as by main force he pass'd,
Their harns and heads asunder hew'd he fast.

Himself return'd the hindmost in the rear,
 Till he had brought his men quite out of fear :
 Then to their horse they went, thereafter rode
 For better safety to the Langland wood.
 Twenty and nine thy fell in that day's feed,
 Of South'ron men that nevel'd were to dead.
 The remnant to the town did flee amain,
 Cursing the peace with Wallace they had ta'en.
 Earl Piercy at the heart was sorely griev'd,
 To find his men thus wofully mischiev'd,
 Three of his kinsmen, whom he held full dear
 Were slain that fatal day in armour clear.
 Great moan he made, then to Sir Rannald sent
 A herald, charging him inecontinent,
 Wallace to keep from market town and fair,
 (Skaith to prevent) where South'ron did repair.
 The South'ron knew it Wallace was alone,
 That them on this mischance had overthrown ;
 And therefore kept the truce made on their word,
 And liv'd with other Scots in good accord.

Now Wallace on a night, from Langland rade
 To Crosbie, where the knight his uncle bade.
 Upon the morn, by it was peep of day,
 Came in Sir Rannald where wight Wallace lay,
 Shew'd him the writ Earl Piercy to him sent,
 And did intreat, that he would give consent,
 To do no skaith to any English born,
 Until the truce was ended which was sworn.
 Said Wallace, nought of harm's to be done by me,
 That you may grieve while I abide with thee.
 His uncle with him then accorded was,
 And bade him welcome there his time to pass.
 There did he bide the space of seventeen days,
 Obey'd in ilka thing that might him please.
 But in his mind remain'd another thing,
 Nor could he rest him, though he were a king ;
 Till he his friends, and native land might see,
 From thraldom and proud English lowns set free.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

How Wallace won the Peel of Gargunnock.

'TWAS now September crown'd with fruits and corn,
For sustenance of ev'ry creature born,
When many English peers of high renown,
In council did convene at Glasgow town.
Behov'd Sir Rannald Crawford then be there ;
For he of right was sheriff born of Air,
With him his nephew William Wallace went,
And only servants three, that their intent
Might not misconstru'd by the South'rons stand,
And thereby bring new mischiefs on the land.
But long they on their journey had not been,
Ere Piercy's baggage passing hy was seen.
Five men, that were its convoy, march'd beside,
Of these, two walk'd on foot, and three did ride.
With tedious journey now their horse were tir'd,
So they Sir Rannald's from his men requir'd ;
Which mildly when refus'd, with might and main,
They robb'd these honest Scots upon the plain.
This Wallace saw, and sorely griev'd was he,
Such mischief wrought upon his men to see.
But mindful how his uncle did engage
His word, he now restrain'd his deadly rage ;
Yet from his party presently withdrew,
Burning with anger, and revenge in view,
To lie in wait for the rapacious breed,
Who thus had perpetrated this foul misdeed.
Near to Cathcart he did them overtake,
And rudely straightway in among them brake.
A burnish'd blade that tide did he unsheathe,
Which none provok'd that e'er evited death ;
Their foreman first, with such good will he gave,
That hat and head together off he drove.
Syne on the ground two of his comrades laid,
The others fled discomfit and afraid.

While Wallace seizing on their gold and gear,
And, passing Clyde, got into Lennox clear.

Leaving his friends his absence to lament,
With Wallace to pass on is our intent.
To Malcolm then of Lennox, mighty earl,
His way he took this chief, the Scottish pearl.
The earl receiv'd him in a courteous way,
And much entreated still with him to stay,
Off'ring that he his men should all command ;
But Wallace grieving for his native land,
Resolv'd what store of men he might to raise,
To combat in the field for Scotland's praise.
Stephen of Ireland, exil'd from his home,
Did there into a league with Wallace come.
So did Faudon, a man of dreadful size,
Of threatening aspect, and iniquitous eyes ;
Seldom he smil'd, was gruesome to the sight,
And blood and batt'ry were his sole delight :
With these and sixty more went Wallace forth,
Their valiant march directing to the north.
Full in their way, upon Gargunnock hill,
The South'ron bands had fortified a peel
With chambers meet, and hall commodious built,
And strength of men, and store of victual fill'd.
Wallace this piece determin'd to take in,
Could it be slyly done withouten din.
Spies having sent, and finding all was right,
Resolv'd on th' enterprise that very night.
His hardy men at arms were sent before
To break a bar that held the outmost door.
But they in vain to break it did essay,
Till Wallace fretting at the long delay,
Came on himself, and with a furious shock,
The bar and steeple all in flinders broke,
Syne open drove the gate, and there withal,
Came tumbling down three ell breadth of the wall
Much marvel did his men who saw this storm,
And him do more than twenty could perform,
The passage clear'd, into the house they rush'd.
And all that did oppose before them push'd ;
A watchman had a felon staff of steel,
Wherewith he Wallace thought at once to kill :

But he, recoiling with a little pains,
 Soon reft it from him, then dang out his brains.
 The captain syne he in the throng did meet,
 And with the staff soon laid him at his feet.
 His men pursuing slaughter'd all the lave :
 No men at arms they order'd were to save.
 Women and bairns he would not doom to die,
 But let them safely pass unhurt and free :
 The gold and wealth the soldiers prey became ;
 But Wallace fought for Scotland, and for fame.

Sojourning here four days, the val'rous crew,
 Upon the fifth, northward their march pursue ;
 The Teth they cross'd, and the clear running Ern,
 The motions of their South'ron foes to learn ;
 In Methwin forest choose their next retreat,
 And for the hunting there had store of meat ;
 Wallace was pleas'd he now a place had found,
 Where for his men provisions did abound :
 Where now at rest refresh themselves they might,
 Nor more be forc'd at once to fast and fight.
 Yet for himself no dainty fare he sought,
 So did his country's cares possess his thought ;
 But wet or dry was still with him the same,
 And cold and hunger welcome if they came.
 So did he grieve for Scotland's woful case ;
 And such his hatred to the South'ron race.

CHAPTER II.

How Wallace past to St. Johnstoun, slew the Captain, and won Kinclerin.

Now Wallace grieving idle thus to be,
 Resolv'd at length St. Johnstoun for to see,
 Seven men went with him graith'd in armour clear,
 The rest he left to Stephen of Ireland's care.
 Changing his name, he entrance soon obtain'd ;
 Oft heard himself miscall'd and sore disdain'd,
 But well dissembling his intent he chose
 At a young maiden's mansion to live close ;
 A gentle loving creature, mild and meek,
 Who often squeez'd his hand and clapt his cheek ;

From her he learn'd how things with South'rons went ;
 For ay to do them harm his will was bent,
 Butler he heard, an aged cruel knight,
 Kinclavin kept, a castle wondrous wight,
 Glad of the tale, he straightway did repair
 To Methwin wood, among his comrades there.
 Syne drew them up, and march'd in good array,
 Along the green and bonny banks of Tay.
 Approach'd the castle silently and slow,
 That of his coming South'rons might not know.
 But they within, fearful of sudden harms,
 Were quickly all a stir and up in arms.
 Then did a fierce and cruel fight ensue,
 As ever was maintain'd among so few.
 But Wallace still the foremost of the fray,
 Soon gave the English towns right Scotsman's play,
 Oft did he pierce their battle through and through,
 And at each onset many hack'd and slew.
 Butler himself came Wallace to withstand,
 But who could grapple Wallace hand to hand ?
 Sore did the knight the rash adventure rue ;
 For with one stroke, his head in sunder flew.
 Their chieftain slain, the remnant English fled,
 Behind them leaving threescore soldiers dead.
 The castle yielding, after some short stay,
 They set on fire, then brought their gear away.
 Syne Wallace wisely all his men withdraws,
 And lodges safely in the Short Wood Shaws.

CHAPTER III.

Short Wood Shaws.

THE English, then, that in St. Johnstoun lay,
 Soon hearing of this fierce and fatal fray,
 Vowing revenge, a thousand men of weir,
 Sent towards the wood, right awful in esfeir.
 These partly Sir John Butler did command,
 A valiant chief as any in the land.
 Seeking on Wallace well aveng'd to be,
 Who at Kinclavin caus'd his father die.
 The like sought Loran, who from Gowrie came :
 For th' umquhile Sir James Butler was his aim.

Into the Shaw their men came pouring in.
 Archers and spearmen with a dreadful din ;
 But Wallace, undismay'd, so plac'd his crew,
 Best to defend themselves, for they were few.
 Then did a fell and bloody stour begin,
 As scarce before on Tay was ever seen.
 Such deeds were wrought, as truly 'twere a crime,
 Them to describe in our unlearned rhyme.
 How arms met arms, and swords went clisy-clash,
 For rural lays to sing would be too rash.
 Of Wallace is my chief intent to speak,
 Much did he toil, and oft their ranks did break.
 Upon young Butler lighting at the length,
 Against him sole he guided all his strength ;
 A manful stroke at him then letting flee,
 Defended underneath a bowing tree ;
 The branch came down so weighty on his head,
 As in an instant fell'd the chieftain dead.
 Loran to see his friend so fall was wo,
 But flew on Wallace an enraged foe.
 But he, defending with his awful blade,
 Dead at his feet the doughty younker laid.
 The worthy Scots did nobly all that day,
 And drove their foes with shame at length away.
 Seven of their number fell in fight, no more
 So of the South'ron race at least six score.
 Now fearing lest their foes should gather new
 Recruits, and them with num'rous bands pursue,
 To Methwin wood they went ere it was dark,
 And thence retreated into Elchoke park.

CHAPTER IV.

How Wallace was sold to the English men by his Leman.

Here while they tarry'd Wallace took a bee
 Into his head, that maiden for to see,
 Of whom we spoke before ; a friar's gown,
 He to disguise his personage puts on.
 Then hies them to St. Johnstoun might and main ;
 To meet the dame, he was so wondrous fain.
 There having past a night in wanton play,
 He made a tryst to come another day ;

Meantime the Southrons did corrupt the maid
 With gold, to have him when he came betray'd.
 According to his tryst he came in haste,
 Incontinent into her chamber past.
 What they did there, who reads, may rightly spell,
 And certes 'twere unmeet for me to tell.
 Their dalliance past, it smote the damsel's mind,
 To lose a love so trusty and so kind ;
 With bitter wailings then to him made known :
 The case, and pray'd him quickly to be gone.
 Her crime he pardon'd with a loving kiss,
 Wip'd off her tears, nor took her fault amiss.
 Then straightway putting on her female weed,
 Betakes him to the gate with utmost speed :
 Pass'd unsuspected by all the watch but twain,
 Who wonder'd much at such a sturdy quean.
 Him they pursu'd, 'till getting out of cry,
 He faces him about their strength to try ;
 Pulls out a brand was hid beneath his weed,
 And laid upon them till they both were dead ;
 Then hastes him to his men he left behind,
 Such hazard is in trusting womankind.

 BOOK V.

How Wallace escaped out of St. Johnstoun, past to Elchoke Park, and killed Faudon. Past to Lochmabane. How he won the Castle of Crawford, and killed the Captain thereof.

COLD Winter now his hoary aspect shows,
 Frost bound the glebe, whilst Boreas fiercely blows ;
 Sweeping the snow along the rising hills,
 Which ev'ry glen and slanting hollow fills :
 Cold grew the beams of the far distant sun,
 And day was done ere it was well begun.
 Long, dark, and hateful, was the gloomy night,
 Uncomfortable to each banish'd wight ;
 Who durst not trust a roof to hide their head,
 But skulk from hill to hill, with cautious dread.

Brave Wallace, having plac'd his sentries right,
Deem'd it not safe to leave his hold that night :
For after his escape full well he knew,
His disappointed en'mies wold pursue :
And so it happen'd. After they made search,
Finding him gone, they armed and made their march ;
Amidst the throng his subtile miss, with speed,
Convey'd herself away, and sav'd her head ;
Whilst they enrag'd the South Inch way have tane,
Where their two men they found by Wallace slain,
Six hundred strong they were, well arm'd and bold,
Who round beset our champion in his hold,
A hound they had of wondrous bloody scent,
Woul'd trace the slayer's steps where'er he went :
A guard he had. The rest the wood beset,
Looking on Wallace now as in a net ;
Around the strength Sir Gerard Heron lay,
While with three hundred, Butler made his way
Into the wood, where valiant Wallace stood
In shining arms, few were his men but good ;
Not one to seven. Now past their power to fly,
Resolv'd to cut their way, or bravely die ;
The hardy chief unsheathe'd his conqu'ring sword.
Besought the aid of Heav'n, then gave the word.
Fiercely he met his bold attacking foes,
And quick as lightning dealt his fatal blows :
With horrid din, the temper'd edges clash,
On coats of steel, whence hasty sparkles flash ;
But massy armour, and defensive shield,
Must to the nervous arm of Wallace yield.
Like a swol'n current rushing from a hill,
Which does with wreck the lower valleys fill :
Thus through the martial press he made a lane,
Who durst oppose no sooner did than slain :
Forty of which infatuated bold,
With gaping wounds, upon the earth lay cold :
Thrice five there fell of Scots' men, brave and true.
Too great the loss, when good men were so few.

Our martial hero, thus cuts out his way,
His men with hasty strides made towards Tay,
Thinking to pass, but the attempt was vain :
Rather, said he, let's die upon the plain,

Than sink one single drop of Scotish blood,
Without revenge in the relentless flood.
Then with new courage in defence they stand,
For Butler in array was near at hand.
Bathed in blood, and panting for revenge,
Hastily they met again, and deaths exchange :
The youthful captain of the Scots in ire,
Us'd to the wars, exerts his glorious fire,
Runs through the crowd, mows them down like grass,
Whilst he invulnerable stands like brass ;
But many of his few with grief he spy'd,
Whose gushing wounds their shields, and coats had dy'd :
No way he thought on could bring them relief,
Unless the downfal of the South'ron chief :
Him keen he sought, thro' throngs, from place to place :
Butler, though bold, declined to see his face.
Amidst strong guards, beneath an aged oak,
Evited at this time the fatal stroke,
Stephen Ireland here, and faithful Kierly, shew'd,
Their valour brave, and firm by Wallace stood :
Upon the ground, at this bout, sixty more,
Of English slain, lay welt'ring in their gore ;
Nine more of Scots were of warm life bereft,
And only sixteen now with Wallace left.
Who got clear off, whilst Butler's wearied rout,
Confus'dly fled, 'twixt parties they got out.
The English men not knowing where they went,
Set the slothhonnd upon the bloody scent,
With nose aground closely she did pursue,
Till soon both parties were in other's view ;
The enemy pursued on coursers fleet,
While the brave Scots depend on nimble feet :
Of rising ground, they had two miles in length,
Before they could arrive at any strength ;
Good hope they had for day is now expir'd,
But to their grief ill fated Faudon tir'd.
Wallace was loth to leave him on the way,
Lest to approaching foes he'd fall a prey,
Urg'd him t' exert his strength with words of love,
But all in vain no further would he move :
The chief enrag'd, his sword with fury drew,
And at one stroke the lagging traitor slew ;

Backward a lifeless headless lump he lay,
 While the twin'd head babbled its life away.
 Just was the act, he was a villain found,
 Useful in this, his blood would stop the hound.
 Sure proof of falsehood, short way had they gone,
 In prime of years, strong muscles clad each bone.
 Him thus dispatch'd, Wallace his followers cheers,
 Then sprung the mountain swift as bounding deers.

Ireland, mean time and gallant Kierly stood,
 Eastward of Dupline, in a scraggy wood :
 By this the stars were twinkling from on high,
 From every opening of the cloudy sky.
 Soon as the English came where Faudon lay,
 The blood honnd ceas'd to track the flier's way ;
 Nor farther mov'd, her scent now being sunk,
 In this new stream of blood her nose had drunk :
 And now they deem'd that the despairing Scots
 Had fighting been, and cut each others throats.
 Kierly and Stephen, unknown, mix't with the crowd,
 That press'd about, and Faudon's body view'd,
 And as Sir Gerard bow'd to take a look,
 Kierly a dagger in his bosom struck,
 Beneath his armour, upward gave the wound,
 And brought this leader staggering to the ground.
 Soon as his men the accident espy'd,
 Treason around, with mournful shrieks they cried.
 Justly convinc'd that this audacious blow,
 Was given by Wallace self or such a foe.
 'Midst this confusion, aided by the gloom.
 The two brave Scots escap'd impending doom.

With grief and madness Butler's colour chang'd
 As he saw gasping Heron unreveng'd.
 Part of his host he sent t' inter the slain,
 Some to the woods dispatch'd, some to the plain ;
 Whilst he himself with a strong party lay,
 To guard the passes till returning day.

Good Wallace, ever careful of his train,
 Missing his two brave men was fill'd with pain ;
 For much he fear'd they taken were or slain.
 After vain search into the wood he past,
 And safely at Gaskhall arriv'd at last :

Flint gave 'em fire, and hunger made 'em bold,
 To take two wedders from a neighb'ring fold,
 On which they supp'd. Meanwhile they heard a blast
 Of a loud horn, at which they stood aghast !

Two were dispatch'd to learn who blew this horn,
 And long they waited for the spy's return.
 The noise continued still, and drew more near,
 The horrid din disturb'd the chieftain's ear.
 Two more he sent, but none return'd again ;
 Which fill'd his doubtful mind with rage and pain.
 The other nine he sent them one by one,
 To find the rest : thus was he left alone.

The awful sound increas'd still more and more, }
 Louder and louder swell'd the dreadful roar, }
 Which made him tremble who ne'er shook before. }
 But soon his dauntless sword he did collect,
 Then, sword in hand, with daring front erect,
 Mov'd to the gate ; where, to his odd surprise,
 The frightful Faudon stood before his eyes,
 Holding his bloody head in his right hand !
 Soon Wallace drew a cross and made a stand.
 At him the apparition threw its head,
 But Wallace caught it by the hair with speed,
 And threw it back. Yet dreadful was his fright ;
 For well he knew it was some hellish spright,
 That mock'd his sword. Straight up the stairs he flew,
 And soon himself out of a window threw.
 Thence up the river hastily he ran,
 Never so frighted since he was a man.
 Backward he turn'd his eyes from whence he came,
 And thought he saw the tow'r all in a flame,
 While on the top did frightful Faudon stand
 With a prodigious rafter in his hand.

But whether vested with compacted air,
 In Faudon's shape some demon did appear,
 Or, if the ling'ring soul, expell'd with pain,
 Strove to reanimate the corpse again,
 Leave we to those, who, with unweari'd eye,
 Explore the latent depths of dark philosophy.

And now, his followers lost, the mournful chief
 Stood wilder'd in his thought, o'erwhelm'd with grief ;

Darkling he took his way, depriv'd of rest,
While black ideas rankled in his breast.
His soul was in a maze, nor could he find
What Heav'n by this mysterious scene design'd.
Yet still his rage the distant en'my sought,
And fierce revenge boil'd up in ev'ry thought.
As thus he roam'd with clashing doubts opprest,
That tore his soul, and battl'd in his breast ;
Gay morn awakes, and, with enliv'ning ray,
Smiles on the world, and guides the rising day.
Butler, invited by the smiling scene,
Forsook his bed, and sought the plains unseen :
There view'd how pensive Wallace all alone,
Incessant sigh'd, and made a piteous moan ;
And rightly guessing that he was a foe,
Demands his business with contracted brow,
Nor stopt : but spurring quick his fiery horse
With rapid haste precipitates his course.
Wallace unmov'd, th' impetuous shock sustains,
And awful joy his gloomy brow serenes.
Straight rising to the blow, he aim'd a wound,
And brought his en'my stagg'ring to the ground.
Now seiz'd his horse, mounted, and, with loose reins,
Forsook the place, and shot across the plains.

A soldier view'd his hapless leader's fate,
With ardent eyes, and kindling into hate,
Wing'd forth his spear that whistled in the wind,
Drove o'er the knight, and miss'd the mark assign'd :
But now the enemy, with superior might,
Besets the road, and intercepts his flight.
Collecting all himself, brave Wallace stood,
Saw how they rag'd, and panted after blood :
And drew his sword, that with tempestous sway,
Dealt fate around, and cut a sanguine way.
Three prostrate on the plain of sense bereft,
And stiff'ning into death the victor left :
The tainted grass imbibes the flowing blood,
That gush'd amain, and ting'd the ambient flood.

But as a torrent with impetuous pride,
From some steep mountain pours its rapid tide,
Then swell'd by meeting riv'lets rolls amain,
With tenfold roar and swallows up the plain ;

So with successive troops the foe renew'd,
Condense apace, and thicken to a crowd.
The chief retires, intrepid and serene,
While twenty foes unsoul'd, adorn the fatal scene.
Fearless he inches back. His sword on high,
Rufiugent, flaming, adverse to the sky.
Still ey'd his enemies, with greedy view,
And, Parthian like, still wounded as he flew.
And now the foes no more inflame the war,
But roar in fainter sounds, and menace from afar.
The panting knight, now ceas'd from warlike care,
Reclines supine, and breaths the cooling air.
Now had the night assum'd her still command,
And spread her sable conquests o'er the land;
Darkness alone sat low'ring all around,
And more than midnight horror cloth'd the ground.
Our hero, weak and faint, pursues his way,
Involv'd in gloom, without one glimpse of day.
The dreary wilds, with fens and mire o'erspread,
Retard his passage, and his steps mislead.
His horse grown restive, and o'ercome with pain,
Fell giddy to the ground, and press'd the plain.
Wallace on foot toils out his lonesome path,
Now plung'd in fen's, now lost in rising heath.
Reviv'd by Heav'n, at length to Forth he came,
That through the country rolls its awful stream.
Circling it runs, and, with majestic pride,
Into old ocean disembogues its tide,
Upon the gloomy margin Wallace stood,
Alone and fearless plung'd into the flood.
With nervous arms, he stems the surging waves,
Dashes the tide, and all its horrors braves.
His well-try'd sword cuts out a liquid path,
And guides his course through wat'ry scenes of death.
Fainting, he made the land; his veins all chill'd,
With numbing colds that through his vitals thrill'd.
For winter now had tempested the air,
And with bleak aspect froze the aged year:
While the far distant sun, with slanting ray,
Obliquely shone, and scarcely lit the day.

The knight from towns and cities keeps aloof,
Secure beneath a widow's lowly roof,

Who, with a lib'ral hand, reliev'd his wants ;
 Fonded his breast, and sooth'd his bursting plaints.
 To needful rest he now applies his head :
 But first the maid dispatch'd, with cautious dread,
 To view Gaskhall, that burning seem'd of late ;
 To trace his followers, and find out their fate.
 Now coming sleep spreads all her balmy charms,
 And clasps the hero in her silken arms ;
 Within a darksome wood, securely laid,
 The shrubs his pillow, and the grass his bed :
 Attending, the kind widow's son stood near,
 And guards his slumbers with officious care.

A priest beheld the chief compos'd to rest,
 Drew near, and thus his puny fears express'd :
 ' Behold the patriot now, whose puissant hand,
 Must rid us of the foe, and free our land !
 ' Alas ! good vent'rous youth, how weak he lies,
 Expos'd to raging storms and wintry skies ?
 ' Trembling he sleeps, and verging on despair,
 Obnoxious now to every female snare ?
 The chief wak'd at the sound, flung up, enrag'd !
 ' I'm not,' he cried, ' so feebly equipag'd :
 ' My arm and fortitude assert my right,
 And all my honest actions dare the light.
 ' While Scotland's wrongs, edge keen, my well try'd sword,
 ' I'll never poorly own a foreign lord.
 ' And thou, inglorious priest, untouch'd remain,
 ' And owe thy life alone to my disdain ?
 He said and with his nephew turn'd aside,
 Recounting how he plow'd the foamy tide,
 Dark and alone ; while his poor ebb of blood,
 That flow'd amain, distain'd the crystal flood.
 And how, to finish all his other woes,
 His men had fallen a prey to cruel foes.
 The priest o'erhearing cry'd, dear son, behold
 How Heaven confirms what I but now foretold ;
 Thy friends are lost, thyself aloof from aid,
 To all th' assaults of fortune open laid,
 Forbear to tempt thy fate, give up thy sword,
 And own great Edward for thy rightful lord.
 No more. Fierce Wallace stern'd his brow and cry'd,
 My life alone shall the long strife decide ;

Thy tainted words venom the ambient air,
 Cut thro' my soul, and aggravate my care.
 My country's wrongs cry for revenge aloud,
 And this good sword is keen. It thirsts for blood, }
 And only can be sated with a flood.
 But while he spake, with hasty strides drew near,
 Ireland and Kierly still to Wallace dear ;
 As sorrow late a sovereign sway possess'd,
 Smiles kindle in each cheek, and joy in ev'ry breast.
 While the vast pleasure that each aspect wears,
 Too big for words, now vents itself in tears :
 The chief beheld the scene of grateful wo,
 And now his kindly show'rs with theirs united flow.
 The wondrous friends their dubious fates review,
 And with amusing talk prolong the interview.
 How they had mingled Heron with the slain,
 And, unobserv'd, escap'd the fatal plain :
 By this came back the servant, and reveal'd
 What dismal scenes she every where beheld.
 How goary corses strew'd the purple ground :
 And death in bloody triumph stalk'd around,
 No longer here the hero would remain,
 But left the wood with his small faithful train.
 And here the widow merits endless fame,
 Who cheerful with her sons to Wallace came,
 Both in the bloom of sprightly youth,
 Endu'd with courage, loyalty, and truth :
 Them she made over to his guardian care,
 To bear fatigues, and learn the arts of war.
 Brave heroine with manly virtue blest,
 Her country drove the mother from her breast ;
 The chief set forth, adorn'd with arms and horse,
 And held that night to Dundaff heath his course.
 * Graham then possess'd these lands : an aged knight ;
 Who with reluctance own'd tyrannic might ;
 But now, alas ! in his last ebb of life,
 He liv'd aloof from glorious feats of strife :
 His arm no longer could the falchion wield,
 Nor shine in falgent arms, and sun the field.

* Sir John.

A son he had, with every grace endued,
Youth, honour, gallantry, and fortitude :
His country's welfare triumph'd in his breast,
Tinctur'd each thought, and all his soul imprest.
Him, the old sire, with ceremonial care,
On his good sabre drawn oblig'd to swear,
The rugged paths of honour still to tread,
Wherever Wallace and his virtue lead.
Three times the night renew'd her gloomy reign,
While here the gallant warrior did remain.
As the fourth morn her purple charms displays,
And paints the cheek of day with orient rays :
The chief set out, his pupils by his side,
Propos'd among his friends with him to ride.
Wallace yet conscious of his recent fault,
How into jeopardy his men he brought.
Deny'd the suit, until his better care,
Could with new force of arms revive the war,
Now to Kilbank, he bent his course apace,
In martial pomp, and quickly reach'd the place.
The knight, to every soul a welcome guest,
Enjoys the love of all, and fills each breast.
His nephew here resides in bloom of years,
And cheerful gladness in his aspect wears.

Meanwhile the unwelcome news to Piercy came
Of our young hero's acts and growing fame.
How with a run of conquests he had slain
His foes, and all their cities storm'd and ta'en :
Asper in speech, and swell'd with vengeful spite,
Piercy demands what shelter held the knight ?
And sure cry'd out would be his warfare cease,
Acknowledge Edward, and accept of peace,
Soon might our king with unresisted sway,
Through Scotia's bleeding vitals urge his way,
Wallace would quickly tame the rugged north,
Inspire our men, and call their courage forth.
But still his rage a cruel rancour feeds,
And bursts in winged thunder on our heads ;
Sages illumin'd with interior light,
Who search the depths of fate, immers'd in night,
These have foretold how Wallace, great in arms,
Shall fill our plains with war and fierce alarms.

The chief, meanwhile, with active thoughts employ'd,
 A messenger dispatch'd to Blair and Boyd.
 Fame catch'd the news, and spread the welcome sound,
 In buzzing whispers quickly all around :
 His friends convene apace, in gath'ring swarms,
 Inur'd to war, and bred to feats of arms ;
 But Blair, above the rest for learning fam'd,
 The first place in our hero's bosom claim'd :
 With early infancy their love began,
 And grew as ripening youth shot up to man.

Thus danc'd the rosy minutes, and the chief,
 Securely liv'd at large, remote from grief :
 His transports now run high, his cares decrease,
 And every hour is mark'd with smiling ease.
 His friends with cheerful looks his orders wait,
 And all his wants well pleas'd anticipate.

But now far diff'rent cares engross his soul,
 And all the manly rage of war controul.
 Love bound the hero in his flow'ry chains ;
 For over all the god unbounded reigns.
 In Lanark dwelt the fair. Well known to fame,
 For matchless beauties crown'd the charming name.
 Now in her spring of life she grew apace ;
 Spreading to bloom and crown'd with every grace.
 The Syrens with persuasive eloquence,
 Charm'd from her lips and beautified her sense,
 While piety adds lustre to her name.
 Wallace beheld and own'd the pleasing flame :
 The print of love new stamp'd his ductile breast,
 And with soft characters his soul imprest.

As waves impell'd by waves, his mind is tost,
 And in the spreading sea of passion lost,
 Love tears his bosom, shoots along his veins,
 And a wild anarchy of thoughts maintains !
 Now, with fresh warmth his martial flames awake,
 And he th' ignoble chain attempts to break.
 The fair arises now in all her charms,
 And with soft fires his languid bosom warms,
 The youthful knight impatient of his wound,
 With strange disorder rolls his eyes around :
 Trics every mean, and strives to quell the smart
 That tore his breast, and stung his bleeding heart.

Now maz'd in doubts, and with strange tumults fill'd,
The lover thus his secret pangs reveal'd.

‘ What, shall I then give up my breast to joy,
And all my schemes of future wars destroy ?
Shall I thus lose myself in pleasing dreams,
While Scotia's welfare all my bosom claims ?
No, thus I stifle the inglorious flame,
And raze the image of the beauteous dame.
Rise, glory, rise ! assume thy wonted charms,
And take me panting to thy sanguine arms,
I'll drown each thought of her in war and loud alarms ?

Kierly beheld how the young warrior strove
In vain to quell th' unruly pangs of love ;
How obstinately good, he scorn'd to know,
All but the dear unhappy country's wo.
No cheering bliss gilds o'er his gloom of cares,
No sprightly joys his anxious bosom shares ;
Fain would the friend his dreary cares beguile,
When thus he answer'd, with an artful smile.
‘ And what can wound the strictest patriot's name,
By wedding virtue in so fair a dame ?
Since all your thoughts imprest by love arise,
Enjoy the maid, bound yours by nuptial ties.
She's chaste and virtuous, innocent and good :
Nor can her lineage ever stain your blood.’

‘ Ungen'rous man,’ reply'd the wond'ring chief,
‘ And would'st thou have me dissipate my grief ;
While Scotland weeps, weeps out her dearest blood,
And floats to ruin down the crimson flood.
Th' important now, decides her future state,
And see the scales are hung to weigh her fate.
While we're the only friends that she can boast,
To counterpoise a hardy numerous host.
Our every thought in such an enterprise,
Or big with conquest or with death should rise ;
And sure while Scotia's enemies remain,
Unmerveling love should ever sue in vain.

And what is love ?
Nothing but folly, glaring emptiness ;
Effeminate and frothy all its bliss ;
A fleeting joy. Sure then it cannot be,
That love and war at once should reign in me.

Yet love, they say, our brutal rage disarms,
 Refines our ardour, and our courage warms ;
 But that is only when the fair one 's kind,
 When blooming hopes distend the lover's mind.
 When bliss and beauteous conquests stand confess'd,
 And life redoubled heaves within his breast.
 But when the virgin nought but frowns bestows,
 Nor hears his am'rous plaints or dying vows ;
 'Tis then his very manhood melts away,
 In tears by night and mournful sighs by day.
 No more his breast the sprightly trumpet charms,
 No more he joys in war and shining arms.
 Our nation groans beneath a load of woes,
 And calls on us against her cruel foes ;
 And could such conduct suit a warrior's mind,
 (For women are inconstant or unkind,)
 Who, before man and Heaven's all-seeing eye,
 Must bravely conquer or as bravely die.'
 The warrior spoke, with indignation spoke ;
 While anger from his eyes like lightning broke.
 Yet in his bosom, love, the tyrant play'd,
 And laugh'd secure at what his fury said.
 The chief at last perceiv'd, with anxious pain,
 That still imperious love maintain'd his reign.
 What could he do ? with utmost care he strove,
 Now to oppose, and now to fly from love,
 In vain. The god still with the angler's skill,
 Or mock'd his force, or play'd him to the fill.

Kierly beheld how love his strength defies,
 Battles his soul and triumphs in his eyes ;
 And whilst the chief, who ne'er before had sigh'd,
 Groan'd with a load of grief, he fondly thus reply'd :
 ' Why does my lord create himself this pain ?
 Why strive with love ? yet ever strive in vain.
 Give up thy conquest, dissipate thy care,
 Make way for bliss and for the lovely fair :
 The fair makes all the hero's rage refin'd,
 New strings his arm, and cheers his drooping mind.
 While in his soul the awful goddess reigns,
 A double life his bosom knows, a double life his veins.
 This said, th' advice with tender zeal express'd,
 With poison'd steps stole silent to his breast,
 And joy, unbidden, all his soul possest.

Meanwhile, with ebbing force as thus he strove,
 To stem the rage of fierce prevailing love,
 A maid approach'd, who from the fair one came,
 (For love had fir'd her breast with hidden flame,
 And brought this message from the beanteous dame.)
 Miranda sends, to honest fame well known,
 'Fond to behold her country's bravest son.'
 The chief amaz'd, impatient of delay,
 'I go,' he cried, 'and bade her urge her way.'
 Through secret paths they went and shunn'd the town,
 And reach'd the house secure, perceiv'd by none.
 While she, severely good, and wondrous kind,
 Wish'd for his safe approach with anxious mind ;
 The lovers met, and now a modest kiss,
 Lifts up the hero's soul to laughing bliss.
 Love feels the alarm, starts up in fond surprise,
 And through his veins anew impetuous flies,
 Inflames his soul, and sparkles through his eyes,
 His sparkling eyes that gently rolling play'd,
 In hers beheld bright virgin love betray'd.
 And whilst a blush that redd'n'd on her face,
 Paints out a modest flame with rosy grace :
 Screw'd to the highest strain of bliss, his soul
 Could scarce th' impetuous tide of joy control ;
 But all was still, and all was calm around,
 When thus the syren spoke in nectar'd sound :
 'I own indeed I love, nor blush to tell,
 The man that loves my country's peace so well.
 And would be fond, ev'n with my life to please,
 The chief that bravely scorns inglorious ease,

While Scotia calls.

Alas ! how much she needs, unhappy now,
 So good a warrior and a friend as you.
 Her bravest sons by cruel foes are slain,
 And few her friends, ah ! hapless friends remain.
 Even while I speak, I scarce can boast an hour,
 Or of my life or honour in my pow'r.'
 The loving chief return'd : ' Oh ! maid divine,
 Your bleeding wrongs the glorious cause shall join ;
 And whilst the thund'ring battle loudest rings,
 And thousand deaths appear on fatal wings ;

Inflam'd by am'rous rage and aiding love,
 Like death himself through groaning bands I'll move,
 And while the thoughts of thee wing every blow,
 How well I love, the gasping wretch shall know.
 But by yon awful heavens, had not my mind,
 With hopeless Scotia 'gainst her foes combin'd,
 I'd never leave you by th' immortal powers,
 My soul would mix and lose itself in yours.
 Yet, next to God, and to my country's care,
 You all my thoughts and all my breast shall share.
 With fond discourse thus talk'd they out the day,
 While hours, well pleas'd to hear, crowd hours away
 Till Wallace saw the night on high display'd,
 And with reluctance left the weeping maid.
 With heavy heart he held the dreary way,
 And join'd his friends that wonder'd at his stay.
 Now, from the fair remov'd, our hero strove,
 By warfare to divert the pangs of love.
 Fir'd with the thought, he chokes the rising sigh,
 And fondly seeks the distant enemy ;
 Who in Lochmabane lorded it secure,
 Full grown in arrogance, and flush'd with power,
 Clifford, inhuman youth, bore chief command,
 And spread his cruel conquests o'er the land.
 Now Wallace scarce had reach'd the guilty town,
 (Conceal'd his name, his country only known,)
 When, swell'd with malice, Clifford sought the place,
 And brands the Scots, and loads them with disgrace,
 Apriz'd, the knight pursues the haughty lord,
 Th' affront lent weight and fury to his sword ;
 Urg'd home, the thirsty faulchion sought his side,
 Transpierc'd his heart, and drunk the vital tide.
 Sated the chieftain left the town. And now,
 Wing'd with revengeful spite his foes pursue :
 The knight serene thus warn'd his faithful friends ;
 ' Behold the raging en'my this way tends,
 Leave we the plains, and yonder thickets climb,
 Trusting th' event to Providence and time.'
 His friends, reluctant, hear the strict command,
 Sternly retire, and eye the approaching band.
 By this, with hasty stride, the foe draw near ;
 Their burnish'd arms reflect a gleam severe ;

With fulgent light they shone. The steely blaze,
 Shot full against the sun with mingling rays.
 Their arrows now with certain speed they aim'd,
 And wounded Blair, for wit and valour fam'd.
 Wallace beheld him bleed, and fir'd to rage,
 Turn'd instantly, in order to engage.
 His little band, in dubious war well tried,
 Rush on the num'rous foe with generous pride.
 And now, with adverse shock, the warriors met,
 Each urg'd the fight, nor thought of base retreat :
 The South'ron army, thinn'd with num'rous slain,
 In multitudes lay grov'ling on the plain.
 But still, in gathering crowds, new troops advance,
 The fields resound, the neighing coursers prance.
 Moreland, the flower of arms, moves to the field,
 Lightning his eyes, his arms keen splendour yield,
 His waving plume nods terribly from far,
 And whitens with its foam the tide of war,
 With boiling rage, his heaving bosom glows,
 And martial terror glooms upon his brows.
 The English, rais'd to hope, their chief survey,
 And meditate the ruin of the day.

In vain the dauntless Scots attempt to fly,
 Close wedg'd they stand resolv'd to win or die ;
 And now both sides assault, and proudly vie ;
 Thickens the combat, and resounds the sky.
 Wallace, distinguish'd by his orby shield,
 Rode thund'ring through the tempest of the field,

Where Moreland rag'd ; and, with a pond'rous blow,
 Full on his neck divides the bone in two.
 No more the joints the dizzy head sustain,
 The haughty chief rush'd headless to the plain.
 Seizing his horse, the knight, with active care,
 Revives again the thunder of the war :
 Inspir'd from Heaven, with more than human might,
 His arm alone inclines the scale of fight,
 Around the verdant grass is sanguine dy'd,
 And heaps on heaps expire on every side.
 The English now, their chieftain lost, gave way,
 Dead'ned with fear, and fall an easy prey ;
 Now to the town, their rapid steps they bend,
 Throng to the castle, and in haste ascend ;

Their haggard eyes their inward fears disclose,
 And look a voice, and speak their direful woes.
 Graystock, their general, here at ease resides,
 Who scorns their terrors, and their fears derides ;
 And now his soldiers arm'd, the fort he leaves,
 And with fresh powers the fainting war revives.
 Wallace, meanwhile, the bloody scene had left,
 With victory, nor of one friend bereft,
 And clad in arms, he shot an iron light ;
 The en'my saw, and curs'd the unwelcome sight.
 ' Oh ! don't,' they cry'd, ' our doom anticipate,
 Return, nor brave th' impending burst of fate.
 Yonder ! behold th' valiant godlike knight,
 Whose mighty arm alone lays waste the fight.'
 ' Ha ! dastards !' cry'd the general with a frown,
 ' His strength owes being to your fears alone.'
 And spurr'd his horse. Now Wallace, from afar,
 Beheld th' increasing tumult of the war ;
 Nor could he tempt the storm, that with new roar,
 Roll'd dreadful, menacing his scanty pow'r ;
 And now, o'ercome with toil, his horse gave o'er.
 Meantime, despatch'd by Heav'n, immortal Graham,
 Back'd with his friends, a brave retinue came.
 Thrice ten he led, a small but faithful train,
 Each could mark red the field with num'rous slain,
 And the whole tempest of the war sustain.
 The battle joins. And clamours, shouts, and cries,
 Ring through the plains, and tear the vaulted skies.
 Graham now, with ardent eyes his friend survey'd,
 And sent to ev'ry quarter timely aid ;
 Himself, meanwhile, from place to place engag'd,
 Where the storm roar'd, and where the thickest rag'd ;
 Rush'd through the war that bleeds in ev'ry vein,
 Like some fierce tide, and sweep'd the standing plain.
 Wallace on foot cuts out a sanguine path,
 And steins the flood of war, and braves impending death ;
 Restless he fights, with blood and dust besmear'd,
 Reaping the field, where nought but fate appear'd.
 And thus th' intrepid few still urg'd their course,
 Each, in himself, a war, an army's force.
 But now the foe repuls'd with foul disgrace,
 Their champion in the front retreats apace,
 While Wallace, yet unwearyed, urg'd the chase.

Before him Graham, active as lightning flew,
 Mix'd with the crowd, and all promiscuous slew.
 The knight beheld, and check'd his vulgar rage,
 That stoop'd with the low rabble to engage.
 "Away, he cried, nor thus disgrace thy sword,
 Yon flying chiefs will nobler stores afford."

He said. The youthful heroes shoot along
 With rapid haste, and reach the distant throng.
 Fierce Graystock, now abandoned by his pride,
 Nought but despair appear'd on every side.
 Graham sought the haughty chief. And now on high,
 His sword that flam'd and lighten'd in the sky.
 With whirlwind sound descends, and cleaves his head ;
 No force of motion could the stroke impede :
 The yawning chasm well'd out a purple flood,
 Forth rush'd the soul effus'd with gushing blood.
 Wallace, mean while, dealt ruin all around,
 And with dead corses strew'd the blushing ground.
 The en'my still experienced his pow'r,
 And those who felt his arm, harrass'd the Scots no more.

The chase now finish'd, the brave warriors meet,
 And with kind intercourse of souls unite.
 The knight well pleas'd his panting friends espies,
 With joy his bosom glows, with transports glut his eyes ;
 Her visage rough'n'd into frowns ere while,
 Assumes the softer beauties of a smile ;
 Fair victory sat blooming on his head,
 And all around her, sacred blessings shed.
 But now the sun roll'd down with fading light,
 Red Vesper took his post. Arose the night.
 On hills of slain the scarlet heroes sat,
 Pond'ring new toils of war in close debate.
 Pale Scotia still her bleeding veins display'd,
 And pointing to the foe, and call'd aloud for aid.
 Fir'd with her wrongs, and with new anger fraught,
 They steel their hearts, and bar each milder thought ;
 Nor sated with the vengeance of the day,
 To Lochmabane directly take their way.
 And now to aid their rage, a night of shades
 Muffles the sky, and the pale moon invades,
 No stars appear'd in the dark firmament,
 As if their everlasting oil was spent ;

Lone midnight silence quell'd each whisp'ring sound,
And spread his gloomy pinions all around.
Conceal'd, the wary spies rode on before,
The destin'd town in order to explore.
With darkness 'velop'd soon they reach'd the gate,
Where watching, all alone, the keeper sat,
With silent rage they aim'd a random wound,
And laid the felon prostrate on the ground,
The following band came on with hasty pace,
Breathing revenge, and quickly make the place.
The gleanings of the field they here surprise,
Resounds the house with clamour, shrieks and cries,
While terror wildly peeps forth from their eyes.
Nought but the groans of wretches now is heard
Where mirth and ill-tim'd riot late appear'd.

'Twas now past ebb of night, and dawning morn
Appear'd on infant smiles and blushes borne;
The victors now quite spent with toils of war,
Give o'er, and panting breathe the fragrant air.
Reclin'd, they gladly take a short repast,
To satiate nature's call, not please the taste:
That done, with gen'rous wine they brim the bowl,
Each quaffs and sucks the nectar to his soul;
The dancing tide rolls through each languid vein,
And swells them with o'erflowing streams again.
Sated, at length, they leave the humbled town,
The fortress taken, and their foes o'erthrown,
And bent their course to where impetuous Clyde,
Through precipices pours its foamy tide.
With many wand'rings, rolls the circling stream,
The pride of rivers, and the poets' theme.
Now grateful slumber creeps o'er all apace,
And fonds their senses with a soft embrace.
Within a darksome vale, retir'd, they lay
At ease from all the bloody toils of day:
Through ev'ry limb the soft infection crept,
And guardian angels watch'd 'em as the slept.
A fort remain'd where, fill'd with rage and spite,
The enemy rul'd and triumph'd in their might.
While thus secure the slumb'ring warriors lay,
Wild fancy fancy now assumes internal sway:

Still to their sleeping thoughts the fort arose,
And hagg'd their dreams, and shook them from repose.

Th' inverted scale of Heav'n now weigh'd up night,
Sunk was the sun, and faded was the light.

Waking, at length, unseen they leave the vale,
The fated place determined t' assail.

Wallace, before the rest, went forth alone,
With eager speed, and reach'd the guilty town.

And here a hideous noise insults his ear,
Of drunken mirth, unlike the voice of war.

Enrag'd the chieftain gave the order'd sign,
His friends throng in, and all their powers combine.

With active care the gates they first possest,
Then guard the passes, and the strength invest.

Wallace first sought the house, inflam'd with hate,
That sunk in luxury the captain sat.

Unsheath'd his sword, and aim'd a certain blow,
That hurl'd to shades of night the abandon'd foe.

With equal rage he gave to fate the rest,
And mingled with their blood their horrid feast.

Their mangled bodies strew'd the sanguine floor,
Grimming in death, and welt'ring in their gore.

Meantime, without, Graham plies the lofty fort,
Built up of beams, and fortified by art.

Straight flung triumphant from his thund'ring hand,
Full to the steepy roof, a flaming brand;

The red contagion, blazing, flew along,
With crackling roar, and scorch'd the trembling throng.

And now the ruddy ruin whirls on high,
Swell's in the wind, and triumphs to the sky.

Wild shrieks within, and yellings of despair,
A blended horror! rend the midnight air,

And now the turret ground, and all around,
With bursts of thunder, tumbled to the ground:

It fell, and crush'd the wretches underneath,
With wild destruction whelm'd, and fiery death.

Soon as the radiant morn renew'd the day,
The victors on each side the place survey,
That now in smoaking heaps of rubbish lay;
The works that stood they levell'd with the ground,
And spread a gen'ral ruin all around.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Winter being past, and the summer advancing, Wallace returns again to Lanark to visit his mistress. An account of the first beginning of his passion is to be found in Book V., where, meeting with a kind reception, he marries her.

But the English, during the time he had spent in his courtship, having occupied and taken possession of all the forts and towns in Scotland, obliged him to rise again in arms to vindicate his country. But, before he took the field, he thought it necessary to remove his wife from the hazards of war; which occasions a moving colloquy between them, she earnestly imploring him to take her along with him, and he declaring to her the ill effects of it.

The morning arriving, Wallace goes out to the fields, where, having implored Heaven for the success of his undertaking, he blew his horn, to call his followers he had with him together; where, discovering his intent, they all, with one consent, agree to the war, and make preparation for it.

The English perceived their intent, and, under the command of Hesilrig and Thorn, make head against them, and the Scots, overpowered with multitudes, retreat to Cartlane Craigs. The night approaching, Hesilrig insulting Wallace's wife, most barbarously kills her, when, behold, Wallace, after expressing his sorrow for her loss, resolves to revenge it, and, coming back in the night-time, slew Thorn, Hesilrig, and the Englishmen in Lanark. This being told king Edward, he gathered a great army, and came to Biggar, where Wallace, being now joined with a considerable number, met him, and encouraging his men, fought and defeated them; but the English, being told by spies that the Scots had intoxicated themselves with the wine left in the camp, returned, and were again defeated. After this, Wallace took a castle on a rock, and, with continued defeats, so weakened the English, that they were content at Rutherglen Kirk to conclude a peace for a year; that both should rest from committing any hostilities.

CHAPTER I.

Now had cold February spent its store,
And boreas' rushing blasts offend no more:
No more the hurricane embroils the deep,
And driving winds on its smooth surface sleep:
No more the plains in standing lakes appear,
And March had spent the winter of the year

Now April, joyous month, its course begun,
 And hoary snows now melted to the sun ;
 A springing verdure crowns the happy land,
 And smiling nature own'd the Summer's hand.
 While thus the earth smiles in its gaiety,
 And summer weeds adorn each springing tree :
 The busy nymphs renew their annual toil,
 And build their grots, perfum'd with balm and oil,
 Each blythesome hour, in ranks they dance along,
 And the pleas'd hunter listens to their song.

In this blest June, when all conspir'd to move
 His manly soul, with the soft flame of love,
 Our knight to Lanark went of new again,
 Seiz'd with the pangs of his returning pain ;
 He runs with joy to meet his lovely fair,
 Nor reck'd he of his English foes since he was there ;
 The subtle flame fierce roll'd within his breast,
 Hot in his pain, he thought ne'er one so blest ;
 Sometimes the thought of conquest would return,
 And fierce ambition in his bosom burn ;
 His country's glory rise before his sight,
 And love's soft joys yield to the toils of fight ;
 At other times, love would usurp again,
 Fair glory's charms decay, and war subside again :
 ' Shall I no more hear the fierce battle's rage,
 ' No more in bloody fields my foes engage ?
 ' Shall love's imperious powers thus control
 ' My easy heart, and move my pliant soul ?
 ' What plague is this ? this bane of mortal's love ?
 ' That nie from arms and glory would remove.
 ' My honour calls, and nothing e'er shall make
 ' Me lose my honour for my pleasure's sake :
 ' To war I will, and shine in arms again,
 ' And love shall spread its silken chains in vain.

While thus the hero spent his anxious life,
 And love and honour held the doubtful strife,
 Alternate passions rul'd his wav'ring mind,
 And now to this, and now to that inclin'd.
 At last resolv'd to finish all his grief,
 And give his mourning soul a sure relief :
 To wed with holy love, the beauteous dame,
 Give loose to his desire, and quench the sacred flame.

And now the morning its fair beams display'd,
 And music wak'd into bliss the maid ;
 Connubial Hymen wav'd his torch on high,
 And bad their future life completest joy :
 Now live in strictest unity of love,
 And from all jarring dissonance remove.
 Let, wing'd with pleasure, the soft minutes flow,
 And lasting bliss no interruption know.
 A rising joy now dawns within his breast,
 Of all that heaven could bestow possest :
 With pleasure now he runs his dangers o'er,
 And fortune's various face offends no more :
 In her alone he places his delight,
 And joy arises from her only sight :
 While, with like heat, her faithful bosom warms,
 For in his time he was the flow'r of arms :
 Thus blooming love extends his soft command,
 And joyful Hymen reigns with equal hand.

While now the hero, far from war's alarms,
 Enjoys all pleasure in his consort's arms ;
 His former love of glory fires again
 His martial soul, and prompts him to the plain ;
 To bear aloft again the patriot shield,
 And vindicate his country in the field ;
 His burning breast glows yet with fields unfought,
 And future triumphs rise upon his thought.
 Now leave thy mirth, and seek thy country's foes,
 Though round thy head the gath'ring battle glows ;
 Go leave thy love, or glorious freedom lose ;
 Which ne'er on earth can be redeem'd again ;
 Go live in war, go live in cruel pain :
 And then just God who does this world sustain,
 Let not this thirst of vengeance be in vain.
 Let Heav'n with due success still crown the just,
 And lay the proud oppressor in the dust.

But now his faithful wife employs his care,
 Expos'd to all the common ills of war ;
 Should he by adverse fate be forc'd to yield,
 And to the foe give up the vanquish'd field ;
 A thousand sad corroding cares infest,
 And fate hangs gloomy on his anxious breast.

Far from the hoarse noise of the thund'ring war,
 He would remove the object of his care ;
 But sad with grief relents his bleeding heart,
 And his thoughts shrink at the dread word, to part.

’Twas now the time when all to rest repair,
 And weary wretches laid aside each care ;
 When, with fond arms, the fair Fidelia, prest
 Her panting hero, to her snowy breast ;
 With grief she found the rising tears bedew
 His manly face, and heard the sighs he drew :
 With frequent sobs her heaving bosom rose,
 And catch'd the dear infection of his woes ;
 On her pale cheek does livid paleness rise,
 And sorrow speaks in silence from her eyes ;
 Then, with a groan, thus he : ‘ Long I’ve supprest :
 ‘ The struggling passion in my lab’ring breast ;
 ‘ But now all sad restraints at once give way,
 ‘ Fierce sorrow bids me speak, and I obey ;
 ‘ Behold, our native country drown’d in tears,
 ‘ Around one general face of woe appears.
 ‘ In vain we’re blest with kind indulgent skies,
 ‘ And suns in vain with genial ardour rise.
 ‘ In vain a yellow harvest crowns the plain,
 ‘ And nodding boughs their golden load sustain ;
 ‘ The peasant, comfortless, repining stands,
 ‘ And sees his harvest reap’d by other hands ;
 ‘ See the fierce soldier rages o’er the land,
 ‘ The flames wide spreading from the hostile band.
 ‘ Those shining spires which lately pierc’d the sky,
 ‘ Now equal with the ground in ruins lie ;
 ‘ O dire and curst effects of slavery.
 ‘ Yet once I nobly durst assert her right,
 ‘ Bold in her cause, and dauntless in each fight :
 ‘ But now the useless sword is laid aside,
 ‘ And my once faithful helm, long been untry’d.
 ‘ But now the tyrant’s pow’r we dare restrain,
 ‘ And liberty shall rear her head again :
 ‘ With fell revenge, another war prepare,
 ‘ Bend the long unstrung bow, and launch the rusty spear.
 ‘ But various cares sollicitate my breast,
 ‘ Invade my heart, and rob my soul of rest ;

' While to my drooping mind's prophetic eyes,
 ' A thousand griefs in fatal prospect rise :
 ' Methinks I view the cruel raging foes,
 ' End that dear life to finish all my woes.
 ' Methinks I see that sacred blood now spilt,
 ' To fill up Hesilrig's black scene of guilt :
 ' And now to save thee from the coming blow,
 ' And shield thee from the malice of the foe :
 ' I have prepar'd of youth a chosen band,
 ' Ready to march where'er thou shalt command :
 ' Some well built tow'r, a hospitable seat,
 ' Shall prove from war's alarms a safe retreat ;
 ' There, nor the battle's voice shall wound thy ear,
 ' Nor the fierce spoiler black with guilt appear.
 ' There may thy constant pray'r's bless my sword,
 ' And waft thy kindest wishes to thy lord ;
 ' Till circling time bring back the happy day,
 ' When Scotland shall be free from English sway ;
 ' Till her extended plains be call'd her own,
 ' And yet a Scottish king ascend a Scottish throne.'

He said, and ceas'd, nor groan'd, but deep suppress'd,
 Each rising passion in his manly breast :
 But fiercer grief, her tender heart assail'd,
 She wept, and the frail woman all at once prevail'd.
 ' And wilt thou then, she said, and wilt thou go,
 ' Where thunders call thee, and where battles glow,
 ' And leave me here expos'd to every foe ?
 ' See Hesilrig with lustful rage appears,
 ' Derides my passion, and insults my fears.
 ' With hasty steps he comes to be possess'd,
 ' Or stab his poinard in my hated breast :
 ' In vain with piteous shrieks I fill the air,
 ' And stung with sorrow my bare bosom tear,
 ' When he that should revenge me is not near.
 ' Hast thou forgotten how his ruthless sword,
 ' In my dear brothers' blood has deep been gor'd ?
 ' Fir'd with bright glory's charms both met the foe,
 ' And sunk beneath the mighty warrior's blow :
 ' 'Tis true that fighting for their country's right,
 ' They glorious died, nor recreant left the fight,
 ' That thought indeed should flowing grief restrain,
 ' But nature bids me, and I must complain.

‘But say, in vain is all this flow of tears,
‘Fantastic passion, a weak woman’s fears ;
‘No, Hesilrig, red with my kindred slain,
‘My friends destroyed, and my brothers slain.
‘Yet with her Wallace let his consort go,
‘Join with his ills, sad partnership of woe !
‘Or if propitious Heaven should deign to smile,
‘With faithful love reward my hero’s toil.
‘What though my tender nerves refuse to bend,
‘The twanging yew, and the fleet dart to send ;
‘Round thy distinguish’d tent yet will I stay,
‘And wait impatient the decisive day ;
‘When freedom on thy helm shall crested stand,
‘Nor fortune linger with her doubtful hand.
‘But canst thou, thou wilt say, endure alarms,
‘Hear war’s rough voice, and the hoarse sound of arms :
‘When the big drum, and sprightly pipe prepare,
‘In dreadful harmony to speak the war ?
‘Then shall thy breast with trembling heaving rise,
‘And female sorrow gather in thy eyes ;
‘But let the war’s rude shock assault my ears,
‘The woman, Wallace, shall throw off her fears.
‘On this weak breast shall love new force impress,
‘Nor let that doubt repel my happiness.
‘But whither can I go, or where retreat,
‘From following vengeance and impending fate ?
‘Even should I go, where dreary caves forlorn,
‘Horrid with night, exclude the joyous morn,
‘And lonely hermits never cease to mourn,
‘Yet would keen Hesilrig point out the place,
‘And in my ruin finish all my race ;
‘What though the bounding vessel wast me o’er,
‘To lands remote, and far from distant shore ?
‘What though extended tracts of land and sea,
‘Divide the war, and my dear lord from me ?
‘The wife of Wallace can’t be long conceal’d.
‘But soon by babbling fame shall stand reveal’d ;
‘Then take me with thee whate’er chance betide,
‘Firm to thy cause and honest I’ll abide ;
‘Nor let me mourn alone, when I am left
‘Of thee, and every joy with thee bereft.’

She said, and wept, nor yet his sorrows rise,
 But awful grief sits decent in his eyes
 'Cease, cease, he cry'd, nor urge a vain relief,
 Nor by thy ling'ring doubts increase my grief.
 Now, if kind Heaven should bless my enterprize ;
 Nor fate look on me with her envious eyes :
 In flowing ease shall end our hated strife,
 And joy conduct us to the verge of life.
 But if just Heaven shall otherwise ordain,
 'Tis Heaven that wills it—why should we complain?

Thus while the faithful pair their grief exprest,
 And sooth'd the passions in each other's breast ;
 The beauteous morn disclos'd its early ray,
 And the gray east shone with the future day.
 The hero rose, and with becoming art,
 Feigns a false joy, at the same time his heart
 Was fill'd with grief, which touch'd each tender part.
 Then to the fields he went with sorrow fraught,
 While thousand woes surcharg'd each rising thought.
 With patriot groans he fills the morning air, [prayer :
 And, spreading both his hands to Heaven, this was his

'Hear me, kind Heaven, if still my feet have trod
 In virtue's paths, nor devious from my God :
 Since first, with floods of tears and constant prayer,
 My weeping parents gave me to thy care.

When round my head, the guardian angels flew,
 And conscious Heaven approv'd my little vow ;
 That if propitious fate increas'd my span,
 And lengthen'd tender childhood out to man,
 My country's foes should always feel my might,
 Nor my sword sparkle in another fight :

Thence soon commenc'd my woes, and hateful strife,
 With war embroil'd my tender years of life.

Oft has the soldier, under my command,
 From slav'ry base, redeem'd his native land ;
 But now oppress'd with foes we droop again,
 And panting liberty forsakes the plain.

Yet bold in virtue's cause we nobly dare,
 To raise the sleeping embers of the war :
 No impious itch of empire fires our mind,
 Nor are our hearts to those base thoughts inclin'd :
 But our fierce breasts glow with a holy rage ;
 Thine are the fields we fight, and thine the war we wage :

But if, alas! some unforeseen offence
 Lies latent in the book of Providence ;
 For which the trembling Scot shall shameful fly,
 And leave the field to the fierce enemy :
 Then let me die, preventing all my foes,
 And close these eyes, nor see my country's woes.

He ceas'd, when he observed through the sky,
 A strange prodigious meteor to fly ;
 The chief beheld it kindling as it flew,
 And from the sight a happy omen drew :
 ' And does consenting Heaven yield, he cries,
 And better hours from better omen's rise ?
 Now, now, the English shall the danger fear,
 And trembling fly before the Scottish spear.
 And now a growing hope springs in my mind,
 And leaves vain jealousy and fears behind.'
 Then blew his horn ; well known in war's alarms,
 To call the hardy soldier to his arms.
 To the shrill notes Heav'n answers all around,
 And Scotia takes new vigour from the sound,
 Spreads wide the noise, and undulates on high,
 And reach'd the soldiers where dispers'd they lie,
 Enflaming ev'ry breast with love of liberty.

Now all around the chief they list'ning stand,
 Each his keen sabre threat'ning in his hand,
 And eagerly devour his last command.
 ' Enough, my friends, enough has Scotia borne,
 The foes insulting, and her sons forlorn.
 The trembling peasant, wild with dread a'fright,
 Shrinks from the war's rude shock, and ruthless fight,
 Resigns his riches to the oppressor's hand,
 And sees another sickle reap his land.
 And long we not to urge our fate again,
 Glows not each breast, and swells not ev'ry vein ?
 Does not our heart with love of freedom burn,
 And once again our exil'd souls return ?
 Where are those trophies by our fathers won ?
 Triumphs related down from son to son.
 Where is that crown, the first fam'd Fergus bore,
 And that fierce sceptre stain'd in Pictish gore ?
 Should these old rev'rend forms again arise,
 In mystic vision dreadful to our eyes,

What sad reproaches justly would they give,
 To those who choose in bondage thus to live :
 How would their cheeks blush with a kindred shame,
 And throw us back the hated father's name ?
 And are we so degenerate from our race,
 Such sons begotten to our sires' disgrace,
 That thoughts like these shan't force us yet to arm,
 And liberty thus want the power to warm ?
 Let the pale coward own a panic fear,
 Of unknown wars, and distant triumphs hear.
 Let his heart startle at the trumpet's voice ;
 And shrink unequal to the battle's noise.
 Can souls like these, alas ! assist us now,
 Or rise to dangers which they never knew ?
 But we, whose courage bids us pant for fame,
 And be distinguished by the patriot's name,
 How should our breast with sacred fury glow,
 And rush undaunted on the guilty foe ?
 The lawless rage of tyrants to restrain,
 No ! let fair liberty thus court in vain.'

He said. A gen'rous ardour stood confess'd,
 And a fierce patriot twinn'd in ev'ry breast.
 Revenge alone employs each warrior's care,
 Bends ev'ry bow, and sharpens ev'ry spear.
 Some scour the flying horse along the plain,
 And bids his haughty neck obey the rein,
 With goring rowels urge him in his speed,
 And stop in full career the bounding steed.
 Wallace beheld the auspicious fury rise,
 And rage redoubled flushing in their eyes.
 With joy he hears this omen of success,
 And saw just Heaven decree his happiness.

Nor do the English with less studious care,
 Observe the growing progress of the war,
 And for the fierce encounter all prepare.
 Keen Hesilrig arms all their glitt'ring bands,
 And thousand swords shine in a thousand hands.
 A savage fury brandishes each dart,
 And reeking slaughter steels each impious heart.
 But oh ! ye gods, shall you weak bands prevail,
 When hot with rage more num'rous troops assail :

May righteous Heaven still blast the lawless might,
And the just patriots vanquish in the fight :
But now advancing near the other meet,
And with no friendly salutation greet.
Stern vengeance low'ring frowns on ev'ry brow,
And hate arms ev'ry visage like a foe ;
Behold what diff'rent passions now excite,
And join two nations in the toils of fight !
Here pride, ambition, arms each guilty foe,
And tyranny attends on every blow.
Here patriots stand, and boldly dare restrain,
The tyrant's growth, and check the oppressor's reign,
And the fair cause of freedom to maintain.
Now all the plains with arms are cover'd o'er,
And the bent bow unloads its feather'd store,
From well stor'd quivers ; but declining light,
And ruddy vesper, led the starry night :
Wallace withdrew where Cartlane rocks on high,
Erect their shaggy tops, and threat the sky.
Safe shelter'd there the Scottish heroes stay,
And wait impatient for the rising day.
Meanwhile Fidelia, with sad cares opprest,
Had sunk into the silken arms of rest ;
A thousand spectres dance before her sight,
And add to the pale terrors of the night ;
Sword, shield, and helms, in mix'd confusion rise,
And blended horrors stare before her eyes,
Ev'n in that time, when all should be at rest,
When not one thought should discompose her breast,
Ev'n then she shakes at Hesilrig's fierce hate,
And her soul shrinks, as previous to her fate.
Now fierce with rage the cruel foe draws near,
Oh ! does not Heaven make innocence its care ?
Where fled thy guardian angel in that hour,
And left his charge to the fell tyrant's power ?
Shall his fierce steel be redd'n'd with thy gore,
And streaming blood distain thy beauties o'er ?

But now awaken'd with the dreadful sound,
The trembling matron threw her eyes around,
In vain, alas ! were all the tears she shed,
When fierce he waves the faulchion o'er her head,

All ties of honour by the rogue abjur'd,
Relentless deep he plung'd the ruthless sword ;
Swift o'er her limbs does creeping coldness rise,
And death's pale hand seal'd up her fainting eyes.

Now borne upon the mournful wings of fame,
To Wallace the unhappy tidings came ;
The rising woe sore thrill'd in ev'ry part,
And sought its painful passage to the heart.
Graham and his mourning friends with tears o'erflow,
And join society of great grief and woe.
When Wallace them beheld, he hush'd in peace,
And kindly bade their growing sorrows cease,
'This waste of tears, alas ! he cried, is vain,
Nor can recall the fleeting shade again ;
Could that vain thought afford the least relief,
How would I mourn ? but impotent is grief ;
Then let those tears to war's rough toils give way,
And the fierce sword perform what words would say.
Hear me, brave Graham, companion of my arms,
Whose soul alike is fir'd with glory's charms.
To thee I swear, this sword I'll never sheath,
Till I revenge my dearest dearest's death.
Heavens ! what new toils of death and war remain ?
Rivers of floating blood, and hills of slain !
But steel'd with rage, to slaughter let us fly,
And for her sake there shall ten thousand die.
When men thus weep their courage grows the less,
It slacks the ire of wrong they should redress ;
But let us haste while yet the dusky night,
Extends her friendly shade, and drowns the infant light ?

He said : the melancholy troops around,
With pleasing anguish catch the mournful sound.
A fierce revenge bends ev'ry warrior's bow,
And steely vengeance sends him to the foe :
For now the armed warriors careful tread,
And march undaunted through the mirky shade :
No light in the high firmament was seen,
And like their vengeance low'ring was the scene :
'To Lanark swift they shape the destin'd way,
The town defenceless all before them lay.
Opprest with sleep, the weary English lie.
Nor knew, sad wretches ! that their death drew nigh

Now in two bands they part their hostile force,
And to their sleeping tyrants bend their course ;
Where Hesilrig, the cruel murd'rer lay,
Eager on slaughter, Wallace wings his way ;
A thousand ills the traitor's mind infest,
And warring furies combat in his breast ;
There slaughter, rage, rapine, together roll,
And guilt sits heavy on his dreadful soul :
Full on the gate a stone the hero threw,
Swift to the stroke the rocky fragment flew.
Bars, bolts, and brazen hinges soon were broke,
And tumbl'd down before the sweepy stroke.
Surpris'd he stood, and list'ning to the noise,
With beating heart he heard the warrior's voice :
Anon, beheld the distant beanning lance,
And trembling saw the injur'd man advance :
‘ And thought'st thou traitor,’ fierce the hero cried,
‘ When by thy murd'ring steel she cruel died ;
When thy fell hand her precious blood did spill.
Wallace, though absent, would be absent still ?’
Furious he spoke, and rising on the foe,
Full on his head discharg'd the pond'rous blow :
Down sinks the felon headlong to the ground,
The guilty soul flew trembling through the wound,
Meanwhile, enraged Graham, from his flamy hand,
Full on the roof directs the hostile brand.
Enclos'd within, Thorn saw, with dire amaze,
The spreading ruin, and the rolling blaze.
Consum'd in flames, he yields his latest breath,
And sinks into the fiery arms of death.

But now the morning raised her beamy head,
Around them lay vast heaps of slaughter'd dead.
Freed Albion's ensign glitters in the wind,
And a new hope exults in every mind ;
The soldier views with joy the sanguine plain,
And Scotia well redeem'd with heaps of slain.
The willing nation own him for their lord,
And joyful crowd to his auspicious sword.
With grief, fierce Edward heard his mighty name,
And burns invidious at his growing fame.
He bids his haughty soldiers come from far,
Blacken the field, and calls forth all his war.

None can the dictates of his soul controul,
 While his high conquests urge his rapid soul ;
 Swift to fair Scotia's plains he bends his way,
 By fate reserv'd for Biggar's glorious day.

CHAPTER II.

The Battle of Biggar.

Now Biggar's plains with armed men are crown'd,
 And shining lances glitter all around.
 The sounding horn and clarions all conspire
 To raise the soldier's breast, and kindle up his fire.
 The hero tir'd of Lanark's luckless land,
 Swift now to Biggar leads his conqu'ring band :
 Each heaving breast with thirst of vengeance glows,
 And in their tow'ring hopes already slay their foes.
 The careful warrior on a rising ground
 Encamp'd, and saw the dreadful foes around,
 Stretch'd out in wide array along the plain,
 And his heart biggens with the glorious scene.

But now the morning in fair beams array'd,
 Rose on the dark, and chas'd the nightly shade,
 Each eager soldier seiz'd his ready shield,
 Draws the fierce blade, and strides along the field ;
 In black'ning wings extend from left to right ;
 Condense in war, and gather to the fight :
 Thick beats each heart, waiting the least command,
 And death stands ling'ring in the lifted hand.
 Wallace then threw around his skilful eyes,
 And saw with joy their eager passions rise.
 ' To-day, my friends, to-day let's boldly dare,
 Each doubtful hazard of th' uncertain war ;
 Let our fierce swords be deeply drench'd in gore,
 And then our toils and labour shall be o'er.
 See round our heads the guardian angels stand,
 And girdle the jav'lin in each eager hand.
 To Edward shall they bear the flying dart,
 And with the pointed jav'lin pierce his heart ;
 Let glorious liberty each soul inspire,
 Raise ev'ry heart, and rouse the warrior's fire.'

He said, —————

And kindling into fury rose each breast,
With love of virtue all at once possess'd ;
Eager they thicken on the mountain's brow,
And hang impendent on the plain below.
The foe surpris'd, look up and see from far,
The progress of the swift descending war.
They run, they fly, in ranks together close,
And in a steely cirle meet their coming foes ;
But now the Scottish heroes bend their way,
Where in his tent the royal monarch lay ;
There rose the battle, there the warriors tend,
A thousand deaths on thousand wings ascend ;
Swords, shields, and spears, in mix'd confusion glow,
The field is swept, and lessens at each blow.
Wallace's helm distinguish'd from afar,
Tempests the field, and floats amid'st the war ;
Imperious death attends upon his sword,
And certain conquest waits her destin'd lord.
Fierce in another quarter, Keat employs
The wrathful spear, nor fewer foes destroys ;
Where'er he com'ning turns, recedes the foe,
And thick'ned troops fly open to his blow.
His bounding courser thund'ring o'er the plain,
Bears his fierce rapid lord o'er hills of slain ;
Scarce can the weak retreating Scots withstand
The mighty sweep of the invader's hand.
Wallace beheld his fainting squadron yield,
And various slaughter spread along the field ;
Furious he hastes, and heaves his orb'd shield :
Resolv'd in arms to meet his enemy,
Before his spear they rush, they run, they fly.
And now in equal battle meet the foes,
Long lasts the combat, and resound their blows ;
Their dreadful faulchions brandishing on high,
In wavy circles heighten to the sky.
With furious ire they run the field around,
And keen on death, explore each secret wound.
They heave, they pant, they beat in ev'ry vein,
While death sits idle on the crimson plain.
Long in suspense, th' uncertain battle hung,
And fortune, tickle goddess, doubted long

On whom she should the laurel wreath bestow,
Whom raise as conqueror, whom depress as foe ;
At last the hero, tir'd with forc'd delay,
At his full stretch, rose, and with mighty sway,
Bore from the foe his shield's defence away.
Now high in air the shiny sword he rear'd,
Pond'rous with fate the shiny sword appear'd :
Descending full, it stopt his stifled breath,
Giddy, he turns around, and reels in death.
The stringy nerves are wrapt around in gore,
And rushing blood distain'd his armour o'er.
Now all is death and wounds, the crimson plain
Floats round in blood, and groans beneath its slain.
Promiscuous crowds one common ruin share,
And death alone employs the wasteful war.
They trembling fly, by conqu'ring Scots oppress'd,
And the broad ranks of battle lie defac'd.
A false usurper sinks in ev'ry foe,
And liberty returns with every blow :
Before their prince, the mangled subjects die,
The slaughter swells, and groans ascend the sky :
The king beheld, with sad astonish'd eyes,
The havock of the various battle rise :
Unable to sustain, fain would he stay,
And yet again retrieve the vanquish'd day.
At last, behind his back he threw the shield,
Spurs on his rapid steed, forsakes the field.
The Scots pursue, and follow fast behind ;
The rattling noise swells dreadful in the wind.
With grief, Longcastle saw the foul retreat,
Restrain'd their flight, and durst prolong their fate.
' Whence does our hearts this coward terror know,
Defeat ne'er stain'd our conqu'ring arms till now :
Stay, recreant, stay, nor thus ignoble fly,
But bravely conquer, or yet bravely die.'
Scaree had he spoke, when, quiv'ring all with fear,
'Scap'd from the foe two fugie friends appear :
' Stop, stop, they cried, your hasty flight restrain,
And with swift vengeance meet your foes again ;
Opprest with wine the Scottish heroes lie,
And feel the soft effects of luxury.

With ease we may return again, and spread
 The crimson plain around with heaps of dead.'
 Longcastle took the word, and led them on,
 Resolv'd to fight, with ardent haste they run.
 The Scottish watchmen from afar descry'd
 The rallying foe, and swift to Wallace cry'd :
 He seiz'd his horn, and gave the signal sound,
 The summon'd soldiers gather fast around ;
 A fiercer fury kindles in their eyes,
 And once again their madding passions rise.
 So Triton, when at Neptune's high command,
 He heaves the swelly surge above the land ;
 When with full breath he bids the tempest roar,
 And dash its sounding billows to the shore ;
 His angry waves the wrinkled seas deform,
 They rise, they roar, and blacken to a storm.
 A marsh now does either host divide,
 Eager they view, and frown from either side :
 But the fierce duke, unable to restrain
 This rising passion, gave it the full rein ;
 And first encouraging his troops around, [ground ;
 He spurs his thund'ring steed, and dares the faithless
 All plunge at once, resounds the assaulted skies,
 And thousands sink, doom'd ne'er again to rise :
 The thund'ring coursers roar and neigh aloud,
 And then with foamy rage o'erlay the crowd.
 While those who struggling with the miry tide,
 And with strong sinews gain the farther side :
 Tho' landed, only meet a change of death,
 By the fierce Scots lepriv'd of fleeting breath.
 But now Longcastle gain'd the dryer land,
 And plunging, stood upon the shoaly strand ;
 Graliam soon perceiv'd, and hastening rais'd a blow,
 And with his sword received the rising foe.
 Back sinks the found'ring courser down again,
 O'erlays his lord, he tumbles 'midst the slain.
 Thus Edward the important day has lost,
 And to his kingdom leads his remnant host :
 While the glad nation smiles in liberty,
 And send their humble thanks to Heaven with joy.
 Now where the Cree rolls down its rapid tide,
 And sees the herds adorn his wealthy side.

A tow'ring rock uprears its bending brow,
And throws its frowning terror down below ;
Deep in the earth is fix'd its ample bed,
And mirky night involves its airy head.
There elder and tough oaks conspire with art,
To raise on high the rock, a steepy fort ;
Where a great gate its brazen arms oppos'd,
And from the victor's rage defends th' enclosed.
Safe in their planky tower they shelter'd lie,
And from the oaky wall, the Scottish power defy ;
Wallace beheld, and eager to obtain
The airy fort, he swell'd in ev'ry vein.
And when the night o'erspread the silent ground,
And on black wings dark vapours swim around,
Eager, he bids the weary soldiers rise,
And with slow heavings labour up the skies,
Himself and Kierly led the airy sight,
Strain up the steep, and toil with all their might.
The centinel lay sleeping at the gate,
Doom'd ne'er to wake, unconscious of his fate.
Deep in his breast was plung'd a shining sword,
The ruthless steel his bleeding bosom gor'd :
Then entering in, they slay each foe they meet,
The trembling wretches groan'd beneath their feet :
They all give way, and thund'ring down the steep,
Shoot in the waves, resounds the parted deep.

But, O how quickly alter'd is the case !

The English now most humbly sue for peace ;
Worn with defeats, their stubborn passions yield,
Nor dare appear within the bloody field.
Their hoary senators, whose early care,
Would stay the fatal progress of the war,
In suppliant words the Scottish hero greet,
And lay their laurels low beneath his feet.
At Ruglen church it was where they did meet,
The hero to the terms of peace agreed ;
And with an oath the truth is ratify'd,
That either nation shall from battle cease,
And death should hang his weary wings in peace.
But soon these vows shall all dissolve in air,
And the returning year bring back the war :
The thund'ring battle spread along the plain,
And the brave hero shine in arms again.

BOOK VII.

CHAPTER I

How Wallace burnt the Barns at Air, and put Bishop Beik out of Glasgow, and killed Lord Percy.

WITH Wallace now concluded is the truce,
But mark what treachery it does produce :
To English faith the great seal they append
In February ; yet March doth scarcely end,
When they, of new, contrive a hellish plot,
Do break their faith, and murder many a Scot.
The English king takes journey in April,
And holds a mighty council in Carlisle :
To which the English captains hastened fast,
And privy were to ev'ry thing that past.
None other to be present thought he good,
But such as were of true born English blood ;
Except Sir Aymer Vallance, as I'm told,
Who to the Scots a traitor was of old :
The South'ron's here consult him how and where,
They might cut off the barons bold of Air,
Who, when he had in Pluto's myst'ry div'd,
Gave such advice as hell and he contriv'd.
'Four barns,' he said, 'built by the king's command,
At the head burgh of that old county stand ;
Where, at one time, none but a single man
May enter in, or see another can :
That is,' said he, 'pox on his bloody face,
'I think the only and the proper place,
To call the barons to a justice-eyre,
And then despatch them at your pleasure there.
To which they all, with spite and malice fill'd,
Consent, and vote them basely to be kill'd ;
Except Lord Piercy, who the curs'd design
And villany, pretended to decline.
'The Scots,' said he, 'have kept their faith so long
With me, I'll not be witness to such wrong ;
But at the time appointed will withdraw
To Glasgow town, from such a bloody law.'

Fy on thee, Piercy, that was so unkind,
 Not to reveal the barbarous design.
 Where were thy bowels of compassion then ?
 That might have sav'd four or five thousand men,
 Of Scots and English, that no harm did fear,
 As by the tragic story shall appear.

A cruel justice, then, they chose, and fierce,
 Whose bloody acts a heart of stone would pierce :
 Lord Arnulf, whom Beelzebub would scarcely match,
 He undertook the barons to despatch.
 Another eyre in Glasgow order'd they,
 For Clydesdale men upon the self-same day.
 Thus they like devils sit in human shape,
 And charge that Wallace by no means escape.
 For well they knew if he were overthrown,
 They might possess all Scotland as their own.
 Thus they conclude, to other give the hand,
 And set their seals on this black hellish band.
 To Air the justice speedily comes down,
 And Piercy marches off for Glasgow town,
 The justice-eyre on June the eighteenth day,
 Was set proclaim'd, no baron was away.
 The Scots, they wonder'd, in a peaceful land,
 Why English men should rule with such high hand.
 Sir Rannald did appoint before this eyre,
 At Monkton kirk his friends to meet him there.
 Wallace was present 'mongst those gentlemen,
 He warden was of Scotland chosen then.
 Good Mr. John, who surnamed was Blair,
 Discharg'd his friends from going to that eyre,
 And did suspect, since Piercy left that land,
 He was no friend to Scots did then command.
 Wallace from them went to the church with speed,
 There said a Pater-Noster and a Creed.
 He lean'd him down upon a place hard by,
 Then in a deep sleep fell immediately :
 Into that slumber Wallace thought he saw,
 A Stalwart man, that towards him did draw ;
 Who hastily did catch him by the hand,
 'I am,' he said, 'sent to thee by command :'
 A sword he gave him of the finest steel,
 'This sword,' said he, 'son, may thou manage weel.'

A topaz fine, the plummet did he guess,
 The hilt and all did glitter o'er like glass.
 'Dear son,' said he, 'we tarry here too long;
 Shortly thou must revenge thy country's wrong.'
 Then led he him unto a mountain high,
 Where he at once all the world might see.
 Where left he Wallace, contrair his desire,
 To whom appear'd a very dreadful fire,
 Which fiercely burnt and wasted through the land,
 Scotland all o'er, from Ross to Solway sand.
 Quickly to him descended there a queen,
 All shining bright, and with majestic mien;
 Her countenance did dazzle so his sight,
 It quite extinguish'd all the fiery light.
 Of red and green gave him, with modest grace,
 A wand, and with a sapphire cross'd his face.
 'Welcome,' she said, 'I choose thee for my love,
 Thou granted art by the great God above,
 To help and aid poor people that get wrong;
 But with thee now I must not tarry long:
 To thine own host thou shalt return again,
 Thy dearest kin in torment are and pain.
 This kingdom thou redeem it surely shall,
 Though thy reward on earth shall be but small.
 Go on and prosper, sure thou shalt not miss,
 For thy reward, the Heaven's eternal bliss.'
 With her right hand she reached him a book,
 Then hastily her leave of him she took:
 Unto the clouds ascended out of sight.
 Wallace the book embrac'd with all his might.
 The book was wrote in three parts, and no less;
 The first big letters were, and all of brass;
 The second gold, silver the third'most fine;
 At which he greatly wonder'd in his mind:
 To read the book he made great haste, but as
 He did awake, behold a dream it was.
 Quickly he rose, and there a man he found,
 Who did his dream and vision all expound.
 The Stalwart man, who gave thee that fine sword,
 Was Fergus, king of Scots, upon my word.
 The mountain does prognosticate no less,
 Than knowledge how our wrongs thou must redress.

The fire, hasty tidings doth presage,
 The like of which was not heard in our age.
 The bright and shining queen, whom thou didst see,
 Was fortune, which portends great good to thee.
 The pretty wand, which she unto thee sent,
 Betokens pow'r, command, and chastisement.
 The colour red, if I rightly understand,
 Means bloody battles shortly in our land :
 The green, great courage to thee does portend,
 And trouble great, before the wars shall end.
 The sapphire stone, she blessed thee withal,
 Is happy chance, pray God it thee befall !
 The threefold book is this poor broken land,
 Thou must redeem by thy most valiant hand.
 The great big letters which thou saw of brass,
 Prognostic wars that shall this land oppress.
 Yet ev'ry thing to its true right again,
 Thou shalt restore ; but thou must suffer pain.
 The gold betokens honour, worthiness,
 Victorious arms, manhood, and nobleness.
 The silver, shows clean life, and heav'nly bliss ;
 Which thou for thy reward shall never miss.
 Then do not fear, or in the least despair,
 He shall protect thee who of all takes care.

He thanked him, then, committing all to God,
 Home unto Crosby with his uncle rode.

Both blyth and glad all night they lodged there,
 And on the morn made ready all for Air.
 Wallace, he ask'd Sir Rannald at Kincase,
 Where was the English charter of the peace ;
 At Crosby, said Sir Rannald, in the chest,
 Go seek it there, thou'l find it if thou list.
 None but thyself where it does lie doth know,
 Then by good luck he back again did go.
 Sir Rannald he rode on, and rested not,
 Then came to Air, knew nothing of the plot.
 Into the town he did not tarry long,
 Went to the bloody barns, dreading no wrong.
 A baulk was knit with cruel ropes and keen,
 O ! such a slaughter-house was never seen.
 Strong men to keep the entry they prepare,
 And none but one at once must enter there.

Sir Rannald first, that ancient knight comes in,
And then the bloody murder does begin.
A running cord they slipped o'er his head,
'Then to the baulk they haled him up dead.
Sir Bryce the Blair, after Sir Rannald past,
The cruel dogs to death him hast'ned fast.
No sooner enters, but he's in the snare;
And on the bloody baulk was hanged there.
A gallant knight, Sir Neil Montgomery,
Was hanged next, which pity was to see.
Great numbers more of landed men about,
Went in, but none alive at all came out.
The Wallaces and Crawfords, stout like steel,
Great cruelty from barbarous South'ron feel.
The Kennedys of Carrick slew they also,
And the kind Campbells that were never false;
Nor did rebel against the righteous crown,
For which the South'ron hang'd and hew'd them down.
The Barclays, Boyds, and Steuarts of good kin,
No Scot escap'd that time that enter'd in.
Unto the baulk they hang'd up many a pair,
Then in some ugly by-nook cast them there.
Since the first time that men did war invent,
To so unjust a death none ever went.
Thus to the gods of their most cruel wrath,
They sacrific'd the Scots, and broke their faith:
Such wickedness, each Christian soul must own,
Was ne'er before in all the world known.
Thus eighteen score to death they put outright,
Of barons bold, and many a gallant knight.
Then last of all, with great contempt and scorn,
Cast out the corpse naked as they were born.
Good Robert Boyd, with twenty gallant men,
Of Wallace' house went to the tavern then.
Brave, stout, and bold, the choice of all the land,
He them in Wallace' absence did command.
Kierly, who did the South'ron often maul,
Cleland and Boyd, were all upon a call:
And Stephen of Ireland, who, upon the street,
With a good woman and true did meet,
He ask'd of her what news there was in Air?
'Nothing,' said she, 'but sorrow, dole, and care.'

All frightened like, she look'd him in the face ;
Then ask'd for Wallace in a little space :
Who told his uncle, the good ancient knight,
Had sent him home but would be back on sight.
'Pray charge his men,' said she, 'to leave this place,
I'll Wallace watch as he comes from Kincase ;
And him acquaint with ev'ry thing that's past,
The sad barbarities from first to last.
Now quietly together call your force,
Get all to arms, and quickly mount your horse.'
He with the woman did no longer stay,
But to his comrades posted fast away :
Told the sad news ; who, without speaking more,
March all to Laglan wood, with hearts full sore.
Now with the charter Wallace hastes to Air,
But little knew the massacre was there.
Then loudly on him the good woman calls,
'Nothing but breach of faith within those walls,
Our barons bold, through horrid treachery,
Are kill'd and hang'd like beasts up to a tree ;
Most basely murdered as they went in.'
Then Wallace wept for loss of his good kin.
Unto the woman up he gallops fast,
To understand the truth of all was past.
Is my dear uncle dead, or how befel
The case ? good woman, pray make haste and tell.'
'Out of yon barns, with great contempt and scorn,
I saw him cast naked as he was born ;
His cold pale lips, with grieved heart and sore,
I kiss'd, then spread a cloth his body o'er.
His sister's son, thou worthy art and wight,
Revenge his death, I pray, with all thy might.
I shall assist, as I'm a woman true.'
Then he inquired of her if she knew
Good Robert Boyd, and if she saw him there ;
Or William Crawford if he living were,
Or Adam Wallace, a good friend indeed,
But true and trusty in the time of need.
'Call them to me, with little noise and din ;
Then cunningly spy out the justice inn :
See what discov'ries thou of them can make,
And then I'll see the next best course to take.'

This in great haste he spake, and said no more,
Then wheel'd about with grieved heart and sore.
To Laglan woods, then pleasant, sweet, and green,
Which oft his refuge had and safety been :
There for his friends did mourn with grief and woe,
Till his proud breast was like to burst in two.
Lord Arnulff quickly after him does send,
Fifteen hand waill'd well mounted Englishmen :
A mace also to bring him back to law,
Who furiously towards good Wallace draw ;
With sword in hand, among them soon he went,
And paid them soundly to their hearts content.
One through the middle there he cut in two,
Unto the second gave a deadly blow :
The third he struck down through the body clave,
The fourth unto the ground he quickly drove :
The fifth he smote in such great wrath and ire,
He on the spot did presently expire.
Three men he had that killed other five ;
With much ado the rest escap'd alive ;
Fled to their lord, told all the passage o'er,
How ten, or fifteen men, were kill'd by four :
And had it not been for their horse, that they
The other five had gone the self-same way.
A right Scots stroke, none of us sooner got,
Than without mercy we lay on the spot.
So fierce they fought it, and so furiously,
At every stroke they made a man to die.
Then thought they all it must be Wallace wight ;
To whom reply'd an ancient English knight ;
And said, if Wallace hath escap'd this eyre,
All that is done is adding grief to care.
Then spoke the justice, when this rumour rose,
' What would ye do if there were many foes !
That for one man so frighted seem to be,
And are not sure as yet if it be he ;
And though it were, I count the matter light :
Each gentleman who stays here shall be knight.
And so soon as the morrow comes, I'll then
Deal the Scots lands to true born Englishmen.'
Thus spoke that cruel inconsiderate beast,
But was mistaken, faith, for all his haste ;

Which minds me of a saying, sage and wise,
 Who counts before the roast, he counteth twice.
 The South'ron to their quarters now repair,
 Four thousand strong that night did lodge in Air,
 And in the bloody barns, without the town,
 Where the proud Justice caus'd proclaim around :
 The walls and garrison on ev'ry side,
 That no Scotsman within them should abide.
 By Providence that night it happen'd so ;
 The Justice to the castle would not go :
 Lodg'd in the barns, knew nought of Wallace's plot,
 Who long ere morn gave him a wak'ning hot.
 At supper they ate a prodigious deal,
 They plenty drank of wine and English ale.
 No watch they set, having no fear or doubt
 Of harm from Scots, who lodged all without :
 The great fatigue and toil that bloody day
 The rogues had got, and too much wine, which they
 Drank off in bumpers, lull'd them so asleep,
 They quite forgot that night a guard to keep :
 Thus all secure they snorting lay like swine,
 Their chieftain was great Bacchus, god of wine.
 So soon's the woman saw them lying so,
 Some men she warn'd, and made to Laglan go.
 Foremost she went, her faithfulness was such,
 At which good Wallace was comforted much.
 He thanked God when as he saw them there,
 'What news, good woman, hast thou brought from Air ?'
 'Yon bloody hounds,' said she, 'are all so drunk
 With wine they're now all in a deep sleep sunk ;
 When I them left, could not so much as see,
 One single Scotsman in their company.'
 'If that be true, its time to steer my stumps,
 And set a fire unto their English rumps.'
 To him resort three hundred chosen men,
 Willing and ready, their best blood to spend.
 Out of the town there came good ale and bread,
 And each thing else whereof they stood in need :
 They ate and drank, and welcome were for nought,
 The gentry then Jop unto Wallace brought.
 'Alas !' said Wallace, 'my dear friends you see,
 Our kin are slain and murder'd barb'rously ;

Therefore, I pray, for our poor country's sake,
Let's now advise what course is best to take :
Your warden, though I chosen was to be,
Yet in this place since I so many see,
Of as good blood, and ancient Scots descent,
And ev'ry way on honour as much bent,
Forward and brave, in all good likelihood,
As ever I ; then let us here conclude,
To choose us five of this good company,
And then cast lots who shall our captain be ?
Wallace and Boyd, and Crawford of renown,
And Adam, then the lord of Richardtown,
And Auchinleck, in war a skilful man,
To cast the lots about these five began.
On Wallace still, unto their great surprise,
The lot did fall, though it was casten thrice.
Then Wallace rose, and out his sword he drew,
And solemnly did to his Saviour vow,
And to the Virgin Mary, that ere long,
He should aveng'd be on the South'ron.
'I do protest,' he said, 'to all that's here,
For my brave uncle's death, they shall pay dear.
And many more of our good worthy kin,
Whose blood they shed, and did not mind the sin.
For which I'll play them such an after game,
Shall make them all pass through the fiery flame.
Before I either eat, or drink, or sleep,
This solemn vow most sacredly I'll keep.'
Then all most humbly, and with one accord,
Received him as their chieftain and their lord.
Fine chalk, the woman quickly does procure,
Wherewith she chalked every English door ;
And all the gates which led unto the streets,
Where South'rons sleep'd securely in their sheets.
Then twenty men he caused widdies thraw,
No sooner spoke than's word it was a law.
With which the doors they instantly made fast,
To hasp and staple with a sicker cast.
Boyd to the castle past the safest way,
With fifty men, and there in ambush lay,
That in revenge for his poor slaughter'd kin,
None might escape of all that were within ;

The rest with Wallace all the barns surround,
 And noble service from the woman found ;
 Who flax and fire brought unto their mind,
 And all combustibles that she could find ;
 Wallace commanded all his men about,
 On pain of death, no South'ron should break out
 Nor rescu'd be, though he were of their kin,
 From the red fire, or they should burn therein.
 The conflagration shin'd so clear and bright,
 'Is not,' said Wallace, 'this a pleasing sight !
 Our former wrongs, this will in part redress,
 When these are gone, their pow'r will be the less.'
 Then Wallace call'd, with majesty and awe,
 'Brave Justice, Sir, come execute your law,
 'Gainst us that live, and are escap'd your eyre,
 Deal not our lands, for faith, that were not fair.
 Thy cruel bloodshed now confess and mourn,
 And take thy choice whether thou'l hang or burn.
 With that the fiery flames ascend the lost,
 To sleeping folk such wak'ning was not soft ;
 The sight without was terrible to see,
 Then guess what cruel pain within might be ;
 Which to the bloody monsters there befel,
 Next to the torments, I may say, of hell.
 The buildings great were all burnt down that night,
 None there escap'd, squire, lord, or knight.
 When great huge roof trees fell down them among,
 O such a sad and melancholy song.
 Some naked burnt to ashes all away :
 Some never rose, but smother'd where they lay :
 Others attempting to get the air,
 With fire and smoke were burnt and choaked there.
 Their nauseous smell none present could abide,
 A just reward, for murder will not hide.
 With sorrow thus, and many a grievous groan,
 They languish'd till their sinful days were gone.
 Some sought the door, endeav'ring out to get,
 But Scots men them so wisely did beset,
 Out of the burning flames whoever got,
 Immediately was cut down in the spot ;
 Or driven back with fury in the fire,
 Such wages got these hangmen for their hire.

A friar, Drumlaw, who prior was of Air,
 Seven score that night upon him lodged were,
 Of South'ron lowns, for he an inn did keep,
 But watch'd them well till they fell all asleep :
 The smoke and flame no sooner there arose,
 Than he contriv'd revenge upon his foes ;
 Unto his brethren seven the secret told,
 All stately fellows, sturdy, brisk, and bold.
 Who soon the English armour do command,
 And a choice sword each one takes in his hand.
 In harness thus they do themselves unfold,
 And then the friar leads on the brothers bold.
 These eight brave friars to sundry places go,
 With sword in hand, to every house went two,
 Wherein the bloody drunken South'rons were,
 And them despatch'd as they lay sleeping there.
 Some did awake into that doleful case,
 Who naked fled, and got out of the place.
 Some water sought confus'dly through their sleep,
 Then drown'd in the friar's well, both large and deep ;
 Thus slain and drown'd were all that lodged there ;
 Men call it since the friar's blessing of Air.
 Few in the castle that were men of note,
 Remain'd alive, but burnt were on the spot.
 Some, when the furious fiery flames were out,
 In haste came forth, not having the least doubt
 Of harm from Scots, either by lass or lad,
 But far less from good Boyd, his ambuscade :
 Who, like a soldier, prudent, wise and douse,
 Let them alone, then straight march'd to the house,
 And won the port, enter'd with all his men,
 Where only left were keepers nine or ten.
 The foremost soon he seized in his hand,
 Made quit of him, then slew the rest he fand ;
 Arnulfi, who did refuse his lodging there,
 Was burnt to ashes in the barns of Air.
 Provisions in the castle there were none,
 Not long before from it was Piercy gone.
 Boyd there made twenty of his men to stand,
 Then went and waited Wallace's command.
 Who kept the town, till nothing left was there,
 But raging fire, and brave buildings bare.

Of English men, in spite of all their might,
By sword and fire, five thousand died that night.

When Wallace' men together all were met,
'Good friends,' he said, 'you know an eyre was set ;
That Clydesdale men to Glasgow should repair,
To Bishop Beik and the Lord Piercy there.
We'll thither haste : therefore, though we be few,
Of our good kin, some killed are ere now.'
The burgesses he caus'd unto him call,
And gave command in gen'ral to them all,
Safely to watch and guard the house of Air,
With utmost caution, diligence and care :
To which they all consented, and did say,
'With cheerful heart they'd his command obey.'
Wallace's men refresh'd themselves, and so
For Glasgow town prepar'd in haste to go.
Choice of good English horses to their mind,
They took along, and left the bad behind.
In haste away rides that brave cavalry,
Three hundred strong was the good company ;
To Glasgow town march these good men and true,
And pass the bridge before the South'ron knew.
Lord Piercy soon, with diligence and care
His men conven'd all in good order there.
Who do conclude that it must Wallace be,
Prepar'd for fight, either to do or die.
Then Bishop Beik, and Piercy upon sight,
Led on a thousand men in armour bright.
Wallace views their force, then back does ride,
And in two squadrons did his horse divide.
Harness'd his men, who were in number few,
Then call'd on Auchinleck, both stout and true
'Uncle,' said he, 'ere we these men assail,
Whether will ye bare up the bishop's tail ;
Or with the foremost will ye gallop on,
Kneel down, and take that prelate's benison.'
Quoth Auchinleck, 'I'll not ambitious be,
Yourself may take his blessing first for me.
That is the post of honour, and your right,
I shall bare up his tail with all my might.'
'Since we must part, you'll be much in the wrong,'
Good Wallace said, 'if you stay from us long.'

Your men will not regard their number vast,
For God's sake then march on your squadron fast.
Our parting I would not the South'ron saw,
March you behind in through the north east raw :
Good men of war are in Northumberland.'
Thus parted, and took other by the hand.
Quoth Auchinleck, we'll do the best we may,
'Twill not be right if we stay long away.
There's be a reel among us speedily ;
But to the right, almighty God, have eye.'
Thus Adam Wallace and good Auchinleck,
With seven score men of note and good respect,
Brave clever boys, stout, able, hale, and sound,
March briskly up the back side of the town ;
Till they were fairly out of South'ron sight,
The other squadron dress with all their might.
Wallace and Boyd up through the plain street go,
The English wonder'd when they saw no more ;
An ensign was with Beik and Piercy there,
Who boldly call'd, and challeng'd what they were :
A fierce encounter then, and sharp, between
The Scots and English, as were ever seen,
Quickly ensues, with such a dreadful dint,
Till from their swords the fire flew like flint.
The hardy Scots most manfully they fought,
And to the ground heaps of the South'rons brought.
Pierced their plates with pointed swords of steel,
At ev'ry blow they made them there to kneel.
The stour like smoke arose among them fast,
Dark'ned the sun, and to the clouds it past.
Honour to gain, each Scots man did his best,
Though with great numbers they were sadly press'd.
Yet gallantly they fought and pushed on,
With sword in hand, and charg'd the South'ron.
Lord Piercy's men, expert in war I wot,
Most fiercely fought, and flinched ne'er a foot ;
Then Adam Wallace, and good Auchinleck,
Their duty next in truth do not neglect,
But like brave soldiers do obey command,
And boldly enter all with sword in hand.
Amidst the contest hot, and fierce dispute,
At which some South'ron bravely fae'd about ;

Who stoutly charg'd the Scots, and very fast,
 But were obliged to yield their ground at last.
 This fresh relief, so eager fought, and keen,
 And made such slaps as never yet was seen,
 'Mongst English men, that to their very will
 The Scots got room to fight and slay their fill.
 Then Wallace, 'midst that cruel bloody throng,
 With his good sword, that heavy was and long,
 At the Lord Piercy, such a stroke he drew,
 'Till bone and brain in diff'rent places flew.
 Whom, when his men perceiv'd that he was dead,
 With Bishop Beik all marched off with speed.
 By the friar church, out through a wood they throng,
 But in that forest durst not tarry long.
 Thus in a hurry, all to Bothwell scour,
 The Scottish swords were sharp for to endure.
 So cruel was the skirmish, and so hot,
 The English left seven hundred on the spot.
 Wallace he followed with stout men and tight,
 Although sore foughten, marched all that night.
 Many he slew into the chase that day,
 But yet with Beik three hundred got away.
 The traitor Vallance he escap'd also,
 To all true Scots men still a mortal foe.
 Five thousand South'rons Wallace burnt at Air;
 At Glasgow town seven hundred killed there.
 The South'ron chas'd to Bothwell, that strong place;
 Then did return within a little space.
 Thus, with fatigue, and want of sleep opprest,
 Rode to Dundaff, there took him to some rest
 Told good Sir John of all befel in Air,
 Who did regret he was not with him there.
 Wallace he sojourn'd in Dundaff at will,
 Five summer days, with pleasure there, until
 He tidings got, from good men all forlorn,
 Buchan was up, Athol, Montcith, and Loru.
 That on Argyle a furious war they make,
 All for King Edward's bloody cruel sake.
 Campbell the knight, that witty was and smart,
 Staid in Argyle in spite of Edward's heart;
 And keeped still his heritage Lochlow,
 In spite of the M'Fadzean's sword and bow.

Who, 'cause he had unto King Edward sworn,
 Gave him Argyle and all the lands of Lorn.
 False John of Lorn to that gift did accord,
 Because in England he was made a lord.
 Duncan of Lorn, he stood up for the land,
 Who, when o'ercome by the M'Fadzean,
 Did join himself to Campbell that brave knight.
 In war, he was most worthy, wise, and wight.
 M'Fadzean now, with diligence and care,
 His five new lordships 'bout him 'sembles there
 That tyrant to the land no sooner comes,
 Than he packs up an army of vile scums ;
 Full fifteen thousand cursed rogues indeed,
 Of Omnegat hums after him does lead,
 Many of whom he had from Ireland got,
 Man, wife, nor child, these monsters spared not.
 Wasted the land, where'er they came at will,
 Nothing they knew, but burn, destroy, and kill.
 Into Lochlow they enter speedily ;
 Which when the good knight Campbell did espy,
 In Craigmure three hundred men he puts,
 And holds that strength in spite of all their guts,
 Then broke the bridge, that o'er they might not pass,
 But through a ford that deep and narrow was :
 Securely there, and safe made his abode,
 Aufe did defend him that was deep and broad.
 M'Fadzean was on the other side,
 And there per force obliged was to bide,
 Till 'twixt a rock, and a great water side,
 Where none but four in front could either march or ride.
 M'Fadzean has a little passage found,
 Whre he o'er that, he thought all was his own,
 Where plenty he of cattle for no cost,
 Might get to maintain his savage host.
 Duncan of Lorn unto his travels got,
 In quest of Wallaee to prevent the plot ;
 For speedy succours to the knight's relief,
 Against M'Fadzean, that false traitor thief.
 Gilmichael, then a footman, clean and tight,
 With Duncan went to guide his way aright,
 Thus cleverly away the couple trudg'd,
 Till they came straight where the wight Wallace lodg'd.

There they, though weary, all fatigu'd and faint,
 Against M'Fadzean table their complaint.
 When Earl Malcolm he the tidings knew,
 To Wallace hastes, with his men stout and true,
 Sir John Graham there does him also meet,
 M'Fadzean's wars so griev'd his noble sp'rit.
 Richard of Lundie came the self-same day,
 Who all with Wallace boldly march'd away.

CHAPTER II.

How Wallace slew M'Fadzean.

THEN Wallace march'd to view M'Fadzean's host,
 Of savages and knaves made up almost :
 By Stirling castle held to the south hand,
 Which that great rogue old Ruickby did command.
 To Earl Malcolm, Wallace looking back,
 ' What would you think this fortress to attack,
 And it reduce by some new stratagem ?'
 All good, said he, so said Sir John the Graham.
 Wallace his men then he divided so,
 That his true strength the English should not know,
 The Earl lay in ambush out of sight,
 Wallace with him took good Sir John the knight.
 A hundred brave bold Scots do him attend,
 Who never turn'd their backs on English men.
 Thro' Stirling town, straight to the bridge rode they,
 In noble order, and in good array :
 Whom, when old Ruickby narrowly did view,
 Caus'd seven score archers presently pursue,
 And them engag'd; but Wallace, void of fear,
 Into his hand holding a noble spear.
 He fiercely to these proud archers drew,
 And on the spot the first that met him slew.
 Sir John the Graham, none could him there withstand,
 Who also had a good spear in his hand :
 The first he met to present death was sent,
 His spear in pieces on the second went :
 His gallant sword then drew he out with speed,
 A noble friend to him in time of need.
 Fresh English archers round about them drew,
 And with their arrows his brave horse they slew;

When Wallace saw that good Sir John was put
To such distress, and that he fought on foot,
He with some others from their horse alight,
And quickly put the South'rons all to flight.
Who to the castle back thought to repair,
But Earl Malcolm baulk'd their fancy there.
Betwixt them and the castle gate he got,
Where he kill'd many English men of note.
Into the throng Wallace with Ruickby met,
Of the old rogue, there such a stroke did get,
As made his head upon the field to dance ;
But his two sons by accident and chance,
Into the castle, whence they came before,
With thirty men escaped, and no more.
The Lennox men, both stout and bold also,
There from the castle would not stir nor go ;
But carefully besieged round about,
As knowing well it could not long stand out.
The siege goes on unto the earl's mind,
But Wallace he pursues his first design,
To fight M'Fadzean, that most bloody rogue,
Who for his villany did bear the vogue.
Against him Wallace vow'd and swore revenge,
From which his mind ne'er alter should nor change,
That till he had the honour to put down
That wicked tyrant, he should ne'er sleep sound.
At Stirling bridge assembled to him then.
Two thousand brave and valiant Scots men,
Who to Argyle in noble order ride ;
Duncan of Lorn, he was their trusty guide.
By this time Ruickby's sons did fancy that
It was time for them to capitulate,
And with the Earl Malcolm for to treat,
Who were both destitute of men and meat,
That on condition he their lives would spare,
And mercy grant to all the rest were there ;
And give them safe guard to their native land,
They would resign both castle and command.
The articles were sign'd that very day,
Then, bag and baggage, they march all away.
Now Wallace he is gone with all his force,
Against the rogue M'Fadzean, foot and horse.

Duncan of Lorn, Gilmichael as a spy
 Has sent, who knew the country perfectly.
 Scarce by Strathsillan was the army gone,
 Till horse and foot were like to faint each one.
 'Brave lads,' said Wallace, 'tis not time for us,
 In broken ranks to meet the en'my thus;
 The feebler sort let them still following be,
 The left shall march into divisions three.'
 Five hundred first unto himself he told,
 Of Westland men, all sturdy, stout, and bold.
 Five hundred next, Sir John the Graham he got,
 Lundie five hundred more, all men of note.
 'Mongst whom was Wallace stout of Richardtown.
 Who at a pinch a sturdy friend was found :
 Five hundred of the weak was left behind,
 Tho' cross unto and sore against their mind.
 Thus Wallace' host begun to take the height,
 Then o'er a mountain marched out of sight,
 Into Glendocher they met with their spy,
 And good Lord Campbell, who courageously
 Led now three hundred valiant chosen men ;
 A merry meeting was betwixt them then.
 'Cheer up,' said he, 'and never dread your foes,
 Yon silly beasts have neither arms nor clothes,
 Soon shall they fly, and shortly we pursue.'
 Then to Lochdocher speedily they drew ;
 Where Wallace said, 'One fate to all shall be,
 Since here is none will from his fellow flee.'
 Upon the moss, an outspy does appear,
 To see if roads and passes all be clear.
 M'Fadzean for that purpose had him sent,
 Who shortly after thought his time ill spent.
 Gilmichael at the rogue nimbly did make,
 With a good sword, and did him overtake :
 Through fear the fellow there b——t his trues,
 And ne'er return'd to tell his master news.
 The cavalry are forced now to light,
 And quit their horses, tho' both fresh and tight.
 The moss and craigs them to their shift did put :
 'Let's see,' quoth Wallace, 'who walks best on foot?'
 Out thro' the moor his men does bravely lead,
 Unto a strength, which service did indeed.

In along the shore, three in the front they past,
 Till all the men march'd safely up at last.
 'Yon folk,' Lord Campbell said, 'I'll pawn my neck,
 Shall get a meeting they do not expect ;
 I see no way they have from us to fly,
 But waters deep, and craggy mountains high.'
 Then eighteen hundred valiant Scots indeed,
 Attack M'Fadzean's numerous host with speed.
 Upon their front great havoc soon did make ;
 The frightened foes, surpris'd, with terror shake ;
 Yet boldly rally, and together rush,
 Till Wallace does them with such fierceness push,
 That furiously, with dreadful strokes and sore,
 He drove them back ~~five~~ acres breadth and more :
 In modest speaking, with good swords of steel,
 He made them dance a sore and bloody reel.
 Whome'er he hit no longer there could stand,
 Made room about him a large rood of land.
 Sir John the Graham did show his warlike art ;
 Lord Campbell also, and Lundie play'd their part.
 Stout Adam Wallace, and good Robert Boyd,
 Where'er they came, cut down and all destroy'd.
 The conflict grew so very sharp and hot,
 And the M'Fadzean fought so on the spot,
 With Irish men, that hardy were and stout,
 The victory for sometime stood in doubt.
 The bloody streams from front to rear did run,
 And many a man lay gasping on the ground.
 For two long hours they fought it hand to fist,
 Until the very stoutest gladly wish'd
 For some respite, their weary'd arms to rest,
 As yet none knew which of them had the best.
 So fiercely fought M'Fadzean's cruel curs ;
 But Wallace' men together stuck like burs ;
 So hardy were, so valiant and so good,
 Made great effusion of the en'my's blood ;
 With sword in hand they fiercely forward throng,
 Made fearful slops their cruel foes among.
 Numbers of Irish slept in a cold bed,
 The rest wheel'd to the left about and fled.
 O'er Craigy rocks, some fell thro' great despair,
 And in the water drown'd two thousand were.

M'Fadzean's Scots born men staid on the field,
 Threw down their arm, and on their knees they kneel'd.
 On Wallace loudly cry, and mercy crave,
 Who gen'rously them gallant quarters gave.
 'They're our own blood,' he said, 'both man and boy,
 Such penitents can any heart destroy?'
 Then order'd all Scotsmen that were found,
 To save alive, but foreigners cut down.
 M'Fadzean fled, and is with fifty gone
 Under Craigmure, unto a cave of stone.
 Duncan of Lorn from Wallace asked leave,
 To pay a visit to this ancient cave:
 Which Wallace grants, and quickly does him send,
 With a detachment of some sturdy men.
 Who soon dispatch'd the fifty, kill'd them dead,
 And then brought back the rogue M'Fadzean's head.
 Through all the field they show the villain's face
 Upon a spear, unto his great disgrace.
 High on Craigmure, Lord Campbell made it stand,
 Upon a pole for honour of Ireland.
 The best men there that were of Scotland born,
 To Wallace they fidelity have sworn;
 He did protect all came unto his peace,
 So pitiful he was, and full of grace.
 Then after all straightway to Lorn he went,
 And rul'd the land unto their great content.
 A council at Ardchattan did proclaim,
 Where many came, so soon's they heard his name,
 From ev'ry part, and humble thanks they gave,
 With joyful hearts, unto their Warden brave.
 All Lorn he gave to Duncan stout and wight,
 Who always acted what was just and right.
 'Brook thou this land, as thy true heritage,
 And for thy brother's son that taketh wage
 From Edward; if he will return, shall have
 His lands, I'll lose no man that I can save.'
 Of worthy Scots, to Wallace not a few,
 Unto Ardchattan from their strengths withdrew.
 Brave Sir John Ramsay, who, with heart and hand,
 Did still stand up for his true native land;
 Of noble blood and ancient pedigree,
 To Wallace there with sixty men came he.

Who 'gainst the English did great danger risk,
And was so stout, courageous, and brisk,
He from his faith ne'er known was to flinch,
Nor to King Edward ever yield an inch.
Into Strochane a long time there did lie,
And fought the South'ron always valiantly.
Who him and his did grievously oppress,
His son was call'd the flow'r of courtliness :
Who otherwise dare say, do him traduce.
If they'll but read the history of Bruce,
They'll find recorded there his glorious fame,
Brave Alexander was his Christian name :
In peace and war he always ruled well,
Such was his courage, conduct, and his skill.
In time of war for honour did contest,
Of the crown'd friends was thought one of the best.
In time of peace he never had a peel,
So courteous he was, and so genteel.
Ambitiously each his acquaintance sought ;
Of manner he was quintessence thought.
Freely and truly at all times he spoke,
And what he promis'd never ru'd nor broke :
Roxburgh he won, and held it faithfully,
Till traitors thro' their treason caus'd him die.
But in what cursed way or manner how,
It is not proper to relate it now :
And on that subject we shall talk no more.
His father came as I have told before :
Who cheerfully great willingness did show,
For to assist against the common foe.
Each man did him esteem, and highly prize
In war, for sober, vigilant and wise.
A prelate next unto Ardchattan came,
Who of his lordship nought had but the name.
He worthy was, both prudent, grave, and sage,
Of Sinclair blood, not forty years of age.
The pope, to save poor sinful souls from hell,
Did him create Lord Bishop of Dunkell.
But English men, thro' greed and avarice,
Depriv'd him basely of his benefice :
Not knowing then to whom to make his suit,
To save his life dwelt three full days in Bute.

During which space he was kept safe and sound,
And under the Lord Stewart shelter found.
Till Wallace, who won Scotland back with pain,
Restor'd him to his livings all again;
With many more, who were all overthrown
By English, and restor'd unto their own.

Wallace' small host, of whom I spoke of late,
Having the rogue M'Fadzean now defeat,
Return'd unto the field where they had fought,
Got arms and spoil, behind them left they nought.
Thro' Lorn they march as handsome as they can,
And of their number scarce had lost a man.
On the fifth day unto Ardchattan went,
Where they found Wallace blyth and well content.
His men he welcomes, highly sounds their praise,
Who did behave themselves so well always.
‘Take all the spoil,’ said he, ‘falls to my share,
I fought for honour, and for no more I care.’

CHAPTER III.

How Wallace won St. Johnstoun.

WHEN Wallace quite had clear'd the Highland coast,
Kill'd the M'Fadzean, and defeated his host :
And wisely settled all Argyle and Lorn,
In spite of all that rogue's contempt and scorn.
Nothing he long'd so much to see on earth,
As sweet St. Johnstoun, now the town of Perth.
Ramsay he calls, both trusty, true, and kind,
And there to him discloses all his mind.

Bonny St. Johnstoun, on the river Tay,
Where South'ron rule with arbitrary sway,
There captive Scots I've set at liberty,
And made ten English for one Scots man die;
But yet methinks I want sufficient mends,
Till I kill thousands more, instead of tens.
I'll make them know they have no right to rule,
And cause them shortly all sing up port-yeull.’
‘That town,’ said Ramsay, ‘long they cannot keep :
The walls are low, although the ditch be deep,
Which our good men can very quickly fill ;
Then we may march a thousand at our will.

The South'ron pride perhaps we then may quell.
 Wallace was pleas'd, and both rode to Dunkell.
 There three full days away their time they past,
 And all their projects wisely did forecast.
 Ramsay caus'd make great big machines of tree,
 By the best workman could be had for fee ;
 And down the water in a little space,
 Does carry them to the appointed place.
 Then all the host unto St. Johnstoun past,
 With earth and stone fill'd up the ditches fast,
 Flaiks, there they made of timber fresh and tight,
 Then to the walls a passage made on sight ;
 Bastalies strong they suddenly up rear,
 Then do advance with glittering sword and spear.
 Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay, that bold knight,
 The turret bridge besiege with all their might.
 Wallace himself, with his good men around,
 Doth take his post at mid side of the town.
 The South'rons much perplexed in their minds,
 Defend themselves with new and strange engines,
 Wherewith they furiously, and very fast,
 Great numbers of prodigious stones do cast ;
 Yet the brave Scots that hardy still had been,
 With sword and spear that clever were and keen,
 At handy blows no sooner with them met,
 Than in their blood their weapons all were wet.
 Though English there like gallant men and brave,
 Into that conflict boldly did behave :
 Yet suddenly they were put to the worse,
 The Scots upon them enter in by force.
 A thousand o'er the wall got speedily,
 Then in the town rose a prodigious cry.
 Ramsay and Graham, such was their lucky fate,
 Soon gain'd, then enter'd at the turret gate.
 A squire true, who Ruthven was to name,
 At that assault was with Sir John the Graham,
 And thirty men, who laid about them well,
 As to their smart the South'ron there did feel.
 Then the true Scots came in upon all sides,
 And bravely curried all their English hides.
 Two thousand there they kill'd upon the street,
 And in the kennel tread beneath their feet.

When Sir John Stewart saw the town was lost,
 He like a coward fled, and left his host :
 Then sixty men in light barge, and he,
 Scour down the water, straight unto Dundee.
 Wallace abode till the fourth day at morn,
 But left none there that were in England born.
 Great riches got, and ev'ry thing was good,
 And then the town repeopled with Scots blood ;
 Ruthven he left their captain for to be,
 That post by right full well deserved he :
 He sundry gifts got more in heritage,
 His service so did Wallace's heart engage.
 Thus after Wallace settl'd matters so,
 He to the north prepares himself to go,
 In Aberdeen he caus'd proclaim and cry,
 That Scotsmen there should meet immediately.
 To Cooper rode, to view that abbacy,
 From which the Abbot he thought fit to flee.
 Good Bishop Sinclair, without longer stay,
 Met him at Glams, and travelled on the way,
 To Brechin, where they lodged all that night,
 Then on the morn, Wallace, by it was light,
 Caus'd noblemen, all in their rich array,
 The Scottish banner fairly there display.
 Then instantly proclaim upon the spot,
 To kill all South'rons where they could be got.
 In battle rank, then through the Mearns they march,
 And diligently after South'rons search,
 Who frighted all before the host do flee,
 Unto Dunneter, standing in the sea.
 To that great strength, they all in haste do throng,
 Their number then made up four thousand strong.
 Some in the church their sanctuary took,
 The rest march'd up all to the craigy rock.
 With whom the bishop fairly treated so,
 To spare their lives, if from the land they'd go.
 Like fools, they on his words would not rely,
 Therefore a fire was brought speedily :
 Whieh burnt the church and all those South'ron boys :
 Out o'er the rock, the rest rush'd with great noise ;
 Some hung on craigs, and loth were to die,
 Some lap, some fell, some flutter'd in the sea ;

And perish'd all, not one remain'd alive.
 What man could think such rogues could better thrive ?
 When Wallace's men saw them all dead and gone,
 They ask'd the bishop absolution,
 Wallace he thought their fault it was but small :
 Then leugh, and said, I do forgive you all.
 Remember our brave baron's hang'd in Air,
 What pity did the South'ron show us there ?
 To Aberdeen then Wallace quickly past,
 Where Englishmen were flitting very fast.
 Numbers of ships, resembling growing woods,
 Lay in the harbour to truss off their goods,
 At an ebb sea, the Scots did make a trip,
 And seiz'd the servants there of ev'ry ship :
 Took out the goods, the ships they set on fire,
 The men on land they burn'd both bone and lyre.
 The priests and children, maids and married wives.
 They sav'd, and freely let pass with their lives.
 To Buchan next good Wallace he does ride,
 Where the Lord Beaumont order'd was to bide.
 Earl he was but short time made before,
 And after bruick'd it very little more.
 When he got notice Wallace was in view,
 Unto the Slains he privately withdrew :
 Took shipping, and returned to England back,
 Had little of his government to crack.
 Wallace rode on, both over height and plain,
 At Cromarty hath many South'rons slain.
 And then return'd back to Aberdeen.
 With his blyth host upon the Lammas ev'n,
 Where to his friends a welcome sight was he,
 Then with his army march'd unto Dundee.

CHAPTER IV.

How Wallace laid Siege to Dundee, and gave Battle to Kirkingham, Treasurer of King Edward, and the Earl of Warran, at Stirling Bridge.

WALLACE his valiant soldiers does oblige,
 Most vig'rously the castle to besiege.
 Wisely disposes all, no time is lost,
 And to each man assigns his proper post,

By this Sir Aymer, that unnat'ral foe,
 In haste for England does prepare to go :
 Like to b—sh—t himself, with panic fear,
 Packs up his baggage, all his goods and gear.
 Among the South'ron like a poor exile,
 To lurk, and to abscond himself a while.
 There Wallace's actions all he doth relate,
 Which did oblige the English to regret
 Their sad misfortunes, and unlucky chance,
 Which now had put their measures to a stancē.
 Edward to Scotland could not go that time,
 Yet still the more to aggravate his crime,
 He Kirkingham, his treasurer does command,
 And Earl Warran, with a num'rous band
 Of horse and foot, on Scotland for to fall,
 To worrie Wallace, and destroy up all.
 This num'rous host do march with all their speed,
 The Earl Patrick them receiv'd at Tweed,
 Inveterate malice who 'gainst Wallace bore,
 As like a rogue he always did before :
 And to his native country now does strive
 To work all mischief that he can contrive.
 The English now a muster do intend,
 And find their host full sixty thousand men.
 Then march they all straight unto Stirling bridge,
 And in their way the castle do besiege.
 When news of those Wallace had got some taste,
 He then indeed bestirr'd himself in haste.
 A captain plac'd, of vigilance and care,
 For to command the siege was lying there.
 Two thousand good, in number they would be,
 North country men, and dwellers at Dundee.
 Then march'd his men, all clever young and tight,
 And in St. Johnstoun quarter'd that same night,
 At sheriff-muir them up in order drew,
 And narrowly he did them all review.
 Then with brave air spoke Sir John the Graham,
 The glory of that noble ancient name :
 ' Great feats we have performed in the field,
 With smaller force, and stronger foe made yield.
 Who fight,' said Wallace, ' for just righteous ends
 God unto them assistance always sends ;

Then though the enemy were ten thousand more,
 Let's up and beat them as we've done before.
 Near Stirling bridge I purpose for to be,
 'There to contrive some subtle jeopardy ;
 In which we may our South'ron foes ensnare,
 So soon as the fat-lugged lowns come there.
 We'll keep the bridge with our true men and stout,
 They're not acquainted with the way about.'
 Wallace sends Jop to tell that 'Tuesday next,
 To fight the South'ron was the day prefix'd.
 On Saturday unto the bridge they rode,
 Which was well join'd with good plain boards and broad.
 Watches he set about him ev'ry where,
 That none might know what he was wanting there.
 A cunning carpenter, by name John Wright,
 He quickly calls, and falls to work on sight.
 Caus'd saw the boards immediately in two,
 By the mid trest, that none might over go,
 On cornal bands caus'd nail it very soon,
 Then fill'd with clay, as nothing had been done.
 The other end to stand, directeth there,
 On wooden rollers with great art and care,
 When one was out, that all the rest might fall,
 The carpenter below, he caus'd withal,
 In a close cradle cunningly to sit,
 And loose the pin when Wallace thought it fit,
 Which, by one blast, he of a horn would know,
 Then to be sure to let the roller go.
 The day of battle does approach at length,
 The English then advance with all their strength.
 And fifty thousand march in battle rank,
 Full six to one, yet Wallace never shrank.
 The rest they lay about the castle-hill,
 Both field and cattle thought to have at will.
 The worthy Scots together close did bide,
 In the plain field upon the other side.
 Hugh Kirkingham the vanguard on led he,
 With twenty thousand likely men to see.
 The Earl of Warren thirty thousand had,
 If all were good, the number was not bad.
 Thus fifty thousand silly South'ron sots,
 Proudly march up against nine thousand Scots.

When Kirkingham his twenty thousand men,
 Had past the bridge quite to the other end ;
 Some of the Scots in earnest without scorn,
 Thought it high time to blow the warning horn ;
 But Wallace he march'd stoutly through the plain ;
 Led on his men, their number did disdain ;
 Till Warren's host thick on the bridge did go,
 Then he from Jop did take the horn and blow :
 So loud and shrill he warned good John Wright,
 Who soon struck out the roller with great slight.
 Then all went down, when the pin was got out,
 At which arose a fearful cry and shout.
 Both men and horse into the river fell,
 Honest John Wright did act his part so well.
 The hardy Scots, with heavy strokes and sore,
 Attack the twenty thousand that came o'er.
 Wallace and Ramsay, Lundie, Boyd, and Graham,
 With dreadful strokes made them retire, fy shame !
 The Southron's front they fought all face to face,
 Who, to their ignominy and disgrace,
 Did neither stand nor fairly foot the score,
 But did retire five acre breadth and more.
 Wallace on foot, with a great sharp sword goes,
 Amongst the very thickest of his foes ;
 On Kirkingham there such a stroke he got,
 In spite of all his armour and mail-coat,
 That kill'd him dead : none durst him there rescue,
 Then to that valiant captain bade adieu.
 When Kirkingham dead on the spot to lie,
 The Southron saw, then they began to fly :
 Who, though they had fought it most bloody hot,
 Ten thousand lost and left dead on the spot.
 The rest they fled, nor none durst stay behind ;
 Succour they sought, but none at all could find.
 Some east, some west, and some fled to the north ;
 Seven thousand flutter'd all at once in Forth,
 Who from that river little mercy found ;
 For few escap'd, and most of all were drown'd.
 On Wallace' side no man was kill'd of note,
 But Andrew Murray, a true hearted Scot.
 When Warren's men saw all was lost and tair,
 They fled as fast as fire does from a flint,

Ne'er look'd about, nor once a Scots man fac'd,
But to Dunbar march'd in a dev'lish haste.

Thus thirty thousand English, in a word,
Like cowards fled without one stroke of sword.
Then Wallace' host pursu'd with all their might,
Took up the bridge, and loo'd good John Wright.
The Earl Malcolm from the castle past,
And with his men pursu'd the South'ron fast ;
Through the Torwood the Earl Warran fled,
Where many of his men got a cold bed.
He had the rogue Corspatrick for his guide,
With whip and spur they both away did ride,
Straight to Dunbar, and left their scatter'd host,
Who in their fright were all cut down almost.
The Scottish horse they had pursued so,
Were so fatigu'd no farther could they go.
Wallace and Graham, who still together rade,
At Haddington a mighty slaughter made.
Ramsay and Boyd, Adam of Richardtown,
Richard of Lundie, are all lighted down :
With them three hundred brave Scot's cavalry,
Which Wallace was extremely glad to see.
The Earl Malcolm he was also there,
And blyth and glad all sumptuously fare.
The Earl Warran and Corspatrick are,
By this time safely got into Dunbar.
Whom Wallace did most hotly there pursue,
But missing them, had little more to do.
Having at least full thirty thousand slain,
In the pursuit, and upon Stirling plain.
In Haddington he quarter'd all that night,
Then back for Stirling march'd by morning light.
On the assumption day this battle's fough't,
Where the brave Scots have perfect wonders wrought.
Then, after all, sure sicker work to make,
Of all the barons he an oath does take,
That as Scots Warden they would him respect.
And he with all his power would them protect ;
Sir John Monteith, who was of Arran Lord,
Most readily unto it did accord :
And faithfully himself by oath he bound,
To stand by Wallace, and defend the crown.

All those who freely would not thus comply,
 He cans'd be punish'd with severity.
 Some put to death, and some to prison sent :
 His glorious fame thro' both the kingdoms went :
 Soon after, by a tyrant got Dundee,
 And yet the men fled all away by sea.
 The English captains that were free to stay,
 Their castles left, and then stole all away.
 So that in Scotland, when ten days were gone,
 An English captain there you could see none.
 Except in Roxburgh, and in Berwick town,
 Which to reduce Wallace intended soon.

That time there was a baron of great fame,
 Who Chrystal Seaton was unto his name ;
 He with the South'ron often did contend,
 And did in Jedburgh wood himself defend.
 From the Scot's faith to swerve he never would,
 Not for a million of King Edward's gold.
 Heabottle, who did Jedburgh then command,
 When he the South'ron saw expell'd the land ;
 He suddenly did from the castle flee,
 With all his men, seven score in company.
 Chrystal, with forty Scots, does him pursue,
 Most of the men, and captain there he slew.
 Great store of riches, gold and household stuff,
 From South'ron got, and purely swin'd their buff.
 Jedburgh he took, plac'd Ruth'ven captain there,
 Brave Seaton then to Lothian did repair :
 Of him hereafter, greater feats and more
 You'll hear, than what he did to the seven score,
 And whoso please the Bruce's book to read,
 Will see him fam'd for many a valiant deed.
 Wallace does now consider and advise,
 Where to find out good faithful men and wise,
 Who by experience did understand,
 Rightly to manage and govern the land :
 Captains he made, and sheriffs very good,
 Some of his own, and some of other blood.
 His cousin Crawford, governor to be
 Of Edinburgh, and the castle order'd he.
 Now Scotland's free, lives in great peace and ease,
 And South'ron's are fled home to toast their cheese.

Wallace, much like a prince, doth rule and reign,
 Waiting a time to get his lawful king,
 From Edward, who kept him in London town,
 Most wrongfully, from his own righteous crown.

BOOK VIII.

CHAPTER I.

How Wallace put Corspatrick out of Scotland.

FIVE months thus Scotland had both peace and rest:
 From war, wherewith they were so much oppress'd;
 Then a convention's call'd of the estates,
 To settle matters, and end all debates;
 And in St. Johnstoun are assembled all,
 Except Corspatrick, who did mock their call,
 Then Wallace he address'd that parliament,
 And humbly ask'd if they would all consent,
 For to forgive Corspatrick what was past,
 Providing he would own his fault at last,
 And swear fidelity unto the crown;
 To which they all consented very soon.
 A letter then they speedily indite,
 And in most kind and friendly terms they write:
 Beseeching him, with handsome compliment,
 He would accept share of the government.
 Which kindly message all did prove in vain,
 He leugh, and it conteinn'd with great disdain.
 'We have great need,' said he, 'now of a king,
 When Wallace he as governor does reign,
 That king of Kyle I cannot understand,
 Of him I never held a fur of land,
 That Bauchler thinks, and does believe it weel,
 That fortune she will never change her wheel.
 As for you lords, I let you understand,
 I'm not oblig'd to answer your demands;
 As free I am in this realm to reign,
 Lord of my own, as either prince or king.
 Great lands in England, there I also have,
 Whereof no subject rent of me can crave.

What would you then? I warn you I am free,
No answer more your letters get from me.'
Back to St. Johnstoun this fine speech is sent,
And laid before the lords of parliament.
At reading which Wallace no patience had,
But storm'd and star'd, as he'd been almost mad.
Himself could not recover for a while,
'Cause in disdain he call'd him King of Kyle.
Then up he rose, and, without more or less,
Unto the lords he did himself address:
' My lords,' said he, ' there can be but one king,
Who can at once over this kingdom reign.
If Earl Patrick takes such ways and gaits,
And thus be suffer'd to insult the states,
I plainly think, and I shall add no more,
We are in worse condition than before.
Therefore I vow to God, that if he be
In this realm, one of us two shall die,
Unless he come and own his lawful king,
'Gainst the false title Edward takes to reign.
His taunt and scorn he shall repent and rue,
Who calls me king, who am a subject true.'
He took his leave of all the council then,
And march'd away with two hundred good men.
Towards Kinghorn does hasten very fast,
And on the morrow over Forth he past.
Then unto Musselburgh does safely get,
Where he with honest Robert Lauder met,
Who 'gainst the crown did never yet rebel,
And hated Edward as he hated hell.
'Gainst Earl Patrick was most glad to go,
Who to his country was a bloody foe.
Chrystal of Seaton, with his men, e'er long,
Came and made Wallace full four hundred strong.
A squire Lyle, that did the country ken,
At Lintoun he came up with twenty men.
Told that Corgpatrick and his men of war,
From Cockburn's path, were marching to Dunbar.
' Come on,' said Lauder, ' let us faster ride,'
' No, no,' said Wallace, ' he'll our bellum bide.
Another thing, pray also understand,
A hardier lord is not in all our land.'

By east Dunbar they march'd, and tarry'd not,
But Earl Patrick of them notice got,
Who in a field, near Innerweik, did then
Draw up nine hundred able fighting men.
Wallace, with his four hundred, stout and tight,
Approached fast, and came within their sight ;
Who fiercely up to Earl Patrick ride,
Where they like furies fight on ev'ry side.
That conflict was both terrible and strong,
On either side, and did continue long.
Much Scottish blood was spilt, they fought so fierce,
More than with pleasure I can here rehearse.
But Earl Patrick left the field at last,
Some few with him to Cockburn's path they past :
Towards Dunbar march'd Wallace, but was told,
That no provisions left were in the hold,
Nor men of worth the castle to defend.
When he that story heard from end to end,
Dunbar he took, and no resistance fand ;
Gave it to Chrystal Seaton to command.
After the Earl, Wallace marches then,
To Cockburn's path, with him three hundred men,
Whom in a range about the park he led,
To Bunkle wood, Corspatrick then he fled :
Then out of that to Norham passed he,
When Wallace saw that better could not be,
To Coldstream rode, and lodged upon Tweed,
When Earl Patrick made great haste and speed,
And passed by ere Wallace' men arose,
To Etrick forest without resting goes,
Into Cockholm Corspatrick took him rest,
Then for more force Wallace march'd to the west.
The Earl Patrick he goes by and by,
For England, seeking some more new supply.
To Bishop Beik, he there complained sore,
Whom Wallace had from Scotland chas'd before.
Who all Northumberland, with great surprise,
Caus'd quickly with the Earl Patrick rise.
Then order'd Bruce likewise to Scotland go,
To win his own, they coaxed him up so,
Made him believe Wallace set up for king,
A most ridiculous and calumnious thing ;

Whcreas the whole design he had in hand,
 Was to bring Bruce free home to his own land.
 Thus from Oyss water to the river Tweed
 An host of thirty thousand pass'd with speed,
 And from the Thames came ships immediately,
 To watch Dunbar, that none should them supply.
 With twenty thousand all bred up in war,
 The Earl Patrick does besiege Dunbar,
 The Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce did then
 Abide at Norham with ten thousand men.
 Then Wallace like a sudden thunder crack,
 Came with five thousand Scotsmen at his back ;
 All shining in their armour clear and bright,
 For to rescue the Seaton wise and wight.
 Then under Yester that night lodged he,
 Where Hay came to him with good cavalry,
 Who in Down forest all that time had been,
 And had the coming of the South'ron seen.
 Fifty good men that Hay had with him there,
 Corspatrick's case to Wallace all declare.
 ' My counsel is,' said Hay, ' you battle give ;
 It is a pity he so long should live :
 If with your men you could them overset,
 Such pow'r again he would not quickly get.'
 Wallace he thank'd him for his counsel kind,
 Yet after all consulted his own mind :
 By this Corspatrick caus'd a fellow pass,
 Who told to Beik that Wallace coming was.
 He of the tidings was exceeding glad,
 Amends of him fain would he there have had.
 But more ado thro' Lammermuir they rode,
 Near the Spotmuir in ambush there abode.
 Most cunningly so close together drew.
 That of their coming Wallace nothing knew.
 Then, which was worse, did suddenly espy,
 Corspatrick marching very furiously,
 On a plain field, with all his num'rous host,
 Of whom the Braggadocio much did boast.
 Brave Seaton, who was a most welcome guest,
 To Wallace's assistance came in haste.
 Yet prudently the Scots concluded then
 Themselves too few for twenty thousand men.

Jop musing also, did advise at length,
 That Wallace would retire into some strength.
 ‘ To lose your men great folly were, therefore
 I'll go with speed, and quickly bring you more.’
 ‘ A dang’rous chace,’ said Wallace, ‘ they may make,
 We are too near such counsel now to take :
 Therefore I'll never flee, nor yet give o'er,
 So long as I have one against their four ;
 There's twenty here with us this very day,
 Would them attack, although I were away.
 If they be num’rous, we are stout and strong,
 Let's up and fight them, for they'll ne'er stand long.’

CHAPTER II.

How Corspatrick brought into Scotland Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce, and how Wallace gave them battle, and put them out of Scotland.

Now warlike Wallace 'gainst Corspatrick goes,
 And both the armies fast together close.
 The bloody battle quickly does appear,
 Each with his hashing sword and piercing spear :
 Against his fellow furiously does ride,
 And havoc great makes there on ev’ry side.
 Some were kill’d dead, some got their mortal wound,
 Some from their horses suddenly knock’d down.
 On South’ron side, five thousand on the spot
 Lay dead ! the Scots did push so very hot,
 And did their front cut down so furiously,
 That all the rest were on the wing to fly.
 But Earl Patrick, in the wars expert,
 Kept still his ground, and caus’d his men take heart.
 The Scottish host, men of renowned fame,
 Did cut down cleanly all where’er they came.
 Wallace and Ramsay, and the Graham worth gold,
 Richard of Lundie, and the Seaton bold,
 And Adam Wallace true of Richardtown,
 Both Hay and Lyle, all men of great renown ;
 Boyd, Barclay, Baird, and Lauder, true and tight,
 Numbers of English men kill’d in the flight,
 Yet Earl Patrick fiercely still fought on,
 With his own hand to death put many a one.

Then the brave Scots so boldly him accost,
 Great slops they made through all the English host;
 The South'ron then plainly began to flee,
 Till Bishop Beik approaching fast they see.
 The ambush all at once does quickly then
 Break up, consisting of ten thousand men.
 Whom, when good Wallace saw so fast appear,
 He thought it fit on horseback to retire :
 But yet his men together stuck so fast,
 Fain would he try the South'ron as they past.
 He so surrounded was with this fresh host,
 On either side, that he was almost lost.
 The worthy Scots so fiercely fought again,
 Of Beik's new men abundance they have slain.
 The Earl Patrick sturdily he fought,
 Thro' all the throng, and there for Wallace sought.
 To whom he did in spite o's coat-of-mail,
 Give such a blow as wounded him a deal.
 Then Wallace drew against that traitor lown,
 A stroke which miss'd him, but clove Maitland down.
 Who recklessly betwixt the two did pass,
 Such his hard fate, and sad misfortune was.
 Good Wallace now, he is left all alone,
 And quite surrounded by the South'ron ;
 His horse is stick'd, he's forced to alight,
 And fight on foot the best way that he might.
 Who laid about him without fear or dread,
 With his good sword that trusty was indeed.
 The Earl Patrick then commanded soon,
 With spears that they should bear good Wallace down,
 Who like a champion brave stood on the field,
 Hew'd off their heads, and scorned for to yield.
 The worthy Scots of this they little wist,
 Got to good Graham, when they their chieftain miss'd.
 Lauder and Lyle, and Hay, that were so wight ;
 And Ramsay bold, that brave and gallant knight ;
 Lundie and Boyd, and Chrystal Seaton true,
 Five hundred horse brought Wallace to rescue.
 Then in among them furiously they rade,
 Large room about them quickly thiere they made.
 The Bishop Beik was trampled on the ground,
 Without respect unto his lordship's gown ;

Ere he got up a great deal there they slew,
 Then gallantly brave Wallace did rescue.
 Upon a horse they mounted him on sight,
 Then to a strength rode off with all their might.
 Where he four thousand of his men did find,
 To the great satisfaction of his mind.
 To Bishop Beik Corspatrick does return,
 Curses misfortune, and begins to mourn ;
 When as he found seven thousand men were lost,
 And kill'd that day, for all the Bishop's boast.
 Of Wallace' men, five hundred kill'd I guess,
 But not one chieftain, so he ear'd the less.
 The Bishop Beik with what men he had there,
 Left Lammer-muir, and quartered elsewhere ;
 Who when the field of battle he had past,
 To Wallace all the country flocked fast :
 Crawford of Edinburgh, brought with him in sight,
 Four hundred men, all in their armour bright.
 From Tiviotdale came many a good man,
 From Jedburgh also with what speed they can.
 Sir William also, the Lord of Douglas came,
 With four score men of most undoubted fame.
 Two thousand fresh new men do there propose,
 A full revenge that night upon their foes.
 Wallace' watches, all good men and true,
 Attentively the South'ron's quarters view,
 Then after supper, Wallace quietly,
 To Lammer-muir march'd with his cavalry,
 Sir John the Graham, and Seaton that good hand,
 Lauder and Hay, three thousand did command,
 The rest himself most wisely he did guide,
 With him were Douglass, Ramsay, Barclay, Boyd ;
 Richard of Lundie, a bold man and stout,
 And Adam Wallace, whom no man durst doubt.
 Who, by the time the sun was come in sight,
 Surpris'd the English, unprepar'd to fight ;
 And furiously, with sword in hand cut down,
 Many a proud and saucy South'ron lown ;
 Some rose confus'dly and some fled away ;
 Some on the ground were smoored where they lay.
 Great noise and cry rose all round about ;
 Then came Sir John the Graham both bold and stout

With his brave men, all cheerful, blyth, and glad,
 At sight of whom ten thousand South'ron fled.
 Yet Bishop Beik behav'd well in that throng,
 And in the fight continu'd very long.
 One Skelton there, that was an Engligh knight,
 Before him stood in shining armour bright ;
 To save his lord, he fought most valiantly ;
 Whom, there so soon as Lundie did espy,
 With his good sword, a backward stroke he gave,
 Which kill'd the English knight both stout and brave.
 Then fled they all, no longer durst abide,
 Patrick and Beik away with Bruce do ride.
 Who with five thousand took the readiest way,
 To Norham house, with all the speed they may.
 The Scots who were both able, young, and tight,
 Pursu'd and kill'd great numbers in the flight.
 Thus twenty thousand South'ron in a word,
 In flight and battle, perish'd by the sword.
 Wallace returns from Norham without more,
 But for the Bruce his heart was mighty sore,
 Whom he had rather seen the crown enjoy,
 Than master been of all the gold in Troy ;
 O'er Patrick's lands, Wallace he marched fast,
 Took out the goods, and castles down did cast,
 He twelve of them, that Mathamis they call,
 Broke quickly down, and them destroyed all.
 Within the Merse and Lothian left he none
 To him belong'd, except Dunbar alone.
 To Edinburgh then he march'd on the eighth day,
 And on the morrow, he, without delay,
 Unto St. Johnstoun very quickly past,
 And told the barons all from first to last,
 How sacredly he had kept his vow,
 And got a master to Corspatrick now ;
 Who said of late, that he as free did reign
 In his realm as either prince or king.
 Of what he's wen, needs not great boasting make,
 Let him come back and now take up his stake :
 Great thankfulness the lords did there express,
 To Providence for Wallace' good success.
 Then Wallace with an open lib'rd hand,
 To meu deserving dealt the rebels' land.

To his own kin no heritage gave he,
 But offices, that ev'ry man might see
 All he propos'd was this one very thing,
 The nation's peace, and honour of his king;
 For which he would abide and stand the law,
 So soon as he his king and master saw.
 Now old and young, the girl and the boy,
 Have peace and rest, and clap their hands for joy.

CHAPTER III.

How Wallace march'd into England, and remained there three quarter's of a year, and returned without battle.

OCTOBER now by this time's almost past,
 And cold November is approaching fast,
 When to his shifts, these news King Edward puts,
 And do confound him to the very guts;
 Yet by Corstorphine's counsel does intend,
 Once more an army 'gainst the Scots to send.
 Wallace inform'd of all their wicked plots,
 Assembled quickly forty thousand Scots,
 In Roslin muir, where he the lords addrest.
 'Edward,' he said, 'our nation's common pest,
 Us to invade does threaten with bold face;
 But, faith, I'll try if I can turn the chase,
 And with an host be first on English ground,
 In spite of all the subjects of his crown.'
 The lords they offer'd very cheerfully,
 To march along with all their cavalry.
 Wallace he thank'd them, thought it needless then.
 Choos'd of that number twenty thousand men,
 With horse and harness, weapons new and tight,
 Does them provide, and shining armour bright,
 The rest to march, he quickly did command,
 To their own homes to cultivate the land.
 'This army's big enough for my design,
 If we be all of one and the same mind,
 Then let us to it, either do or die,
 Who flies or yields shall never ransomed be.
 Our kingdom's poor, wasted by Southron knaves,
 We shall get gold or honourable graves.'

Then all the host promis'd with heart and hand,
 Close to stand by him and obey command.
 With Wallace also Earl Malcolm's gone,
 A better lord and braver could be none ;
 And Campbell kind, the good knight of Lochlow,
 To South'ron still a fearful grievous cow ;
 Good Ramsay also, honour to his name ;
 And the most valiant good Sir John the Graham ;
 And Adam Wallace, whom no man durst doubt ;
 And Robert Boyd, both trusty, true, and stout ;
 Lundie and Lauder, and brave Auchinleck,
 Seaton, and Hay, all men of great respect.

This noble host, with courage march away,
 To Broxe's field, in good and brave array,
 Where Wallace made a little haste, and then,
 To Roxburgh gate rode up with twenty men :
 Where boldly he did call on Sir Ralph Gray,
 Told him for sieging now he could not stay ;
 Therefore desir'd he would quickly please,
 To quit the castle and give up the keys.
 If he refus'd, then swore before them all,
 At his return he'd hang him o'er the wall.
 Then wheel'd about, back to his army went,
 The like command to Berwick quickly sent,
 With Sir John Ramsay, who despatch'd on sight,
 Then march'd the host all in their armour bright.
 Began at Tweed, and nothing spar'd they fand,
 But burn'd by force thro' all Northumberland.
 All Durham town up in a flame they sent,
 But churches spar'd, and abbeys where they went.
 Then unto York they march'd without delay,
 No sin they thought it there to burn and slay ;
 For South'ron had committed the same thing,
 When they as tyrants did in Scotland reign.
 Forts and small castles, Wallace did throw down,
 Burn'd to the gates and suburbs of the town.
 About the walls full fifteen days they spent,
 And then at last Edward to Wallace sent,
 A knight, a clerk, a squire of the peace,
 Intreating that from burning he would cease ;
 Who promise in King Edward's name, and says
 He would have battle within fifteen days.

Good Wallace smil'd, and to the gentlemen,
 With noble air replied briskly then :
 ' I'll both desist from fire and from sword,
 For forty days if he but keep his word.'
 King Edward's faith under his seal they gave,
 That in that space Wallace should battle have,
 Who quickly did consent unto the thing,
 Then they returned all unto the king.
 Who told that they never as yet had seen,
 Such men for order and good discipline.
 Then spoke the king when they were at an end .
 It wisdom is our enemies to command.
 They're to be fear'd as sure as shines the sun :
 They will resent the inj'ries we have done.
 Frighted, I leave them here to their new plots,
 And do return unto the valiant Scots.
 Wallace from York did march the second day,
 With his whole host in noble good array.
 To the north-west they peaceably go down,
 And pitch their tents near Northallertown ;
 Proclaim'd his peace, and markets all to stand,
 For forty days throughout the whole land.
 There Sir Ralph Raymont secretly did boast,
 For to surprise good Wallace and his host,
 Of which some Scots men private notice got,
 Then unto Wallace did reveal the plot.
 Good Lundie then he called to him there,
 And Hugh the Hay of Lochartquart the heir ;
 Three thousand men he quickly with him sent,
 Then quietly out from the host they went.
 The men he took that came to him of new,
 To be their guides, for they the country knew.
 Silence, profound, he order'd there to be,
 And then drew up the host most privately.
 Raymont he with seven thousand did advance,
 Of English horse, who there did proudly prance.
 The ambush then bambusl'd all their game,
 For with pelmell the Scots upon them came.
 Three thousand whole they quickly brought to ground ;
 And with a vengeance they were all cut down.
 Sir Ralph himself was sticked with a spear ;
 Then all the rest in hurry fled with fear,

To Miltown, where Wallace pursued fast,
Great numbers kill'd, and seiz'd the town at last.
Great store of riches he got in the town.
Wherewith it did so very much abound.
Plenty of victuals, ale, and noble wine,
Sent to his host a very sweet propine.
They ate and drank, truss'd off their whole desire,
Broke down the walls, and set the rest on fire.
Three days he liv'd at the expense and cost
Of South'ron, then returned to his host.
Caus'd cast a ditch about him speedily,
To keep his camp from sudden jeopardy.
When English men got notice of this thing,
They from all parts ride straight unto their king,
Who lay at Pumfret; but his parliament,
Battle to give, would not at all consent.
Which carried was by most of all their votes,
Unless that Wallace were crown'd king of Scots.
But if on him Wallace the crown would take,
To give him battle all would ready make.
This message quickly they to him despatch'd,
But in that snare he was not to be catch'd.
The messengers he quickly did discharge
Out of his presence in a mighty rage;
His council call'd, and told them all the plot,
And treasonable message he had got.
'It were,' said he, 'a too presumptuous thing.
Against my faith to rob my righteous king.
It's ne'er been said, in country or in town,
I'm such a rogue as to usurp the crown.
But still my king and country I'll defend,
Let God above reward me in the end.'
Some cry'd to crown him, some said the consent
Must first be had of a Scots parliament.
Campbell, the knight, was there among the rest,
Who, in his judgment, thought it truly best,
To crown him king solemnly for a day,
And put an end to Edward's long delay:
Which, when the Earl Malcolm he did hear,
Both he and people all were very clear.
Yet Wallace in his mind abhor'd the thing,
Though all cry'd out to crown and make him king.

Then, in short terms, he said, ' It ne'er should be,
Rest satisfi'd, you'll get no more of me ;
But if you please to let the story pass
That I am crown'd (though still the same I was)
Assuredly we quickly then shall know,
Whether they do design to fight or no.'

Then to the messengers the news they bring,
Make them believe Wallace was crowned king ;
Who, like poor credulous and lying sots,
Affirm'd they saw Wallace crown'd king of Scots,
Then said the Lords, ' He did so well before,
Now when he's king he'll certainly do more.
If we give battle, he's so fortunate,
We may repent it when it is too late.'

Then spake another, ' He must battle have,
Or waste our land, there's nothing else can save ;
Through all his conquests first since he began,
Nothing but death ransoms an English man.'

Woodstock said, ' Though we fight and them defeat,
They've men enough behind that will debate :
If Wallace be but safe they do not care :

Therefore, methinks, more safe and sure it were,
To keep each strength, castle, and walled town,
And save our men than to expose our crown.'

Then all approv'd what Woodstock he did say,
And cowardly the battle did delay.

Thus, through their falsehood and subtilty,
Thinking that Wallace of necessity,
Through want of food his ground could never stand,
But be oblig'd to steal out of the land :

Advis'd the king to cry the markets down,
From Trent to Tweed, in ev'ry burgh and town,
That in the bounds no man should victual lead,
Under the pain of death without remed.

Wallace lay still, while forty days were gone,
Waiting to fight, but battle got he none.

The Scottish banner then he did display,
Trod under foot the English seal that day ;
An ignominious but deserving thing,
To such a base and cowardly false king.

Then rais'd he fire, burn'd Northallertown,
March'd through Yorkshire boldly up and down,

THE HISTORY OF

Destroy'd that land as far as they could ride ;
 Seven miles about they burn'd on ev'ry side :
 Proud palaces and tow'rs they did cast down,
 Gardens and orchards there did all confound.
 Nothing they spar'd of all came in their lurch,
 But women, children, and the holy church.
 To York they march, and then they very soop,
 With all their force, closely besiege the town :
 A strong defence they do prepare within,
 And they without a grand assault begin.

CHAPTER IV.

The Siege of York.

Wallace his army does in four divide,
 And then the town invests on ev'ry side,
 Himself, with Lauder, that good clever hand,
 At the south part do take the chief command.
 The Earl Malcolm, noble, stout, and great,
 With valiant Boyd, commanded the west gate.
 Campbell the knight, and Sir John Ramsay brav'ly,
 At the north gate their post assign'd them have.
 To the east gate Wallace he goes direct :
 Sir John the Graham, Crawford, and Auchinleck,
 One thousand archers of the Scottish side,
 At the four gates caus'd equally divide.
 Full seventeen thousand Southron then appear
 Upon the walls, with all their bow and spear ;
 Who furiously do sally out, but got
 A warm reception from each worthy Scot ;
 In spite of all their arrows and big stones,
 Were driven back with sore and bloody bones.
 Who, when they got within the town at last,
 Faggots of fire out o'er the walls do cast ;
 And great prodigious red-hot gades of iron,
 Which from old Nick, their master, they did leach,
 Hot burning pitch and scalding stinking tar,
 And other curs'd contrivances of war :
 Nevertheless the Scots that were without,
 So valiant were, so hardy and so stont,
 They fiercely burnt the bulwark of the town,
 Their barmkin won, and cast great turrets down.

The wearied host, with great fatigue opprest,
And night approaching, think of taking rest :
Most carefully first they wash ev'ry wound,
Their watches set, and then sleep safe and sound.
Next day their clothes were scarcely on their back.
When all cry'd out for a new fresh attack ;
Drew up again, as they had done before,
And then the town assaulted wondrous sore.
The Scottish archers all so leilly shot,
Numbers they kill'd, in truth they miss'd them not
Then burning fire set to ev'ry gate,
So mortally they did the South'ron hate.
Yet, notwithstanding, the fierce English men,
Themselves and town did gallantly defend.
When that whole day was spent, and come the night,
To his pavilion went each weary wight.
The English then, with vigilance and care,
For a fresh sally do themselves prepare.
Sir William Morton, and Sir William Lees,
Most cunningly they drew up by degrees,
And make a fearful furious sally then,
On Earl Malcolm with five thousand men ;
Wallace himself, as he rode the grand round,
Seeing them coming caus'd a trumpet sound.
The harness'd Scots that keeped guard that night,
Took the alarm, then mounted all on sight.
Then briskly charg'd the cruel South'ron foe,
With sword in hand, and many a bloody blow,
Wallace, who knew the Earl was too hot,
That he would fight, though die upon the spot,
Up to him rides as quickly as he may,
With a good sword that paved well his way,
The first he struck fell dead upon the place,
The second's nose he levell'd with his face.
The hardy Earl did no South'ron spare,
But hew'd them down, and left them crawling there.
By this, the host were all in good array,
And South'ron thought t'was time to march away.
Wallace knew well they could not stand it long,
Wherefore he thrust into the thickest throng.
And cleverly so laboured their buff,
Their armour did not signify a snuff.

The Scots men there behav'd extremely well,
As the poor South'ron sensibly did feel :
Then all the English left the field and fled,
And Sir John Morton he was killed dead.
Twelve hundred more upon the field were slain,
The rest fled back into the town again ;
And then good Wallace with his valiant host,
Return'd each man into his proper post,
And took them rest, wherewith so fresh they grew,
They on the morn assault the town anew,
Against the city all their force do bend,
And fight as if they had been more than men.
But now the victuals to be scarce begin,
Though little knew the English men within,
Who that same day a parley caus'd be beat,
At which good Wallace did appear in state,
Attended by some of his chieftest friends,
And boldly asked what the parley means.
To whom the major, in name of all did say,
‘ We'll pay a ransom if you'll march away.
We would give battle, or do any thing,
Would purchase peace, but dare not for our king :
Then, with a countenance austere and bold,
Wallace reply'd, ‘ We value not your gold,
Your king he promis'd we should battle have,
Which faithfully under his seal he gave.’
The major did reply most courteously,
He is the king, and we but subjects be ;
Therefore we pray, as you would us oblige,
To take the gold, and do remove the siege,
Then with his counsel he consulted long,
Who thought the town for siege was too strong,
And victuals scarce, therefore it safer found,
To take some gold, then march for Scottish ground.
Wellace reply'd, ‘ I'm not at all content ;
Unless the town give us their whole consent
To let our banner blow upon their wall,
And there to flourish in the sight of all.’
This answer soon was sent unto the major,
Who did consent with all the rest were there.
The banner set, to Scotland's great renown,
Upon the walls, from eight to twelve at noon.

Then was five thousand pound of English gold,
 Paid down in specie to that army bold.
 Good bread and wine they gladly to them gave,
 And all provisions that they pleas'd to have.
 Twenty long days at York remained they,
 Then gloriously in triumph march'd away.
 Unto the country back again they're gone,
 Burn'd and broke down fine buildings, spared none.
 All Myldlame they burn'd up unto a fire,
 Broke down the parks, destroy'd all the shire.
 Wild deer they slew, for other beasts were none,
 And fed like princes on good venison.
 Toward the south, they turned at the last,
 Made buildings bare, as far as e'er they past,
 The commons now for London all design,
 Where they most freely tell the king their mind ;
 Unless from wars he would cause Wallace cease,
 They'd take protection, and accept his peace :
 No herald then durst unto Wallace go,
 The king to him his faith had broken so,
 And Edward, that was once so bold and pert,
 His army now does cowardly desert.
 So long in England there was never one,
 Since Bruto's death, except Wallace alone,
 That march'd from England, without stroke of sword ;
 Fy on the king that broke his royal word.
 Great Julius, for all his strength and force,
 Was chas'd from England twice, and got the worse ;
 With Arthur also, first when the wars he priv'd,
 Twice did they fight, altho' they were mischiev'd.
 But awful Edward durst not Wallace bide,
 In a plain battle for all England wide ;
 In London lay, at his own ease and rest,
 And brake his vows, which of them think you best ?
 Wallace's host for Scotland long to go,
 So scarce the victuals ev'ry day did grow ;
 Immediately good Wallace calls for Jop,
 In him was all his confidence and hope,
 Next unto God, because he knew the land,
 And still was ready to obey command.
 Who said, ' If you'll advised be by me,
 The plentiest part of England you shall see,'

Good wine and wheat, you'll get in Richmond shire,
And each thing else unto your heart's desire.'
Thither they went, their time did not purloin,
Nine thousand Scots did there with Wallace join,
All swinging, able, lusty, well look'd men,
He and his host, had great rejoicing then.
Into that shire they plenty had of food,
Both tame and wild, and ev'ry thing was good.
Throughout that land they march'd in good array,
A handsome place they found upon the way,
Ramswatch to name, then Jop to Wallace told,
Fechew was lord and captain of that hold.
Five hundred there quickly assembled then,
To save their lives and goods from Wallace' men.
A noble house stood by the forest side,
With stately turrets, in great pomp and pride,
Well built about for strength ingeniously,
With five great tow'rs that mounted very high.
Numbers of men upon the walls were seen,
Bravading in their armour clear and clean.
The host march'd by, not one word said at all ;
But they, within, aloud on Wallace call ;
Their trumpets blew with many a warlike sound.
Then Wallace said, ' Had he yon gallants down
On a plain ground they should get sport their fill,
Such as his brother got on Tinto hill.'
Sir John the Graham would at the bicker be.
But Wallace soon the danger did foresee.
Commanded him to let alone his haste,
' We have no men so foolishly to waste ;
But yet to gratify your fond desire,
Our first attack shall be with burning fire,
I see their bulwark of old wither'd oak,
Were that on fire it would not bide a stroke.
Houses and woods in plenty here there be,
Who hews best of this forest let me see.
Pull houses down, let each man take his turn,
Old timber will make green wood bravely burn.'
At his command most busily they wrought,
Great store of wood unto the place they brought.
The bulwark won, then closely at the last,
Unto the barmkin heaps of timber cast.

The bowmen fiercely shot on ev'ry side,
But Southron worsted were for all their pride.
Women and children on their knees do fall,
And loud for mercy do on Wallace call.
So pitiful he was, though bold and stout,
He heard their cries and let them safely out.
Then fire and smoke in fearful clouds arose,
And burning flames all round their castle goes.
Barrels of pitch, which stood long there before,
Went all in flame, the mischief was the more.
Both man and beast are all burn'd up with fire,
Thus Wallace' host have got their hearts' desire.
Fechew himself, smother'd with smoke and smell,
Lap from a height, and on the barmkin fell.
Wallace with a good sword struck off his head,
Five hundred more were chok'd and burned dead.
On the next day, the fire then being spent,
Wallace' men unto the castle went:
Struck down the gate, and took what they could find,
Jewels and gold, great riches to their mind;
Spoiled the place, and nothing else left there
But beasts, burn'd bodies, and great buildings bare.
Then Wallace to the widow of Fechew,
Said, ' Pomise here, as you're a woman true,
To truse your husband's head to London town,
And tell King Edward, if he do not soon
Give battle, I do swear by all the fates,
This month once past, to be at London gates,
For if he keep not his faithful word to me,
All the south-west of England I shall see.'
To London town, then, without more she went,
Where Edward lay displeas'd and ill content.
His nephew's head did him with anguish fill,
And more and more increas'd his sorrows still.
With great unease upon his feet he stood,
Weeping and wailing for his tender blood.
Then rose the council, praying him to cease,
' We England lose, unless we purchase peace.'
Woodstock for peace was clear, then in the end,
The king consents, and bids a message send;
No man the message then would undertake:
Because the king so oft his faith did break.

The queen, when she saw all refuse the thing,
Down on her knees she fell before the king ;
'Sovereign,' she said, ' If it your pleasure be,
Pray permit me Wallace once to see ;
Perhaps he may do more for woman fair,
Than for your men that mind him still of war.
If with him I prevail not very soon,
I may return with little damage done.'

The lords were glad the queen was minded so,
And humbly begg'd the king to let her go,
To which the king, although much discontent,
And backward to it, did at last consent.

Some said the queen did Wallace much admire,
Who daily so much honour did acquire,
And in her heart by far did him prefer,
To most of men for his brave character ;
And that she lov'd him, but, till once they meet,
I'll pass no judgment, 'tween themselves two be't.
Meantime she's march'd (to leave our drolls and jests)
With fifty ladies and seven ancient priests.

Now Edward for Fechew does sigh and mourn,
But unto Wallace I must now return.

The worthy Scots among the South'ron ride,
And great destruction make on ev'ry side.
The host was glad, and blest their happy fate,
No force there was that durst with them debate.
Riches and gold they got their very fill,
And ev'ry thing they pleas'd at their own will.
Soon they are march'd, and to St. Alban's gone,
In all that country damage did they none.

The prior sent them venison and wine,
Refresh'd the host, and made them bravely dine.
The night appeared shortly in the place,
They pitch'd their tents from thence a little space,
Into a valley by a river fair,
Where hart and hind on either side repair ;
Their watches set, all in good order keep,
To supper went, and in due time to sleep.

CHAPTER V.

How the Queen of England came to speak with Wallace.

UPON the morrow Wallace quickly rose
 To take the air, out of his tent he goes,
 And then the good and reverend Mr. Blair,
 For morning service quickly does prepare :
 Wallace most humbly did himself array,
 In shining armour, glorious and gay :
 Its several parts are needless to rehearse,
 From top to toe he look'd exceeding fierce.
 Boyd and Adam Wallace wait on him with speed,
 Along a river through a flow'ry mead,
 Thus on the fields all pleasant, sweet, and green,
 Fetching a walk they spy the English queen,
 Towards the host riding most soberly,
 With fifty ladies in her company,
 And seven old priests, religious, grave, and wise,
 Who in all matters did the queen advise.
 To the pavilion with the lion all
 Ride, then light down, and on their knees do fall,
 Praying for peace, with many a piteous tear:
 Lord Malcolm said, ' Our chieftain is not here :
 Pray, madam, rise, a queen I'll not allow,
 Unto a subject on her knees to bow.'
 Then did he lead her by the tender hand
 To Wallace, where he like a prince did stand,
 So soon's she saw him she began to kneel,
 Then Wallace did a mighty passion feel,
 He her embrac'd and kiss'd, but did no more,
 The like to South'ron he ne'er did before.
 Then, smiling, softly whisper'd in her ear.
 ' Madam, how please you our encamping here ?'
 ' Sir, very well, but we your friendship need,
 God grant we may in this our errand speed.'
 ' Madam, I must remove a little space,
 With this lord, then I'll wait upon your grace.'
 To the pavilion both they do repair,
 And very quickly call a council there,
 Where he enlarg'd on woman's subtil'ty,
 How by their cuuning men may tempted be.

'On pain of death therefore your men command,
 Or to their highest peril let them stand,
 That none with them converse, but such as born
 Of high blood are, and to this council sworn.'
 'This out in orders thro' the army's gone,
 To ev'ry single individual one.
 Then to the queen he and the earl went,
 And court'ously conducted her to the tent.
 Went to a sumptuous noble dinner then,
 All serv'd with stately handsome gentlemen.
 Some of her chiefest royal dainties there,
 The queen pull'd out, and kindly did them share.
 Of ev'ry thing she first did taste and prive,
 'No poison's here, my lord, you may believe.'
 Soon after meat all did themselves absent,
 Excepting those that to the council went.
 Meanwhile the ladies did the queen attend,
 Until the council over was, and then
 Good Wallace quickly waited on the queen,
 And calmly ask'd what did her journey mean?
 'Peace, said the queen, we have no other thought,
 This raging war hath such destruction wrought;
 Then grant it, sir, for his sake dy'd for us.'
 'Madam, we cannot lightly leave it thus,
 You ask no peace but for your own self-ends,
 That cannot make us a sufficient mends,
 For the injustice done our royal prince,
 The breach of faith and bloodshed ever since.'
 'These wrongs,' she said, 'ought all to be redrest;
 But Wallace still the more for battle prest:
 The queen she answer'd with great modesty,
 'Peace now were best, if it might purchas'd be:
 For which if you a truce with us will take,
 Through England all we shall cause prayers make,
 That matters go not on from bad to worse.'
 'Compell'd prayers, Madam, have no force;
 Before that they get half way to the heavens,
 I hope for mends, then shall we all be ev'ns.'
 Then to the queen did all the story tell,
 At Alexander's death what us befel.
 How Bruce and Baliol long time did contend,
 Who should be king, at length did condescend.

And did the matter to a ref'rence bring,
 To the decision of her lord and king ;
 And how unjustly Edward did decide,
 And then usurp the crown through hellish pride :
 In short, he told her all the story o'er,
 As I have told you in my book before ;
 How Edward made him prisoner in Air,
 Broke a strict truce, and hang'd our barons there ;
 How Hesilrig kill'd his beloved wife,
 And therefore would hate South'ron during life.
 The silver tears (great pity to behold,)
 Came trickling down when he his tale had told.
 The queen with Wallace so did sympathize,
 The tears that moment blinded both her eyes ;
 'Cursed days,' she said, 'that Hesilrig was born,
 On his account many are now forlorn.'
 'As queen or princes, Madam,' then said he,
 'She in her time was full as dear to me.'
 'Wallace,' she said, 'from this discourse we'll cease,
 The mends thereof is prayer and good peace.'
 Three thousand pounds she down before him told,
 All of the finest and true English gold.
 'Such tribute, Madam, now we do not crave,
 Another mends of England we would have.
 For all the gold and riches of your reign,
 'I'll grant no peace in absence of your king.'
 When she saw gold would nothing Wallace move,
 Then, sporting, said, 'sir, you are call'd my love,
 I've ventur'd here, my life laid at the stake,
 Methinks you should do something for my sake.'
 'In love you South'ron with your subtile cracks,
 One thing pretends and the quite contrair acts ;
 With pleasant words you and such ladies fair,
 Would us decoy like birds into a snare.
 We'll take our chance whatever may befall,
 No flatt'ring words nor gold shall tempt us all.'
 At which a rosy blush her cheeks did fill,
 'Dear sir,' she said, 'pray let me know your will ;
 For solemnly I here to you protest,
 I think a truce would for us both be best.'
 'With ladies, Madam, truce I cannot make,
 Lest your false king hereafter do it break ;

Then have we none but ladies to reprove,
 That shall not be, by him that sits above ;
 The whole affair he on himself shall take,
 Of peace or war, whate'er we chance to make.'

The queen then said, ' it was sufficient,'
 To which the rest did freely all consent.
 Yet sorry was she, and did blush for shame,
 That she obtain'd not all for which she came.
 Unto the host the gold she freely gave,
 To ev'ry one that pleased for to have.
 When Wallace saw what every one had got,
 He said, ' that kindness should not be forgot.
 We you assure our host shall nothing act,
 Till you a message from your king send back -
 Your heralds also thither to and fro
 May likewise very safely come and go.'

She and her ladies thanked him, and drank
 To Wallace and the lords of ev'ry rank.
 Her leave she took, no longer there abode,
 Five miles that night unto a nunn'ry rode.
 And on the morn to London travell'd they,
 To Westminster, where king and council lay ;
 Wallace's answer show'd, and did report
 Most nobly of him both to king and court ;
 Upon his wit and manhood did comment,
 His freedom, truth, and martial government.
 ' More chieftain like he's in his armour seen,
 Than ever yet I think in England's been,
 From honour he, on which he's so much bent,
 Will not retract for all the kingdom's rent,
 Then purchase peace, and I shall add no more,
 Or else all England may repent it sore.
 Mean time, unto your heralds he gives leave,
 To come and go, and no man dare them grieve.'

The king and council in their mind were eas'd,
 Thanked the queen and all were bravely pleas'd.
 Then all concluded it was only best
 To take a truce, else they would get no rest.
 Then to despatch a herald wise and grave,
 To whom safe conduct Wallace frankly gave,
 Then Clefford, Beaumont, Woodstock do procure,
 To treat with Wallace a most ample pow'r.

Thus these three lords to him ride all in state,
 Where subtily Woodstock did there debate.
 To which good Wallace did reply again,
 ' You speak in sophisms, but I'll tell you plain,
 Roxburgh and Berwick you must us restore,
 Which was our right and heritage before.
 Also we ask, by virtue of this bond,
 Our native king, so long kept from his own.
 Those you shall grant on your king's faith to me.'
 To which, on sight, the lords did all agree.
 The Ranel young, whom there he did demand,
 And the Lord Lorn, were granted to his hand,
 The Earl Buchan, tender but and young,
 He did obtain for the wind of his tongue.
 Cumming and Soules he caus'd deliver als,
 Who after to King Robert proved false.
 Vadance for fear durst scarcely keep his bed,
 But like a thief to Piccardie he fled.
 The noble Bruce, alas ! was gone away,
 Before that time, to Calais many a day,
 Unto his uncle Gloucester : which thing
 King Edward prov'd, so Wallace wants his king.
 The Earl Patrick, who at London staid,
 No more allegiance to King Edward paid ;
 But unto Wallace speedily came down,
 And held his lands all of the Scottish crown.
 An hundred horse, with Scots noblemen,
 Came trooping gladly all to Wallace then.
 Under his seal King Edward then did send,
 And caus'd deliver to the Scottish men,
 Roxburgh and Berwick. Five years peace ensues,
 To ancient Scotland great and glorious news,
 Which unto Wallace was sent down,
 And fairly sign'd close by Northallertown.
 To Bamburgh came the Scottish army then,
 Which did consist of sixty thousand men ;
 To Carham moor came all in good array,
 With hearts rejoicing upon Lammas day.
 The priest next day in church did Wallace please,
 Deliver'd him Roxburgh and Berwick keys.
 Berwick to Ramsay he gave on the spot,
 And noble Seaton, Roxburgh castle got.

With Earl Patrick, Wallace, without more,
Rode to Dunbar, and there did him restore.
Scotland all o'er, from Ross to Solway-sand,
Wallace he did give statutes to the land.
Unto the Lennox, then, he did repair ;
Sir John Monteith that time was captain there ;
And twice before had Wallace' gossip been.
Yet now no friendship was betwixt them seen.
Upon a rock a house he founded there,
Then to the march he did again repair.
In Roxburgh, then, he choos'd a handsome place,
And built a tow'r within a little space.
Jop twice he sent to Bruce of Huntingtown,
Beseaching him to come and take the crown.
Such counsel of the Saxons false took he,
In all his life he Wallace ne'er did see.
Three years the kingdom quiet had and rest,
And ev'ry man his own with peace possest.

Here ends the first conquest of Scotland.

*

BOOK IX.

CHAPTER I.

*How the King of France wrote to Wallace by his Herald,
and Wallace's answer.*

THE king of France hearing of Wallace' name,
His mighty valiant acts, and glorious fame ;
In's royal mind did long most vehemently
This much renown'd Scots champion to see,
Wonder'd how Wallace, with so small a pow'r
Made English men before him fly and scour ;
And force their malice, spite of hell, to cease,
Then pitifully truckle for a peace.
The king a herald calls, and, without more,
To Wallace writes as to a conqueror :
' Beloved Sir, worshipful, wise, and wight,
Restorer of thy native land's true right,
In the defence of righteous royal blood,
For which thou always loyally upstood.
Old prophecy which did thy birth adorn,
Said, happy Scotland, that thou ere wast born.
I do beseech, with all humility,
Thou wilt accept my letter graciously :
Give credit, and believe, in any ways,
Whate'er my herald from me to thee says.'
The herald bow'd, and to the ship is gone,
And then in Scotland does arrive anon.
Went straight unto Sir William Wallace, where
He found him in the ancient town of Air,
The letters humbly in his master's name,
To Wallace does present, and he the same,
Most courteously, upon his bended knee,
Receiv'd from him in all humility.
The herald then made him to understand,
All that his master gave him in command.
' Your valour, Sir, and honour all do own,
And the king, my master's so well known,
That he intends your worship to advance,
As high as any subject born in France.'

Wallace reply'd, ' As God my soul shall save,
 A speedy answer you shall quickly have.'
 The herald staid with Wallace twenty days,
 And was regal'd with feastings, sports, and plays ;
 Then courteously Wallace wrote to the king,
 A satisfying answer to each thing.
 Unto the herald presents rich he gave,
 Then to the sea convey'd him and took leave.
 Wallace his voyage soon intends for France,
 Prepares fit equipage and purveyance :
 Good Lord James Stewart, Scotland's steward then,
 Made governor till he return'd again.
 At Rochel now the herald does arrive,
 A blyther man sure there was none alive.
 To Paris went, then peerless for renown,
 The king thought, well, Wallace was come to town :
 Asked the herald, with concern, anent
 Old Scotland's welfare, and how matters went ;
 ' Saw'st thou brave Wallace, chieftain of the land ?'
 ' Yes, sire,' said he, ' a man of great command.
 In all my travels, wheresoe'er I've gone,
 A braver knight sure saw I never one ;
 Great worship there, and honour's to him paid,
 His piercing eye almost made me afraid.
 With rich rewards and presents, as you see,
 For your grace' sake, he complimented me.
 Here is his answer : ' then the king was glad,
 Most graciously he receiv'd it, and read :
 ' Most royal Sir, and righteous crowned king,
 Of great renown, your herald here does bring
 A letter wrote by unworthy hand,
 In answer to your majesty's command.
 You well do know how Scotland's daily vex'd,
 And by our neighb'ring nation sore perplex'd.
 No bands will bind them, but, with open face,
 They break their faith to Christian's great disgrace.
 On which account, I pray, Sir, understand,
 I scarce dare leave this poor distressed land :
 Yet by God's grace, if living that I be,
 Within a year your majesty I'll see.'
 O how this answer greatly pleas'd the king !
 Who was as blythe as bird upon the wing.

CHAPTER II.

How Wallace went to France, fought the Red River, and took him prisoner.

TOWARDS his voyage Wallace does advance,
And at Kircudbright shipping takes for France :
With fifty brave stout Scottish gentlemen,
Above what I describe can with my pen.
'Mong whom were four of his own kinsmen near,
Two Wallaces, Crawford, and Cleland dear,
Drank their bonalies in good wine and ale,
Then cheerfully for sea hois'd up their sail ;
Sail'd that whole day, and all the following night,
Then on the morn, when the sun shined bright,
The shipmaster sprang quickly up a rope,
Where suddenly he spy'd from the main top,
Sixteen great ships, that boldly up did bear,
And towards him a steady course did steer.
In colour red, which with the sun shine bright,
The sea all o'er illuminate with light.
At which the master almost fell a swoon,
Afrighted sore he quickly then came down.
'Alas ! said he, that ever I was born !
Without remead our lives are all forlorn.
Curse on the time that I did take in hand
This voyage, O ! that I were back at land,
And buried were into some lonely grave,
So Wallace live with honour I might save.'
'Master,' said Wallace, 'what needs all this moan ?'
'Oli, Sir ! here's sixteen sail against our one,
Him that commands nought but our blood will please,
He sixteen years has been king of the seas.'
Then Wallace ask'd, 'Wotst thou what he may be ?'
'The Red River, a tyrant strong is he ;
He saveth none, for gold or other good,
But kills and drowns all in the briny flood.'
'Since better may not be, I pray thee show
Some mark, said Wallace, how I shall him know.'
The master said, 'At first sight you will ken,
And soon may him distinguish from his men.'

A handsome proper man as is in France,
 And of a manly Scottish countenance.
 Taller than any of his men a deal,
 And cloth'd with scarlet 'bove a coat of mail.
 The foremost ship that does pursue us so,
 Himself is in, and that you'll quickly know.
 When he comes near, he boldly will you hail,
 Then speedily be sure to strike your sail.
 He'll enter first himself most hardily :
 These are the signs that you shall know him by;
 A bar of blue into his shining shield,
 A bend of white desiring ay the field.
 The red betokens blood and hardiness,
 The white his courage strongly doth increase,
 The blue he wears 'cause he's a Christian.'
 Then Wallace said, ' He must be no good man,
 For sure I am this is no Christian deed ;
 Get you below, may the great God us speed ?'
 The shipmaster, and the steersman also,
 He made go down into the hold below.
 His fifty men that were the very best
 That he could choose, soon were in armour drest.
 Forty and eight close on the deck caus'd lie,
 On William Crawford then in haste did cry.
 ' When the Red River hails us, strike amain,
 At my command haul up the sail again.
 Dear cousin, Cleland, take the helm in hand,
 Here on the deck close by thee I will stand,
 May the great God us and our ship both guide !'
 The River's barge came then close by their side,
 Himself he stood aloft with a drawn sword,
 And bade the steersman lay along the board.
 Aloud he cry'd, ' Strike dogs, or yon shall die.'
 Crawford let down the sail then speedily.
 The captain enter'd first, no ways aghast,
 Then Wallace gripp'd him by the gorget fast,
 And threw him down on the deck where he stood,
 While mouth and nose all gushed out with blood.
 A dagger knife, Wallace in haste drew out,
 Then, with pale face, the River look'd about,
 ' Mercy,' he cry'd, ' for him that di'd on rood,
 To mend my life, that have spilt so much blood.'

In Latin tongue to Wallace then said he,
 ' For God's sake, Sir, pray grant my life to me.'
 His weapons all Wallace did quickly take,
 Him by the hand did lift, and pris'ner make ;
 Then made him swear, on his sharp sword and long,
 From that day forth he never should him wrong.
 ' Command thy men,' said Wallace, ' to the peace.
 And quickly cause their shot of guns to cease.'
 A glove the River held up on the spot,
 Seeing the sign, his men forbore their shot.
 His largest barge to him he then did call,
 ' Give over war, our true friends these are all !'
 Then asked, ' At what port Wallace would be ?'
 ' Unto the Rochel,' quickly answer'd he.
 The River bids his men to Rochel steer,
 They tack about when his command they hear.
 Wallace said, ' Pray, what countryman art thou ?'
 ' A Frenchman, Sir, and my forefathers too.'
 Wallace then ask'd, ' How came thou to this life ?'
 ' By the mischance, Sir, of a sudden strife ;
 At court I kill'd a man dead at one stroke,
 Which did the king most heinously provoke.
 Through friends in court I 'scaped off that place,
 And since could ne'er obtain his royal grace.
 To Bourdeaux thereafter made a trip,
 And on a night did seize an English ship.
 Ill doers to myself I soon got moe,
 And in a little multiplied so,
 That I these sixteen years have run at sea,
 And shed much blood, for which, oh, wo is me !
 And now, for the great mischiefs I have done,
 In spite of fate I'm vanquished by one :
 Thus I confess, to my eternal shame,
 My bloody life. But pray, Sir, what's your name,
 That with your own single but valiant hand,
 Does me and all my sixteen sail command ?
 None but brave Wallace, the Scots champion,
 Could thus have baffled me and all my men.
 None else I know encounter me should dare,
 It were great honour to serve in his war.'
 Then Wallace, smiling, answer'd modestly,
 ' Scotland had need of many such as thee :

What is thy name?' thinks Wallace wants a peil,
' Monsieur,' said he, ' Thomas of Longoville,'
' Well bruik thy name, yea, here shall end our strife,
If thou'll repent and mend thy bypast life :
For which thy faithful friend I'll ever be,
I'm that same Wallace whom thou now dost see.'
Upon his knees then Longoville fell down,
As Wallace had been king that wears the crown.
' That I'm fallen in your hands I'm pleas'd much more,
Than I had gotten florins sixty score.'

Wallace reply'd, ' Since thou art here by chance,
And that the king has sent for me to France,
I'll tell him that, for my reward, I want
Thy peace and pardon, which I hope he'll grant.'

' Could you my peace obtain,' Longoville says,
' Most faithfully I'd serve thee all my days.'

' No service, Thomas, shalt thou give to me,
But such good friendship as I'll keep with thee.'

With that they filled the wine and merry made,
And upon sight they in the Rochel rade.
And now the town is in a sudden fear,
When the Red River and his ships appear.
Some ships they fled, and others ran ashore.
When Wallace saw they frighted were so sore,
He did command none on the haven should go,
But his own barge, which pleas'd the people so,
That they no sooner the Red Lion saw
In the Scots banner, but they gave huzza.
Lift up the port, receiv'd them in the town
With great respect, then entertain'd them round.
Wallace they saw, a goodly Scottish man,
And honour'd him with all respect they can.
Four days he tarried at the Rochel, then
Gave strict command to Longoville's men,
That they directly would behave and well,
And nothing act that might be thought hostile :
For shortly he would either send or bring
Unto them all a pardon from their king.
' Your captain to the king shall go with me,
By help of God I shall his warrant be.'

Like his own men, he clothed Thomas so,
There was no man that Longoville could know.

Both blyth and glad as any men alive,
 They march, and then at Paris do arrive.
 In splendid order to a garden went,
 Then gallantly before the king present,
 Fifty and two upon their knees do fall,
 Salute the king most fine like princes all.
 Their speeches they do govern, and so well rule.
 As they'd been taught at Julius Cæsar's school.
 The queen got leave (so curious was) to see
 Brave Wallace and his company.
 The king he dines, as did the court also,
 Then after meat does to the parlour go.
 He and his lords commun'd on every thing
 With Wallace, who did greatly please the king.
 In Latin tongue his answer does advance,
 With a serene and manly countenance.
 The king he ask'd where the Red River was?
 And marvell'd how that tyrant let him pass.
 ' You, with the herald, might have writ to me,
 For power to convey you through the sea.'
 ' I thank you, Sir, no need thereof had we,
 Blessed be God, we're a' safe, as you see.'
 Then said the king, ' Wallace, I wonder much,
 You have escap'd that bloody tyrant's clutch,
 Who on the sea such cruelty has wrought,
 Could we him get, he should not pass for nougat.'
 Thomas he quack'd, began to count his beads,
 When as the king related his misdeeds.
 Wallace gave ear, but feigned in some part,
 ' Forsooth,' said he, ' We found none in that airt.
 But, Sir, with leave, would ye the River know? '
 ' Fy, since I saw him it is long ago.
 These words of yours, Wallace, are all in vain,
 Ere he come here many he'll cause be slain.'
 Then Wallace said, ' Great Sir, of my men all,
 Who is the man likkest to him you'd call? '
 The king reply'd, with a quick piercing eye,
 ' That large long man that next to you stands by.'
 Then on his knees the worthy Wallace fell,
 ' O! royal king,' said he, ' pray hear me tell,
 How Saxon seed hath Scotland sore distrest,
 Our olders kill'd, and royal blood opprest,

Your majesty methinks should interpose
 In our behalf, and curb our lawless foes ;
 And that by virtue of the league and band,
 'Twixt France and Scotland does so firmly stand,
 Next since, at your command, come here I have,
 One favour, Sir, I humbly of you crave.'
 The king reply'd, 'I'll grant or pay you down
 Whate'er you ask, except my queen or crown.'
 ' Most royal Sir,' said Wallace, ' all I want,
 Is that you'll graciously be pleased to grant
 Peace to this man, whom I brought here through chance,
 And I'll disclaim all other gifts in France.
 This same is he, you may believe it well,
 Of whom you speak, Thomas of Longoville.
 Receive him as a free liege of your land.'
 At which the king was put unto a stand ;
 Yet for his promise, and good Wallace's sake,
 Into his peace he Longoville did take.
 The king he ask'd Wallace how and where
 He met with Longoville, who did declare,
 And there rehearse the manner how, all o'er,
 As you have heard the story told before.
 Wallace to Thomas also purchas'd then,
 Peace unto all his fourteen hundred men.
 Then on the very spot where he did stand,
 Was knighted by the king's own royal hand ;
 Syne to his nearest heir left his estate,
 Then with brave Wallace went and took his fate.

CHAPTER III.

How Wallace past into Guyen.

THREE weeks at Paris Wallace did remain,
 But longed much to try the wars again :
 To march to Guyen he esteem'd it best,
 Because that country Englishmen possest.
 Then of the king took leave, on's knees did fall
 But took no Frenchmen with him then at all,
 Except sir Thomas and a warlike crew
 Of valiant Scots nine hundred stout and true ;
 Who furiously with him to Guyen ride,
 And fire raise doth through all that country wide.

Forts and strong castles quickly they break down ;
And put to death many a South'ron town.
A warlike town, Sceemen, stood in that land,
Which Englishmen had under their command.
The town it stood upon a water side,
Within a park that was both long and wide.
Towards that place, most valiantly then,
Wallace he march'd with his nine hundred men,
Four hundred to himself took speedily ;
The rest with Crawford caus'd in ambush lie
Wallace his men all gallantly array'd,
Before the town their banner there display'd.
The lion rampant all in gold did flee ;
Which sight before that country ne'er did see.
The park they range, great booty drive away,
The war men issued to rescue the prey :
But worthy Scots have many English slain :
The rest fled back into the town again.
Forty good Scots pass'd with the prey along ;
Then ish'd again a thousand English strong.
Wallace he caus'd his men let go the prey :
Then soon assenibled all in good array.
A fierce encounter there you might have seen,
'Mongst those wight war men in their armour clean.
Vast numbers lost their lives on South'ron side ;
And yet the rest most boldly did abide.
Some worthy men there of the Scots they slew ;
Then William Crawford, who the time well knew,
Out of the park he made his ambush fair
Into the field where they all fighting were.
He at his entry many a one caus'd die ;
Yet Englishmen were very loath to fly,
But bravely fought, altho' they lost much blood
So few so long 'gainst Wallace never stood.
Yet at the last were all oblig'd to fly ;
Whom Wallace did pursue most furiously ;
And never knew till he amidst the throng,
Was in the town his South'ron foes among.
With him was Crawford, Richard, Longoville,
Fifteen in all, and no more I wot well.
A cunning porter got upon the wall,
Pull'd out the pin, let the portculzies fall.

Then cruelly the English on them set ;
But to the wall the Scots their back did get :
Cut down the South'ron, all their force defy'd,
Then Richard Wallace he the porter spy'd,
Knock'd out his brains with little noise or din.
Got up the port, let all the Scots men in ;
Who spared none that they before them fand,
If they a sword or weapon had in hand ;
All other lives most Christianly did spare,
But seiz'd the goods and riches all were there.
The town with French replenish'd quickly, then
Wallace the field takes briskly with his men.
At which the king delay'd not very long,
But rais'd an army twenty thousand strong ;
All faithful subjects of the crown of France,
Led by his brother Duke of Orleans.
Thro' Guyen land a speedy march they make,
At Bourdeaux do Wallace overtake.
Some said that town did mightily incline
To fight good Wallace, but soon chang'd their mind,
And sent express to Picardy by post,
Telling of Wallace and the new rais'd host.
Gloucester, then captain of Calais, went,
And told all to the English parliament.
Some plainly said, ' Wallace had broke the truce ;
Others said, ' Nay, that was ne'er his use.'
Lord Beaumont said, with judgment most profound,
' Wallace for Scotland, not for France was bound.'
Yet Woodstock from his malice could not cease,
But still affirm'd Wallace had broke the peace ;
And told the king, if he'd his counsel take,
Now was the time on Scotland war so make.
What Woodstock said all did conclude it right ;
By sea and land a force they raise on sight.
Gloucester he leads on the army's van,
Longcastle does the middleward command :
Then Sir John Pewart to the sea was sent,
Who all the north land perfectly well kent ;
Vallance the knight before the army went,
Who all the mischief did he could invent,
And made some Scots, with his enticing word,
Yield up the castles without stroke of sword.

Ere the best sort knew it was war in plain,
 In Bothwell castle he was set again.
 And Sir John Psewart who came by the sea.
 Soon got St. Johnstone by a jeopardie.
 Dundee they took, left not a man in life,
 Then plundered, and soon possessed Fife,
 And all the south, from Cheviot to the sea ;
 O barbarous and cruel enemy !
 To Rauchry fled good Adam Wallace then,
 And Robert Boyd to Bute, two gallant men.
 Sir John the Graham in Dundaff durst not bide,
 But marched to the forest fair of Clyde.
 Lundie from Fife, he stole away by night,
 Eighteen with him that clever were and tight ;
 And his young son, then but of tender age,
 To Dundaff muir they all away do page,
 Thinking to meet with Sir John the Graham,
 Who often made the South'ron fly with shame.
 Thomas of Thorn took Lanark the next day,
 Lundie and Hay durst there no longer stay,
 But to South-Tinto quickly did repair,
 And good Sir John did quickly meet them there.
 Vallance had order'd great provisions then,
 Under a guard of four-score English men,
 For Bothwell castle, but, unto their shame,
 Were soon surpris'd by Lundie and by Graham ;
 Who with some hardy Scots, fifty I trow,
 Of four score South'ron, sixty there they slew ;
 Got gold and goods, and all remain'd alive
 On the Scots side, excepting only five ;
 Then marched all away upon a night,
 Unto the Lennox in their armour bright.
 Seaton and Lyle they lodged in the Bass,
 But Hugh the Hay sent into England was.
 Then the north country lords do in the end,
 The Squire Guthrie unto Wallace send,
 At Aberbrothwick shipping took for sea,
 And safely at the Sluce soon landed he.
 To Wallace went, and told in sorry mood,
 How sadly matters now in Scotland stood.
 Then Wallace said, ' O South'ron ! all man-sworr.
 For perfidy such rogues were never born ;

Their former treachery did we not feel,
 Ev'n when the truce was sign'd with their great seal,
 Who notwithstanding, most unchristianly,
 Caus'd eighteen score of our brave barons die.
 To the great God, my vow I here do make.
 Peace with that king hereafter ne'er to take,
 He shall repent that he this war began,
 If it please God I be a living man.
 Then does address the king for liberty
 To go to Scotland with his company;
 With much ado the king did condescend,
 Upon proviso, when the war did end,
 And he triumph'd had o'er his Southron foes,
 He should return to France and no time lose.
 Which, if he did, he freely might command,
 At his return, a lordship of good land.
 Wallace took leave, goes straight for Flanders then,
 With Sir Thomas and his countrymen.
 Then Squire Guthrie's barge at Sluce lay still,
 To sea they went in haste with good will:
 Fair wind and weather, nothing worse they fand,
 Then at Montrose they safely all do land.
 Good Sir John Ramsay and the Ruthven true,
 Barclay and Bisset, with men not a few,
 Do Wallace meet, all canty, keen, and crouse,
 And with three hundred march to Ochter-house.

BOOK X.

CHAPTER I.

How Wallace won St. Johnstoun.

UNTO St. Johnstoun, Wallace quickly prest,
 Which by the English then was re-possest,
 Under Kinnoul, ere it was day, lay down,
 Then sped six Southron servants from the town,
 Driving three empty carts upon the way,
 In order to bring home their master's hay,
 Which when they were a loading, suddenly
 Ruthrie and 's men made all the six to die.

Wallace in haste caus'd take their upmost weed,
And men to fit them ordered with speed.
Wallace himself, and Ruthven brave also,
Guthrie and Bisset, and good yeomen two :
Each took a suit, and then with subtile art,
Five men with hay they cover'd in each cart.
Then to the town those carters took their way,
And carefully drove on their carts of hay.
Good Sir John Ramsay lay in ambush till
He warning got, then marched with good will.
Over the bridge the carters quickly past,
Enter'd the gate, and then their cloaks they cast.
Wallace with three good strokes which there he got,
The porter kill'd and two more on the spot.
Guthrie and Bisset, Ruthven of renown,
Most manfully did cut the South'ron down.
The armed men that snug lay in the carts,
Came fiercely out, and bravely play'd their parts.
When Ramsay's spy saw all that there was done,
The ambush broke, both bridge and port have won ;
Ere Ramsay came with his men good and true,
The twenty-one there forty South'ron slew.
And so soon as the ambush enter'd in,
They spared none that were of South'ron kin.
There Longoville, that brave and warlike knight,
Nobly behav'd, and did their doublets dight.
The South'ron, when they saw the town was tint,
Fled then as fast as fire does from a flint ;
And Sir John Psewart at the next gate past,
To Methwin wood he scour'd off wond'rous fast,
One hundred men fled to the church in vain,
But Wallace spared none, for all were slain.
Four hundred South'ron kill'd were in the strife,
And seven score only 'scaped with their life.
Wallace got riches, good things not a few,
And with true Scots plenish'd the town of new.
First to the Cask did Sir John Psewart pass,
Then unto Fife where Vallance sheriff was,
Gather'd of men a num'rous company,
To Auchterarder then drew privily ;
And to be ready ordered them all,
For to attack St. Johnstoun at a call.

Wallace made Ramsay his great captain there,
And Ruthven sheriff, a deserving pair ;
He charged them, that on first warning they
Should come to him without further delay.
On some exploit he quickly marched then,
With him one hundred of good fighting men.

CHAPTER II.

*The battle of Black Iron Side, and how Wallace took in
Lochleven and Airth.*

'To Fife he march'd that country's state to view,
With his good men that trusty were and true :
But Sir John Psewart from the Ochle high,
Espying Wallace as he passed by,
All on a sudden 'gainst him marched then,
To Black Iron Side with fifteen hundred men.
This sudden march good Wallace so alarms,
He and his men stand quickly to their arms ;
With Bisset and good Guthrie does advise,
What course to take against this sad surprise :
' We with the South'ron now are so beset,
To our good friends at Perth no word we'll get.
It grieves me more that Vallance is the guide,
Than all the rest upon the South'ron side.'
Guthrie reply'd, ' Could we get over Tay,
It were I think the sure and safest way ;
And warn good Ramsay who commands the town,
He'd send a reinforcenient to us soon.'
' Its safer,' Wallace says, ' in my esteem,
To fight the foe than dangerously to swim.
In Elchock park but forty men were we,
Against seven hundred, and made South'ron flee,
So may we now, thro' help of divine grace :
Take courage lads, and bravely show your face.
This wood we'll hold as long as we can stand,
To the last man we'll fight it sword in hand.
The right is ours, let's to it manfully,
I'll free this land once more before I die.'
Which speech did so their hearts to him engage,
And put their spirits upon such an edge,

That some eall'd out to take the field in plain :
 Wallace said no, ' These words are all in vain ;
 My thoughts and sentiments are no way such,
 This wood may prove to our advantage much :
 For though our courage be not wanting now,
 Yet pray, believe good conduct's needful too.'
 Then hewn wood and planks of oak did take,
 A strong barrier then quickly did he make ;
 And by the time that all was finish'd right,
 The English army came within their sight.
 Psewart attacks the wood with a bravade,
 But finds a strong and dev'lish barricade,
 There with a thousand men does wait and watch,
 And with five hundred Vallance does detach,
 To guard the wood, that not one single skin,
 Might 'scape the sword, of all that were within.
 Forty good archers Wallace had that tide,
 Which gall'd the English horse on ev'ry side.
 The rest were spearmen, long in war expert,
 Honour was all the thing they had at heart,
 As evidently over all was seen.
 By the defence at the encounter keen.
 A void was left where South'ron enter might,
 Forty at first were put to death on sight.
 Numbers of Horse were killed with the shot,
 The wounded reel'd, and to a plain they got.
 Psewart rampag'd to see both man and horse,
 So sore rebuted and put to the worse.
 Vallance advis'd he would forbear to fight,
 And rest his men close by the wood that night :
 For hunger soon would drive them from their strength,
 Then might he charge them in the field at length.
 Psewart reply'd, ' Tis dangerous to delay,
 If succour come to them what will you say,
 Along with me eight hundred men shall fare,
 All in a range to round the wood with care ;
 The rest they shall with thee continue still,
 To fight or be commanded at thy will.'
 Be brisk said Psewart, quickly him beset,
 For now I think he's fairly in the net.
 Could you but slay or take him upon life,
 King Edward sure would make you earl of Fife.'

When Wallace he their disposition saw,
 And Psewart's charge with so much rage and awe,
 ' Brave lads, he said, yon Psewart is a knight,
 Forward in wars, both hardy, wise, and wight.

Such an attack against us, and a sore,
 He does intend as you ne'er saw before :
 Since we're beset with foes on every side,
 And must per force here in this forest bide ;
 Take notice all, and mark well what I say,
 His first assault boldly resist I pray.'

Crawford he left, and Longoville the knight,
 At the barrier to keep it safe and tight.

Wallace himself quickly encounters them,
 Psewart with sixty 'gainst eight hundred men,
 Who fought so fierce, and show'd their valour so,
 No English man durst from his fellow go,
 To break his rank, or foremost enter in,
 So bloodily the dispute did begin ;
 On either side the spears in flinders flew,
 Numbers of English there the Scots men slew.

Vallance, at this time, sorely did assail
 Crawford, and the brave knight good Longoville ;
 Who boldly stood and did defend their ground,
 And at the entry hew'd the South'ron down,
 Thus were the Scots attack'd on ev'ry hand,
 Fifteen to one, too numerous a band.

Nothing they had now for't but do or die.

Psewart surpris'd was with such bravery,
 Who pressing on with a good sword of steel,
 Kill'd a stout Scot who had behaved weel.

Wallace enrag'd, did quickly vow revenge,
 And a sound blow with Psewart to exchange ;
 But troops of South'ron intervening soon,
 He miss'd his mark, though others he cut down.

Great slops the Scots made 'mong the South'ron ranks,
 From front to rear, and out through both their flanks.
 Eighty that time were slain without remead,
 And at the barrier fifty killed dead.

After this brisk repulse and fair defeat,
 Psewart he quickly caused sound retreat.
 And then consults what's proper next to do,
 Curses hard fate, 'cause beat by such a few

'The worthy Scots go into the barrier,
Wash all their wounds, refresh, and make good cheer.'

At many bouts, said Wallace, I have been,
But such a fierce attack have scarcely seen.'
Then from a strand of water running by,
He all his men supply'd abundantly;
Drank first himself, then said, in sober mood,
'The wine in France I ne'er thought half so good.'
Sir John concludes, in council, to be brief,
To fight no more till he get fresh relief;
And then, to starve, with hunger in the field,
The Scots, if they stood out, and did not yield.
Meantime he charg'd John Vallance to abide,
And keep them into Cooper till he'd ride :
Who said, 'such charge he would not undertake,
To fight all day, and then all night to wake.'
Psewart cry'd, 'Stay, or underlie the blame,
I then command, in good King Edward's name,
Or here to God I vow, without all scorn,
If they break out, to hang thee up the morn.'
Wallace was blyth when that he hear'd such strife,
Nothing e'er pleas'd him better all his life ;
And then drew near, at a fit time withal,
To the wood-side, and did on Vallance call.
'Yon knight, I think, would make a coward start,
Come in to us, (he surely has no heart)
And thou shalt have a lordship in thy hand,
Thy brother left behind him in this land.'
Vallance choos'd rather with the Scots to bide,
Than venture 's life upon the English side.
So in a moment all with one consent,
He and his men straight unto Wallace went.
Then Psewart said, 'I ne'er expected such
Base treatment;' but John Vallance mock'd him much.
By this Brave Ramsay, and good Ruthven then,
To Black Iron Side came with three hundred men.
Psewart the knight well hath their coming seen,
Who choos'd a plain, and drew up on the green,
Twelve hundred men he had, wanting a score,
The scots five hundred sixty, and no more.
Now to the wood good Wallace bids adieu,
Who all this time nothing of Ramsay knew,

And when he heard him shout, and Ruthven cry,
 How did his heart rejoice exceedingly!
 On either side quickly assembled they,
 And set the battle all in good array.
 The English, who were more in number far,
 By Psewart now in two divided are.
 The worthy Scots, so soon as they were drest,
 Most furiously among them quickly prest :
 And as they in the wood behaved well,
 So on the plain they fought as stout as steel.
 Had small respite from rising of the sun,
 Yet charg'd as fresh as if but new begun.
 Ramsay and Ruthven came with fresh relief,
 Unto the South'ron's sorrow and great grief,
 And of their carcases took a sound mends ;
 Dissever'd them in twenties and in tens.
 When spears were gone, with swords of metal clear,
 They pav'd their way in haste from front to rear.
 Wallace and his good men, by strength of hand,
 Made South'ron blood to stream out through the land,
 Three hundred English briskly in the end,
 Surround Sir John, and bravely him defend.
 The Scots who saw so many in a rout,
 With Psewart stand, and guarding him about,
 Upon their flanks did them attack full sore,
 And with their points their polish'd plates did bore.
 Ramsay inclin'd that Psewart he should yield,
 Rather than see him die upon the field.
 ' No, he shall die,' said Wallace, ' by God's grace ;
 He came to pay his ransom in this place.'
 The South'ron plainly saw that they must die,
 Souccour was none, suppose that they should fly.
 Freshly they fought as they had enter'd new,
 And some good men on the Scots side they slew.
 ' To please our king, said Psewart, and his laws,
 We lose our lives in an unrighteous cause.'
 With that he struck brave Bisset to the death,
 For which good Wallace quickly stopt his breath ;
 Who with one stroke cut him down with his sword,
 And after that he never spoke a word :
 But to the ground rush'd down with all his might,
 By Wallace' hand thus died that gallant knight.

The rest were kill'd, what could the Scots do more ;
 Then all lament the loss of Bisset sore.
 Ruthven for Perth to march he ready makes,
 And Sir John Ramsay Cooper castle takes ;
 Wallace and Crawford, Guthrie, Longoville,
 And Richard, takes Lundores that day to Beil.
 Vallance was steward, who abundantly
 With meat and drink did bravely them supply.
 The English all flee fast before them now,
 As does the bishop of St. Andrews too :
 He would not Wallace' coming there abide,
 So dirt fear'd was ev'n for all Scotland wide.
 Their worthy knight that into Cooper lay,
 Seiz'd all their riches on the second day.
 And at command of Wallace did cast down,
 And raze that place unto the very ground.
 Then unto Crail did suddenly repair,
 But only found there walls and buildings bare.
 The English then troop'd off all in a string,
 And through all Fife the Scots did rant and reign.
 No Englishmen was left, for all did fly,
 Save in Lochleven one single company.
 A knight, Musgrove, that did command Kinghorn,
 The merest coward that was ever born,
 Hearing that Wallace would attack the place,
 Fled and deserted to his great disgrace.
 Wallace possest the houſe, and on the morn,
 To Scotland's Well does with his men return.
 When night was come they supp'd, and went to rest,
 But still Lochleven stuck in Wallace's breast,
 To which he pass'd near middle of the night,
 With eighteen chosen men, all stout and tight.
 'Courage, brave boys,' he said, 'and never flinch,
 The South'ron now lie sleeping in yon inch ;
 Since honour's to be won, let's venture for't,
 If we get o'er, we shall have pleasant sport.
 Do you remain all here upon the spot,
 I'll try if I can bring you o'er their boat.'
 Quickly he stript, with his brave sword and good,
 Bound round his neck, and leap'd into the flood.
 Over he swims and very quickly then,
 Seizes the boat, then brings her to his men.

Who, when array'd, no longer did abide,
 But jumped in, and row'd to th' other side.
 The inch they took boldly with sword in hand,
 And spared none before them that they fand.
 To wives and bairns he mercy still did shew,
 But thirty men upon the spot he slew.
 To call good Ramsay he hath orders giv'n,
 To dine with him, if he pleas'd, at Lochleven.
 Sent out a man, the South'ron horse to keep,
 Drew up the boat, then went to bed to sleep.
 The messenger good Ramsay did surprise,
 Who with unusual briskness him did rise.
 'My, lord, good sir, does kindly you invite
 Unto Lochleven to eat a dish of meat.'
 Ramsay got up, and march'd with all his men,
 And there carous'd full eight days to an end.
 Turs'd off the goods that South'ron had brought there.
 Cans'd burn the boat, then unto Perth repair.
 There Bishop Sinclair met them in a trice,
 And wisely gave to Wallace his advice :
 Jop to the north for more supply was sent ;
 For none alive the country better kent.
 Good Mr. Blair, in sacerdotal weed,
 Went to the west to warn his friends with speed,
 How unto Wallace they might safely get :
 The South'ron had their passage so beset.
 Brave Adam Wallace, and good Lindsay, fare
 To Earl Malcolm, where they welcome were.
 There was the noble Graham, and Lundie brave,
 And Boyd, like men, are new rais'd from their grave.
 Jop marched on, Cumming Lord Buchan was,
 For old envy he suffer'd none to pass.
 Yet poor men came to Wallace as they might,
 For to defend old ancient Scotland's right.
 The Rannald young to serve his country bent,
 Good men from Murray hath to Wallace sent.
 Jop did return unto his master soon,
 And told him all, though little he got done :
 But Mr. Blair such noble tidings brought,
 That of the Cumming Wallace reckon'd nought.
 Wallace, who did the fit occasion ken,
 March'd straight from Perth, and with him fifty men.

Good Irish Stephen, and Kierly who was wight,
In watchmen's garb to Wallace march'd on sight
Upon more force to wait he had no mind,
And left the rest to keep the land behind,
By Stirling bridge to march he did not please,
For English men hum there as thick as bees :
But over Airth they ferried hastily,
And lurked in a private place hard by.
A cruel captain dwelt in Airth that year,
An English man, whose name was Thomlin Weir :
One hundred men were at his lodging still,
Possest that land according to their will,
A Scottish fisher seiz'd, who, out of fear,
Unto their service made the fellow swear.
Jop early went the passage for to spy,
And on the fisher happen'd suddenly :
Then ask'd him, ' What countrymen art thou ?'
' A Scot,' he said, ' but South'ron made me vow
Unto their service, sore against my mind ;
Pox on the pack, I love none of their kind.
A fishing I came o'er to this north side,
A Scotsman if you be, I'll with you bide.'
When Jop to Wallace told the poor man's case,
They all rejoic'd to see the fisher's face.
Since with his boat they might good passage have,
Not valuing what the poor man should crave.
To the south land most gladly they did fare,
Then broke the boat when they were landed there.
Out through the moss they marched with good speed,
To the Tor-wood the fisher did them lead :
A widow there brought tidings in short space,
Of Wallace' friend that dwelt at Dunipace ;
Thomlin of Weir had him in prison put,
Which Wallace vex'd, and to the heart him cut.
Dame, said good Wallace, he shall loosed be,
The morn by noon, and set at liberty.
They ate and drank, and quiet there abode,
And on the morrow early took the road.
Toward Airth-hill his force with him he drew,
Where was a strength that well the fisher knew.
A private way the fisher him directs,
Then to the South'ron paid his best respects,

O'er a small bridge into the hall he got,
 And then salutes in rage and fury hot,
 With shearing swords clinking out o'er their crown:
 There without mercy hew'd the South'ron down.
 Thomlin of Weir, he through the body clave,
 And his good men did soon despatch the lave.
 Through all the room the blood gush'd boiling hot,
 One hundred men lay dead upon the spot.
 Then to relieve his uncle went along,
 In a deep cave, who lay in fetters strong.
 Before that time his uncle ne'er had been
 So glad as when good Wallace he had seen.
 Into deep ditches the dead corpse were cast,
 And carefully their watches plac'd, at last
 Upon the morrow gather'd up the spoil,
 Both gold and jewels to reward their toil.
 South'ron came in, but quickly changed hues,
 For none went back to tell their neighbours news.
 Stephen of Ireland, Kierly who was wight,
 These two did keep the port the second night.
 Ere it was day the worthy Scots arose,
 Truss'd off their spoil, and to the Tor-wood goes.
 Now since at Airth the Scots have done their best,
 Let's see what came of them went to the west.

CHAPTER III.

How Wallace burnt the English in Dumbarton.

WALLACE and his good men march'd all the night,
 And to Dumbarton came ere it was light.
 Then at a widow's house did quickly call,
 And whisper'd softly to her: through the wall.
 Whose voice so soon as the good woman knew,
 Unto her clothes immediately she drew.
 In a close barn him and his men she got,
 Good meat and drink in truth he wanted not.
 Then unto Wallace gave oae hundred pound,
 To make his supper go the better down.
 Nine sons she had, good likely men and tight,
 An oath to him she made them swear on sight.
 There he remain'd secure, and never budg'd,
 But caus'd mark all the doors where South'ron lodg'd.

Then all march'd on, and silence closely kept,
 Unto the gate, where they securely slept.
 An English captain, and nine of his mates,
 Drinking too late, did brag of mighty feats :
 ' Had I good Wallace,' one said in a rage,
 ' I would think nothing with him to engage.'
 Another there his head and neck would pawn,
 He'd tie Sir John the Graham with strength of hand,
 A third, he'd fight the Boyd with a good sword,
 (' Twould suit him better far to fight a bird.)
 Another wish'd for Lundie by his life,
 And some for Seaton, in that drunken strife.
 When Wallace heard the South'ron make such din,
 He boldly all alone himself went in :
 Then with a brave bold countenance and stout,
 Saluted them most handsomely about :
 ' I'm from my travels come, Gentles,' said he,
 ' Longing your conquest of the Scots to see.
 Some of your drink, and other cheer I'd have.'
 The captain then a saucy answer gave.
 ' Thou seem'st a Scot, likely to be a spy,
 And mayest be one of Wallace' company ;
 Which, if thou be, nothing shall thee protect
 Of being hang'd up quickly by the neck.'
 Wallace thought, then, it was not time to stand,
 His noble sword fast gripped in his hand ;
 With such a stroke the captain did surprise,
 As cut off all that stood above the eyes.
 Another then he killed in great ire,
 A third he threw into the burning fire,
 Kierly and Stephen came in with courage true,
 And kill'd the rest of all the drunken crew.
 The hostler, then, without further delay,
 Directed Wallace where the South'ron lay,
 Who set their lodgings all in a fair low
 About their ears, and burn'd them stab and stow.
 ' Then to Dumbarton cave, with merry speed,
 March'd long ere day, a quick exploit indeed.
 Towards Rosneath next night they past along,
 Where English men possest that castle strong :
 Who that same day unto a wedding go,
 Four score in number at the least, or moe.

In their return the Scots upon them set,
 Where forty did their death-wounds fairly get:
 The rest scour'd off, and to the castle fled,
 But Wallace, who in war was nicely bred,
 He did the entry to the castle win,
 And slew the South'ron all were found therein.
 After the fliers did pursue with speed,
 None did escape him, all were cut down dead.
 On their purveyance seven days lodged there,
 At their own ease, and merrily did fare,
 Some South'ron came to visit their good kin,
 But none went out, be sure, that once came in.
 After he had set fire unto the place,
 March'd straight to Falkland in a little space.
 There Earl Malcolm was, of glorious fame,
 Richard of Lundie, and Sir John the Graham;
 Good Adam Wallace, that true-hearted Scot,
 Barclay, and Boyd, and others of great note.
 With them he kept his yool and holy days,
 Who past their time in feasting, sport, and plays:
 Till tidings came of his dear mother's death,
 Who to Almighty had resign'd her breath.
 Then did he order Jop and Mr. Blair,
 To bury her, and no expense to spare.
 Who posted off with speed, did not defer,
 And honourably did her corpse inter.
 His mourning, Wallace soon threw off, for he
 Had most at heart how Scotland he might free.

CHAPTER IV.

How Sir William Douglas won the Castle at Sanquhar by a jeopardy. How Wallace rescued him from the English, and put them out of those parts.

SIR William Douglas, as old writers record,
 Of Douglas' dale at that time was the lord,
 By his deceased lady he had now
 Two likely sons for strength and courage too;
 Whose nat'ral parts all greatness did presage,
 When at the schools, and but of tender age.
 In knowledge that they might the more advance,
 They're quickly sent to the best schools in France.

Their father, that most noble valiant knight,
 King Edward had detain'd against all right :
 Till with the Lady Ferres he'd conclude
 A match, which after prov'd not for his good.
 Two sons he had by this young lady fair,
 And then got leave for Scotland to repair.
 Accordingly his lady, sons and he,
 Came all to Douglas, and liv'd pleasantly.
 King Edward thought that he had steadfast been
 To him, but faith the contrair soon was seen ;
 The old Scots blood remained in him still,
 Which to the English never bore good will.
 That time the Sanquhar was a castle strong,
 For which the Scots did suffer frequent wrong.
 An English captain did command the same,
 Was Bewford call'd, a pox upon his name ;
 To Douglas' lady was a kinsman near,
 From him no harm on that account did fear.
 But when Sir William saw Wallace in plain,
 Was likely to free Scotland once again,
 He, as a true born Scotsman, thought he should
 Give all assistance to him that he could.
 To which a cheerful heart he ready found,
 Being by force to Edward only bound.
 To Thomas Dickson ; a young man, and bold,
 His inclination then he quickly told :
 How he design'd, with all his pow'r and might,
 To frighten and surprise the English knight.
 'I have,' said Dickson, 'a good friend indeed,
 John Anderson, who firewood does lead
 Unto the castle ; stout and true, like steel,
 To him I'll go, and all the case reveal.'
 Into a moment, good Sir William then,
 Prepared thirty stout well chosen men.
 He told his lady to Dumfries he went,
 To meet some English that had to him sent.
 Then march'd all night, upon them fast did draw,
 And in a cleugh, lurk'd by the water Craw.
 Dickson to Sanquhar goes, and tarries not,
 And with John Anderson makes up a plot,
 That he should take John's horses and his weed,
 By it was day, a draught of wood to lead.

John was a clever and auld farrand boy,
As you shall hear by the ensuing ploy.
Meantime, good Anderson unto him told
Ingeniously, the whole strength of the hold.
'Forty, they are, all men of great avail,
Be that on foot they'll surely you assail :
But if you chance the entry for to get,
A great pole axe on your right hand is set ;
Which may defend you stoutly in the throng ;
Be Douglas wise, he'll not stay from you long.'
Then Anderson the ambush, by and by,
Near to the castle led most privately.
Dickson is with the draught of green wood gone,
Who to the castle whistling came anon,
Array'd in Anderson's old rural weed,
To whom the porter opened with speed ;
Who said, 'This hour you might have staid away ;
'Thou art untim'ous, for its scarcely day.'
Dickson his draught got in by lucky fate,
Then cut the cords, and all fel in the gate.
The porter twice out o'er the head he struck,
And kill'd him dead, prodigious good luck !
The axe he got whereof his friend had spoke,
And gave a sign, wherat the ambush broke.
Douglas was foremost, faith he made no stand,
But oe'r the wood march'd straight with sword in hand :
Three watchmen kill'd within the close that hour,
And won the gate that leads to the great tow'r :
Ran up the stair where the good captain lay,
Who trembling stood, and fain would been away ;
Too late he was, Douglas struck up the door,
And stick'd him dead where he stood on the floor,
Then took the house, put Southron all to death,
None did escape, save one, with life or breath.
The fellow fled in haste to Durisdear,
And told the captain all in panic fear.
Who to the Knoch caus'd another go,
And warn Lochmabane, Tibbers-muir also.
The country also bragg'd no less to do,
Than siege the castle and hang Douglas too.
Sir William then most prudently on sight,
Dickson despatch'd to warn the Wallace wight.

Who in the Lennox very boldly then
Did lie encamped with four hundred men.
On which he marches, makes no longer stay,
Unto the castle of Kilsyth that day ;
Where Ravindale numbers of South'ron had,
But was himself that time in Cumbernauld.
The Earl Malcolm posted was hard by,
In ambush with two hundred men to lie,
To guard the house ; the rest himself he took
Into the wood, and made one sharply look
About, and spy when Ravindale he came,
For they design'd him and his men some game.
Who when betwixt the bushments two he got,
He and his men were all kill'd on the spot.
To siege the castle would no longer stay,
But march'd and burnt Linlithgow in his way ;
Where South'ron dwelt ; and on the morrow sent,
And burn'd Dalkeith ; then to Newbottle went.
Lauder by this, and Seaton of renown,
Came from the Bass, and burn'd North Berwick town
And with an hundred men in armour bright,
Do Wallace meet, which was a joyful sight.
Dickson he also met with Wallace now,
Who promis'd soon the Douglas to rescue.
Brave Hugh the Hay, in noble order then
To Peebles came with fifty valiant men.
And Rutherford, that ever true had been,
With sixty men, cruel in war, and keen,
Courageously all marched then along,
And numb'red were good eight hundred strong.
By this the South'ron Sanquhar do beset,
Thinking they had brave Douglas in the net :
But news of Wallace came with such a thud,
As quickly put a fright unto their fud.
For Wallace scarce to Crawford then had got,
When shame a tail remain'd upon the spot.
The siege thus rais'd in hurry and great fray,
The bumbaz'd South'ron scamper'd all away.
Which news when Wallace heard, he that same night,
Three hundred horsemen chose in harness light.
The Earl Malcolm quickly order'd he,
To follow on, a good rearguard to be.

Thro' Durisdear pursues this chieftain bold,
The plainest way, 'bove Morton, then does hold.
At Closeburn, when the South'ron came in sight,
He charg'd and kill'd seven score into the fight.
When South'ron saw the case had happen'd so,
To rally then they make a faint sham show,
With Wallace to debate in open fields,
But Earl Malcolm close was at their heels.
At which they thought it was not time to stay,
But each man fled, and made the best o's way.
Wallace and the good Earl do pursue,
And in the flight demolish'd not a few.
Five hundred good they and their men have cast
Dead to the ground ere they Dalswinton past.
The wearied horses march no farther can,
Though all the men were fresh as they began.
Wallace and Graham must then dismount per force,
And take their foot, good fate it was no worse.
So fierce they follow without fear or dread,
None but the horse could equal them in speed.
Their strokes so heavy, dreadfal were and sore,
Whome'er they hit did grieve the Scots no more.
Then a new party, men of note and fame,
With good fresh horses unto Wallace came.
Good Currie and the Johnston stout and gay,
Kirkpatrick and the trusty Halliday.
Seven score new men came up, a brave recruit,
Who noble service did in the pursuit.
Good Currie there brave Wallace hors'd again,
Who quickly hath three English captains slain.
Of Durisdear, Enoch, and Tibber's-muir,
The dint of his good sword none could endure.
The Maxwell also out of Carlav'rock drew,
And did the South'ron furiously pursue.
Beside Cock Pool sonnd payment there they got,
Some drowned were, and some kill'd on the spot.
Wallace return'd, and in Carlav'rock bode,
And to Dumfries upon the morrow rode.
Proclaim'd his peace to all within those bounds,
That would assist against the South'ron lowns.
No longer there at that time did abide,
For South'ron fled from Scotland on each side.

The towns and castles Scots men then possest,
And rul'd the land, and then the land had rest.
Brave Douglas had behav'd so nobly there,
Was keeper made from Drumlanrig to Air.
Mean time his lady counterfeits her spite,
And, like a serpent, waits her time to bite.
By this the English captains all did flee,
Excepting Morton who held out Dundee,
Which Wallace vex'd, and greatly disoblig'd,
Therefore he march'd, and closely him besieged.
Morton does beg his life, and then he'd go
For England straight; but Wallace answered, 'No;
All England shall example of thee take;
Thou shalt be hanged for King Edward's sake.'
When Wallace had confirm'd the siege, then he
The Serimzior made constable of Dundee.
One Ballinger of England who was there,
Past out of Tay, and came to Quithy fair;
To London wrote, and told of Wallace' vow,
And in what pickle Morton labour'd now;
Which tidings put King Edward to a stance,
And call'd him home, who fighting was in France.
Then did he charge and summon Bruce by name,
To answer, or to underlie the blame;
And all the rest who liv'd under his crown,
Bishop and baron got a summons soon.
I leave him here to his new hellish plots;
From which, good God! preserve the sakeless Scots!
The English that time Guyen land possest,
And did that country very much infest,
On which account a herald does advance,
Express to Wallace from the king of France.
Praying he'd come and charge the South'ron lowns.
And once more chase them from his Gallie bounds
This message from the king received he,
When busy at the siege before Dundee.
The herald there he entertain'd at large,
Most splendidly on his own proper charge.
And told him all the great feats he had done,
But that he could not give an answer soon,
Until he saw what Edward did contrive
And plot against the Scots, ill may he thrive.

The wits of France have with the herald sent,
 A brave description, and a fine comment
 On Wallace' actions, and his person rare,
 To either which the age could not compare.
 In stature he was full nine quarter high,
 When measur'd, at least, without a lie ;
 Betwixt his shoulders was three quarters broad,
 Such length and breadth would now-a-days seem odd.
 Was no fatigue but what he could endure ;
 Great, but well shaped limbs, voice strong and sture ;
 Burning brown hair, his brows and eye-bries light ;
 Quick piercing eyes like to the diamonds bright ;
 A well proportion'd visage, long and sound ;
 Nose square and neat, with ruddy lips and round.
 His breast was high, his neck was thick and strong ;
 A swinging hand, with arms both large and long.
 Grave in his speech, his colour sanguine fine,
 A beauteous face, wherein did honour shine.
 In time of peace, mild as a lamb would be,
 When war approach'd, a Hector stout was he ;
 Riches he mock'd, submitted all to fate,
 Gave what he won, like Alexander great ;
 To Scotsmen he great trust and credit gave,
 But a known foe could never him deceive.
 Such qualities men did to him advance,
 Who were the very greatest wits in France ;
 Which Mr. Blair mark'd all in Wallace' book,
 On which you're kindly welcome now to look.
 But at the siege as Wallace earnest lay,
 Jop brought him tidings on a certain day,
 How Edward came with a great force along,
 An army of an hundred thousand strong.
 Wallace commands Scrimzior quickly then,
 There to command eight thousand of his men.
 And close besiege the South'ron in that place,
 That none might thence escape in any case.
 Wallace himself did with two thousand ride
 To Perth, where he some few days did abide ;
 Toward the south his march did then begin,
 With his brave lads, all in a merry pin.
 King Edward does to young Lord Woodstock send
 And orders him to march ten thousand men

To Stirling bridge, and there to keep the pass,
 Who, when he came, behav'd just like an ass ;
 Without regard to orders cross'd the Forth,
 And with his men march'd straight unto the north ,
 But for his folly very soundly paid,
 Who had his king's command thus disobey'd.

BOOK XI.

CHAPTER I.

The battle of Falkirk.

YOUNG Woodstock now, all in his airs is go~~th~~,
 He'll Wallace fight, rescue Dundee, what not !
 But was surpris'd, when looking round about,
 He Wallace saw with him eight thousand stout,
 Old hardy boys, which made him change his hue,
 And on a sudden look both pale and blue ;
 But finding them in number less than he,
 Resolves to fight, and not a foot to flee ;
 On Sheriff-muir Wallace drew up his men,
 Who had eight thousand 'gainst Lord Woodstock's ten.
 There furiously the armies do engage
 Each other in a desp'rate bloody rage.
 The hardy Scots together stuck so true,
 In rank and file seven thousand Southron slew.
 Three thousand more, who fought and would not yield,
 Were quickly all cut down upon the field.
 Lord Woodstock dead among them also lay,
 Not one escap'd the sword that fatal day.
 Silver and gold, horses, and other spoil,
 Scots men got to remunerate their toil.
 Without a halt to Stirling bridge they ride,
 And all pass over to the other side.
 Then carpenters and craftsmen quickly call,
 Who presently undo the passage all.
 To the Dridfoord Wallace he had them syne,
 Who order'd all according to his mind

Then made he Lauder very quickly pass,
Along the coast where any vessel was,
And men with him, who searched ev'ry nook,
And from each boat a board or two they took.
In Stirling then lay with his foot and horse,
Watching what way the English bent their force,
The Earl Malcolm came to Wallace then,
With the brave Lennox lads, true hearted men.
Sir John the Graham came also speedily,
Attended with a glorious company.
Who tidings brought King Edward was at hand,
Ev'n at Torphichen with his South'ron band.
Stewart of Bute, with a great number next,
To Wallace came, for battle bravely fixt.
Who on the morrow, with his Cumming arch,
Each with ten thousand to Falkirk did march.
Ten thousand also of brave valiant men,
Wallace drew quickly up in order then.
There Earl Malcolm was, of mighty fame,
And that renowned night Sir John the Graham.
Seaton and Lander, Boyd the stout and tight,
And Adam Wallace, a most noble sight.
Then by express came information sure,
The South'ron all were in Slamannan-muir,
Pitching their tents, setting pavilions down,
By south Falkirk, a little above the town.
Jop view'd their number as they march'd along,
Which was computed one hundred thousand strong,
Nevertheless the Scots do courage take,
At sight of Wallace, and all fear forsake.
The Cumming here, fy on him for a Scot,
Gainst Wallace does contrive a hellish plot.
Told the Lord Stewart, Wallace had no right
To lead the van before him in the fight.
Which bred great heat betwixt the gallant two,
So subtily Cumming the coal did blow.
The Stewart then does toward Wallace make,
• Pray, Sir, what course is proper now to take,
For Edward comes with a prodigious power?
• To fight,' said Wallace, ' There's no other cure
With far more troops I've seen yon king appear,
And soundly beat with fewer men than here.

Let's to it then, for we have men anew,
Likely and good, providing they be true.'
Then Stewart said, 'The van-guard he would have.'
Wallace reply'd, 'As God my soul shall save,
That shall ye not, I'll grant you no such thing,
Nor no man else, except my righteous king.
Twice have I rescu'd this my native land,
And shall I now resign my old command.
I'll let you know, its neither brag nor boast,
Will bully me out of my righteous post.
So much a fool I am not, Sir, by half,
At such a time to quit my marshal staff.'
To which the Stewart answered again,
'The owl did of his feather's once complain :
At which dame nature took a feather fair,
From ev'ry bird, and him deliver'd there.
Which gift the owl no sooner did receive,
Than he thro' pride rebuted all the lave.
Why then so high, Sir ? does it not appear;
That you condemn all but yourself are here ?
Then of your men be not so vain, but mind,
Had each his own you should have few behind.'
Wallace, enrag'd, flew in a flame of fire,
And too too rashly, called the Stewart liar.
'No owl I am, for I have often been,
At the noon day where thou durst not be seen,
Fighting thy foes, for glory, not for pelf ;
This parable thou speak'st against thyself.
It is the Cumming has thee thus advis'd,
I know his speech, tho' masked and disguis'd.
From danger great, I did relieve that slave,
And this is all the thanks I now receive.
No succour then expect from me this day :'
Then wheel'd, and with ten thousand rode away.
Great comfort this did to the English yield,
And almost forc'd the Scots to leave the field.
At once the Stewart grieving much he swore,
'Cumming should rue his base advice full sore
For that he now did very plainly see
His plot was only self and treachery.'
The Earl Hartford 'gainst the Stewart then
Advanc'd with thirty thousand Englishmen,

Whom the brave Stewart charg'd so fierce and hot,
 That Hartford's men lay dead upon the spot.
 When spears were broke, boldly their swords they drew,
 And twenty thousand of the South'ron slew.
 The rest they fled unto their king with grief,
 Who sent ten thousand for a fresh relief.
 Which when the noble champion Wallace saw,
 And the brave Scots up in battle draw,
 Held up his hands, and fervently did say,
 ' O God assist yon lord, I humbly pray,
 And though he be with fresh force overset,
 Grant he the victory o'er his foes may get.'
 By this the Bruce and Bishop Beik do then
 Fiercely advance with forty thousand men.
 When Wallace did the Bruce's banner know,
 ' Good God,' said he, ' how does this world go ;
 To see a man so forward and so rude,
 As fight against his native flesh and blood ?
 Were I but free of my rash oath and vow,
 I'd either die, or Stewart brave rescue.'
 Kindness said, ' Pray rescue him from the foe.'
 But will said, ' Nay, why fool wilt thou do so ?
 Kindness reply'd, ' They are good Scottish men :'
 On that, said will, ' I cannot much depend.
 Had they been good, as one we all had been,
 The contrair whereof now is plainly seen.'
 Tho' one be false, said kindness, ' That ne'er shall
 Make us neglect the rest, and lose them all,
 Who have behav'd so well, and South'ron slain,
 Rescue them now, and thereby honour gain ;
 Then on the rogue occasion'd all the strife,
 Avenge thyself, if he be found in life.'
 Will said, ' This day they shall not helped be,
 What I have said shall still be said for me.'
 With that the tears, unto their great surprise,
 Burst out and trickled down from both his eyes.
 Sir John the Graham, and many others more,
 For the brave Stewart weep'd wondrous sore ;
 To see him with such numbers overpower'd,
 While cowardly the Cumming fled and scour'd.
 The men of Bute, before their lord they stood,
 Defending him in streams of their own blood ;

Till at the last, so faint and weary grown,
They by the Bruce are all quite overthrown.
And brave Lord Stewart, scorning for to yield,
With his good men, lay dead upon the field.
Then Wallace turn'd about to his men true,
'My lords,' said he, 'What's proper now to do?
If we turn east for strength in Lothian land,
They'll us pursue with all their num'rous band.
Take we the muir, King Edward is before,
We have but one thing for't, without words more :
To the Torwood, in order all complete,
Through Bruce's host we'll fight a brave retreat.'
To which they all did cheerfully consent,
And as one man were all alike content.
Good Wallace then mounting his horse on sight,
March'd at the head in shining armour bright.
With harness'd horse, when to the host he drew,
The cry arose, and spears in pieces flew.
So fiercely fought the Scots, that by and by,
Eight thousand South'ron on the field did lie.
Ere Bruce and Beik their men got in array,
Wallace pass'd through, and cleanly cut his way ;
Then gave command to march his host in sight,
To the Torwood with all the speed they might.
He and Sir John the Graham, and Lauder then,
Staid with three hundred stout west country men,
Expert in war, would hazard any thing,
Who do attack some of the en'mies wing.
No spears they had, but swords of temper'd steel,
As to their smart the Englishmen did feel :
For ere the Bruce thereof could knowledge have,
Wallace had sent three hundred to their grave.
With thirty thousand men Bruce did pursue.
His native Scots, the South'ron to rescue.
And order'd Beik for a relief to be ;
Which when good Wallace did observe and see
'Alas!' said he, 'how Bruce with all his might,
Does ruin and destroy his own true right.'
Wallace commands his men to their own host,
And staid behind for all the Bruce's boast.
Yea, on their front so fiercely in he broke,
A South'ron there he slew at ev'ry stroke :

But when retiring, wo is me therefore,
Under the haunch the Bruce did wound him sore,
At which the Graham and Lauder so enrag'd,
Did cut down all with whom they once engag'd.
For they alone bravely maintain'd their ground,
While Wallace was a dressing of his wound.
Who with three hundred very quickly came
To rescue Lauder and the noble Graham.
Then with fresh force does Bishop Beik appear,
Who makes the Scots seven acres broad retire.
Yet were they two delivered there full well,
By Wallace' hand, and a good sword of steel.
At this successful, brisk, and bold rescue,
The awful Bruce three gallant Scotsmen slew :
Then with great fury, with a spear or lance,
At Wallace struck, but miss'd him by good chance.
To whom a backward stroke good Wallace gave,
Which his horse neck and spear asunder clave.
Bruce was at ground ere Wallace look'd about,
But was rehors'd by valiant men and stout :
And Wallace all alone left in the stour ;
Which Graham perceiving, spite of all their power,
Bravely advanc'd, and struck an English knight,
Before the Bruce, upon the baironet right,
So furiously that, with a single blow,
He cut him down, and then away did go.
But oh ! my heart does grieve and bleed to tell,
What after this the noble Graham befel ;
A subtile English knight, there suddenly
An open 'twixt his harnesss did espy,
Through which, alas ! who can forbear the tear ?
He in his bowels thrust his bloody spear :
And yet the Graham, for all his mortal wound,
Turn'd, kill'd the knight, and rush'd him to the ground,
Then Christianly, in temper calm and sweet,
To the Almighty did resign his sp'rit.
When Wallace saw the gallant Graham was gone.
How did it rack him to the very bone.
Like one demented, and from reason rent,
Amidst the South'ron host with fury went,
Enraged at the loss of Graham that day,
He cut down all that came into his way.

When Bruce perceiv'd Wallace in such rage,
 He order'd spearmen with him to engage.
 To kill his horse that he might not escape,
 They thought him all a devil in man's shape.
 Then did the Southron spears on ev'ry side
 Pierce his good horse with cruel wounds and wide :
 In this sad pickle, Wallace, by and by,
 Thought it convenient for him now to fly,
 Spurr'd up his horse, lamenting still for Graham,
 Then to his forks at Carron water came.
 The sea was in, they stopped there and stood,
 Aloud he cry'd, and bade them take the flood.
 Accordingly the host they all obey,
 He follows on in all the haste he may ;
 Who clad was with a heavy coat of mail,
 Which made him fear his wounded horse would fail ;
 Yet through the flood he bore him to the land,
 Then fell down dead (poor beast) upon the sand.
 But Kierly soon remounted Wallace wight,
 Upon a horse, both able, sound, and tight ;
 Rode to his host ; but, oh ! Graham was away,
 And fifteen more brave Scots on Magd'lane day.
 Yet thirty thousand of the Southron crew,
 Most certainly that day the Scots men slew.
 What by the Stewart stout, and Wallace wight,
 To Edward sure a most confounding sight.
 To the Tor-wood Wallace commands his host,
 Kierly and he march along Carron coast.
 A party on the other side they spy,
 Bruce marching first, who does on Wallace cry,
 ' What art thou there ? ' ' a man,' Wallace did say :
 ' Yes,' said the Bruce, ' that hast thou prov'd this day.
 ' Abide,' he said, ' thou need'st not now to flee.'
 Wallace reply'd, ' Its not for fear of thee.'
 ' To talk with thee,' the Bruce said, ' I desire.'
 ' Say on,' said he, ' thou may'st for little hire ;
 Ride from thy host, let them abide with Beik,
 I fain would hear what thou inclines to speak.'
 ' What is the cause,' said Bruce, ' thou wilt not cease
 From bloody wars, who mayest live in peace ?'
 ' Its thy own fault,' said Wallace, ' be it known,
 Who shamefully doth fight against thy own,

I claim no right to rule but to defend
 My native land from Edward and his men.
 This day thou'st lost two noble knights and bold,
 Worth more than millions of the finest gold ;
 The Stewart stout, the gallant Graham and wise ;
 With that the tears came trickling down his eyes ;
 Thou that should be our true and righteous king,
 Destroys thy own—a cruel horrid thing ;
 But 'gainst the Southron I must tell you, sir,
 Come life, come death, I'll fight with all my bir :
 ' But wilt thou do as I shall counsel give,'
 Said Bruce, ' and as a lord thou mayest live
 At thy own will, and enjoy ev'ry thing
 In peace, if thou wilt hold of Edward king ?'
 ' No, no,' said Wallace, ' with disdain and scorn,
 I'd rather choose be hang'd up on the morn ;
 The great God knows the wars I took in hand,
 Was to keep free what thou does now 'gainstand ;
 In cursed time thou was for Scotland born,
 O runnagado, faithless, and mansworn.
 I vow to God, may I thy master be,
 In any field thou shalt far rather die,
 Than Turk or Pagan ; this I shall keep good,
 Thou grand devourer of thy native blood.'
 Bruce smil'd, and said, with power you're overset,
 You'll ne'er the upper hand of Edward get.
 Wallace reply'd, ' this day we're stronger far,
 And I am sure much more expert in war,
 Than when at Biggar, where he run for fear,
 And left his host, so doubtless shall he here.
 Shall I leave Scotland now in such a plight ?
 No, faith, not I, till I redress its right.'
 Well, said the Brue, it now draws towards night,
 Will you meet me the morrow when it's light,
 At Dunipace, and I do promise fair,
 By nine o'clock to hear thy counsel there ?
 No, Wallace said, tho' Edward had it sworn,
 I'll have a bout with him ere nine the morn ;
 But if thou'l't meet me at the hour of three,
 By all that's good I doubtless shall thee see ;
 Bruce promis'd with twelve Scots men to be there,
 Wallace with ten, which both kept to a hair.

Thus did they part, and Bruce rode on his way,
 Near to Linlithgow where King Edward lay.
 Into the king's pavilion then does get,
 Where with the lords he was at supper set.
 Bruce sitting down in his own vacant seat,
 Call'd for no water, but went straight to meat.
 Tho' all his weapons and his other weed
 Were stain'd with blood, yet he began to feed ;
 The South'ron lords did mock him in terms rude,
 And said, behold yon Seot eats his own blood !
 The king he blush'd at this so home a jest,
 And caus'd bring water to the Bruce in haste.
 They bade him wash, he told them he would not,
 The blood is mine, which vexes most my thought.
 Then did he sadly to his mind recall,
 And did believe what Wallace told him all.
 With rueful thoughts, the Bruce most sadly tost,
 I leave, and follow Wallace to his host.
 At the Tor-wood, where speedily he goes,
 Slept a little, and thereafter rose.
 His host, consisting of ten thousand men,
 Drew quickly up in noble order then ;
 The Earl Malcolm, Ramsay, Lundie wight,
 Command five thousand gallant men and tight ;
 Wallace himself, Lauder, and Seaton, have
 Led on five thousand valiant men and brave.
 With them good Wallace was of Richardtoun,
 Who never spar'd, but hew'd the South'ron down.
 All were array'd in armour bright and clean,
 March'd to the field where the great fight had been,
 There narrowly they search'd all the same,
 And found the corpse of good Sir John the Graham,
 Whom when good Wallace saw, he lighted down,
 And did embrace that knight of high renown.
 With sorrow great, beholding his pale face,
 He kiss'd his mouth, and often cry'd, 'alas !
 My dearest brother that I ever had,
 My only friend, when I was hard bested ;
 My hope, my health, O man of honour great,
 My faithful aid, and strength in every strait ;
 Thy matchless wisdom cannot here be told,
 Thy noble manhood, truth and, courage bold :

Wisely thou knew to rule and to govern,
 Yea, virtue was thy chief and great concern.
 A bounteous hand, a heart as true as steel,
 A steady mind, most courteous and genteel.
 When I this kingdom did at first rescue,
 Great honour then I'm sure to thee was due.
 Wherefore I vow to the great God, and swear,
 Thy death shall be to Southron bought full dear.
 Martyr thou art for Scotland's right this day,
 Which I'll avenge with all the might I may.
 With that he sigh'd, and hugg'd him o'er again,
 Was no man there from weeping could refrain.
 Then in Falkirk prepares his sepulchre,
 And does his noble corpse in pomp inter.
 On his tomb-stone the following epitaph
 They wrote, which put the Southron in a chaff.

*Mente manuque potens, et Vallæ fidus Achates,
 Constitur hic Gramius bello, interfelix ab Anglis.*

Of mind and courage stont
 Wallace's true Achates ;
 Here lies Sir John the Graham,
 Fell'd by the English ladies

Unto the Bruce, Wallace he forthwith rade,
 To the appointment was betwixt them made,
 At sight of whom his face flush'd in a flame,
 When he thought on the loss of gallant Graham.
 'Does thou not rue,' said he, in angry mood,
 'Thy fighting 'gainst thy native flesh and blood ?'
 'O !' said the Bruce, 'rebuke me now no more,
 My foolish deeds do check and bite me sore.'
 Wallace surpris'd, was put into a stance,
 Fell on his knees and chang'd his countenance.
 At whieh the Bruce embrac'd him in his arms,
 And thus the two came in good speaking terms.
 'Pray sir,' said Wallace, 'leave that Southron king ;'
 The Bruce said, 'that were an ignoble thing ;
 I am so bound faithful to be and leil,
 For England I'll not falsify my seal.
 But here I promise unto God and thee,
 Hereafter Scots shall ne'er be harm'd by me :

And if you victor be, as grant you may,
 I will not fight to save my life this day :
 But with King Edward I'll return again,
 Unless that I be taken or be slain ;
 And when my term with him is fairly out,
 May I escape, I'll come to thee no doubt.'
 Thus Bruce took leave, and did to Edward post,
 And Wallace soon returned to his host.
 Crawford he made the Earl Malcolm's guide.
 To Inneravin the low way to ride,
 That South'ron watches might not them espy,
 The other host himself led hastily,
 By the South Manwell, where they were not seen
 Of the outwatches, there had planted been.
 The Earl Malcolm enters Linlithgow now,
 Where a hot dispute quickly did ensue.
 Wallace and his made little noise or cry,
 But on King Edward's host fell suddenly,
 And did their weapons gallantly employ,
 To his great terror, but the Scotsmen's joy.
 Tents and pavilions were cast to the ground,
 Numbers of South'ron cut in pieces down.
 Edward he calls on Bruce to round him then,
 With twenty thousand of well harness'd men.
 But the surprise put them in such aghast,
 That they were flying from all quarters fast.
 Wallace his way through them did cut so clean,
 As if he had more than a mortal been.
 Edward himself most bravely did behave,
 Which to his men both life and vigour gave ;
 Yet nothing could the Scottish courage tame,
 When they thought on the loss of gallant Graham.
 They fought like furies in that dreadful throng,
 And 'mongst the South'ron rais'd a doleful song ;
 The English commons fled on ev'ry side,
 But the best sort did with the king abide.
 'Mongst whom was Bruce, who did behold the dance,
 And looked on with feigned countenance.
 Lord Hartford then did make him for the flight,
 Unto his king a mortifying sight ;
 Who all this time to flee a foot disdains,
 Until the Scots most seiz'd his bridle-reins.

His banner man close by him slew ;
Next to the ground the banner quickly flew ;
At which the Scots were not a little glad,
And then the king and all his army fled.
Ten thousand dead were in the town and field,
Before King Edward once his ground would yield
Yet twenty thousand fled of South'ron men,
'Tho' at the first brave Wallace had but ten,
The Scots in haste the victory pursue,
All brave bold men, stout like the steel and true ;
But Wallace wisely caus'd them close abide,
In a full body and good order ride.
Lest South'ron might at some convenient place,
If they dispers'd, rally and turn the chase.
In good array thus rode they at his will,
And all they overtook did quickly kill.
They came so close upon the South'ron rear,
None from the army durst come off for fear.
Ten thousand stragglers join'd the South'ron host,
Thus thirty thousand fled to England post.
'Tho' the Scots horse were almost spent, yet they
Caus'd Edward change his horses oft that day ;
And then the Scots so close upon them drew,
Three thousand of the outmost men they slew.
In Crawford moor many a man was slain ;
Then Edward calls the Bruce to him again :
To charge the Scots with all his power and might,
For which he should be put in his own right.
Then said the Bruce, 'Sir, loose me of my band,
And I shall turn, I give you here my hand.'
When from the Bruce this answer he did get,
He knew his heart on Scotland then was set.
From that time forth, Edward, most subtilly,
Over the Bruce did cast a watchful eye.
Bruce turned not, nor further language made,
But with King Edward unto Solway rade.
Who, when he came upon the English coast,
Found that he fifty thousand men had lost.
Wallace returns to Edinburgh, without more,
Makes Crawford captain as he was before.
The like he did unto his judges all,
Each in his former office did install.

Thus he to Scotland peace and great content
Procur'd, and then straight to St. Johnstoun went
Where all the Scottish lords assembled were,
To whom he all his progress did declare.
By this time Scrimizior had reduc'd Dundee,
Then on a gallows Morton hang'd was high.
Next was the castle all in rubbish laid,
And Scots no more of Southrons were afraid.
The noble lords Wallace did then address,
And with good air himself did thus express.
' My lords,' said he, ' since over all your force,
You made me gen'ral, both of foot and horse ;
I hope your lordships plainly all do see,
Once more I've set this ancient kingdom free ;
And yet for all my service, secretly,
Some do reproach me, what a pox care I.
With what's ignoble, I dare boldly say,
There's none can charge me standing here this day..
To stay at home no longer I incline,
My office therefore freely I resign.
No gift I ask as my reward or fee,
I've honour purchas'd, that's enough for me.
I'll back to France, where I had land and praise,
And spend the rest of my remaining days.'
The lords did all oppose it, but, in fine,
Was no man there could make him change his mind.
Most heartily he bade them all farewell,
Then march'd with eighteen men as stout as steel.
The baron's sons of Brechin with him went,
And Longoville, on honour always bent ;
Simon and Richard, Wallace's nephews brave,
Went both along for honour or a grave ;
Sir Thomas Gray, the priest, with him did fare,
Good Edward, little Jop, and Mr. Blair :
And Kierly, who had long with Wallace been
Thro' all the wars, and bloody bouts had seen.
With those brave men he shipped at Dundee,
Then hoisted sail, and fairly set to sea.

CHAPTER II.

How Wallace met with John Lynn at sea.

ALONG the English coast they steered south,
 Till opposite they came to Humber mouth,
 Then in the sea a ship did soon descry,
 And on the top three leopards standing high.
 Which, when the merchants narrowly did view,
 Discouraged were, and did their voyage rue ;
 Knowing full well that it was John of Lynn,
 Scots blood to shed, who never thought it sin.
 Good Wallace smil'd, and said, ' Be not dismay'd,
 Of one poor single ship why thus afraid ;
 Those wood-cats fled us, and were frighted sore,
 When twice so many, oftentimes before
 On a fair field, so shall they be at sea,
 If South'ron they, and we true Scots men be.'
 ' That he's a pirate,' said the steersman ' know,
 And saves no Scots man, be he high or low.
 A flood he bears on his armorial coat,
 First kills, then drowns, what mischief does he not ?'
 Wallace reply'd, ' Since that the case is so,
 I'll sail the ship, you cowards get below.'
 Then his brave, hardy, valiant men and he,
 Array'd themselves in harness cap-a-pee.
 Himself and Blair, and the knight Longoville,
 Command the midship and defend it well.
 Before were eight, six he abaft did send,
 And two he caus'd unto the top ascend,
 Gray, steersman was, which, when the merchants saw,
 They courage took, altho' but soldiers raw.
 Some skins with wool they hastily did stuff,
 This was their harness, 'stead of steel and buff.
 At which good Wallace very gently smiles,
 But does commend their artificial wiles.
 Then John of Lynn, with seven score in his barge,
 Comes up and calls to strike a hasty charge.
 At which three arrows, Blair with a good will
 Shot, and a pirate at each shot did kill.
 The bloody rogues, and cruel hellish hounds,
 Before they clasp'd mischieved the Scots with gun.

But when they clasped, this I wot right weel,
The Scottish spears did pierce their finest steel.
The pirate's shot drove thick as a hail show'r,
Most furiously the space near of an hour.
When shot was gone the Scots do courage take,
And with stout handy-blows great havoc make.
The merchants in their woollen harness then
Behav'd themselves also like gallant men.
Wallace and his, with sharp swords, furiously
Cut down the rogues, and made them quickly die,
Then John of Lynn was very much aghast,
To see his men about him fall so fast.
With eager will he would have been away,
Bade tack the ship with all the haste they may ;
But all in vain, for now he plainly sees
His sails by Crawford set into a blaze.
Burn'd down in ashes, without all remead,
And sixty of his best men lying dead.
Boarding the pirate, Wallace in the sea
Did throw a rogue, then killed other three.
Brave Longoville the knight, and Mr. Blair,
No quarter gave to any they found there.
Off John of Lynn, Wallace the wight and braye,
The head and helmet from his body drove.
And then his men did cut down all the rest,
That did so long the seas before infest.
Then to the Sluys straightway did Wallace sail
With a successful and a prosp'rous gale ;
Took all the gold and silver that he fand,
The merchants got the ship, then he to land.
Through flanders rode, soon passed o'er the safne,
Then enter'd France and unto Paris came ;
Tidings of which came to the king in haste,
To whom good Wallace was a welcome guest.
Unto the parliament the king did then
For a good lordship Wallace recommend.
And cause that Guyen was out of their hand,
They thought it best to gift him all that land.
For well they knew he bravely fought before,
And did the South'ron mortally abhor.
This decreet soon they show'd unto the king,
Who highly was displeased at the thing.

But Wallace said, 'No land pleas'd him so weel,
 And that the South'ron they should quickly feel.'
 Immediately the king he make him knight,
 And gave him gold for to maintain his right.
 And order'd all the army of that land
 For to obey what Wallace did command.
 'I thank you sir,' said he, 'for this reward,
 Yon South'ron, faith, shall be no longer spar'd.
 And now my time I will no longer waste,
 But to the wars I will prepare in haste.'
 The Scots men all that were into that land,
 About him flock'd, and came with heart and hand.
 With Longoville a num'rous force arose,
 And to the wars all with good Wallace goes.
 Ten thousand men in number then were they,
 Who did the Scottish banner soon display.
 To Guyen march'd all those good men and true,
 Cast castles down, and many South'ron slew.
 They carry'd all before them, in a word,
 None could or durst resist their fire and sword.
 Shemon, which Wallace took before, they win,
 And kill the South'ron all were found therein:
 Into that town Wallace made his abode,
 And did subdue all that whole country broad.
 The Duke of Orleans, with twelve thousand bright,
 Came to assist him, and defend his right.
 Thus in this town I leave him fairly fix'd,
 And must speak something now of Scotland next.

CHAPTER III.

How Edward King of England came into Scotland, and made whole conquest thereof.

VALLANCE the knight to Scotland did repair,
 The false Monteith, Sir John, did meet him there.
 Sir John the Lennox greatly did desire,
 To whom Sir Aymer promis'd it in hire,
 To hold in fee, and other lands moe,
 Of Edward, if to London he would go.
 This they accord, and to London went,
 Which pleas'd King Edward to his heart's content.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.



Monteith on sight was bound to that fierce king,
In Scotland to assist him in each thing.
Then both return'd, no longer there did wait,
Pox on their nasty snoots for villains great.
For the Monteith told Edward ev'ry thing,
And that the Scots designed Bruce for king.
Within the space, I think, of forty days,
King Edward did a swinging army raise ;
To Scotland march'd, and no resistance fand,
For none that time could such a force withstand.
All the Scots forts and castles, in a word,
He got without a single stroke of sword.
So fierce, so cruel, was this king, and bold,
The noble lords that would not of him hold,
To English prisons he did quickly send,
Where good Sir William Douglas made his end.
The Earl Thomas, Lord of Murray then,
And the Lord Fraser, two brave noblemen ;
With Hugh the Hay, and many nobles moe,
With villain Vallance did for England go,
Seaton and Lauder in the Bass did dwell,
And Lundie who could act his part full well.
The Earl Malcolm, and the Campbell brave,
Bute as their place of refuge taken have ;
Ramsay and Ruthven both fled to the north,
Unto their cousin the Lord of Fillorth.
He past with them through Murray land outright,
And there they found a gen'rous worthy knight,
Clement to name, who ever still had been
Against the South'ron, valiant, stout, and keen.
He led those Lords to Ross with greatest care,
And at Stockford a strength he builded there.
Good Adam Wallace, Craigy, Boyd, those three,
Fled all to Arran one night by the sea.
Into Dunbar Corspatrick dwelt at will,
But paid his fewty to King Edward still.
Lord Abernethy, Soules, and Cumming als,
And John of Lorn that long time had been false,
The Lord of Brechin, many others moe,
To Edward's peace for gifts did frankly go.
Then do the lords and others send express
From Bute to Wallace with a long address :

'Our hope, our health, our governor most great,
 Our chieftain true, and help in ev'ry strait ;
 Our Lord and love, thy obedience does us grieve,
 For God's sake come, and once more us relieve ;
 And take the crown, for we protest and swear,
 We'll not consent that Edward shall it wear.'
 This writ he got, which vex'd him in his mind,
 Though then an answer he did not incline.
 By this, King Edward into Lord York's hand,
 From Tay to Dee had lodg'd the sole command.
 For father's sake, and good sire's this was giv'n,
 Who both were kill'd by Wallace at Kincleven.
 Lord Beaumont to command the north was sent,
 And then from Perth Edward to Stirling went.
 The Lord of Clifford, who had Douglasdale,
 Was rider made of the south marches hail.
 All Galloway the Cumming got in hand,
 For such a rogue too great and good a land.
 The bishop of St. Andrews, Lamberton,
 At this time kept the Douglas of renown ;
 To whom the bishop great affection bore,
 But durst not show it when South'ron were before.
 Yet made he Douglas on a day to go
 With him to Stirling, because he lov'd him so :
 Where from King Edward, though it prov'd in vain,
 He begg'd the Douglas land to him again.
 Who, when he knew him Douglas' son to be,
 Swore by St. George, 'no land he'll get from me ;
 His father fought against my crown alway,
 For which he in my prison lies this day.'
 No other answer there the bishop got,
 Because the Douglas was so true a Scot.
 He gave the Merse to Soules that limmer lown,
 And made him captain too of Berwick town ;
 When Stirling castle Oliphant resign'd,
 He thought that writ would surely Edward bind.
 But, Oh ! such horrid treatment and absurd,
 He violates his faith and broke his word :
 Sent him to England to a prison strong,
 In misery where he continued long.
 When Edward had divided Scotland broad,
 Away in triumph the usurper rode.

With him was Cumming, that sweet dainty dear,
Who whisper'd softly in the Bruce's ear,
If you'll keep counsel, I'll unto you show,
What you perhaps before did never know.
Say on, said Bruce, what you reveal to me,
I promise, for my part, conceal'd shall be.
Then said Lord Cumming, Sir, this is the thing,
O'er this realm you should be righteous king.
It's true, said Bruce, but though I righteous be,
This is not now a proper time for me.
At present I'm in Edward's hands, and loath
To break with him and violate my oath.
Yet though he promis'd back this land to me,
Pray, do not you and all the nation see,
How he divides and deals my heritage,
To South'ron some, and some for traitor's wage.
My lordships, Cumming said, I'll lay you down,
If you'll resign your title to the crown ;
Or I shall help you with my power and might,
But Bruce reply'd, I will not sell my right.
But tell me what's the lordship thou dost crave,
Which, for thy help, I promise thou shalt have.
Pray leave yon king, said Cumming, craftily,
For Edward hath all Galloway given to me.
And Soules, my nephew, Berwick does command,
We both shall follow you with heart and hand.
My other nephew, a great man of might,
The Lord of Lorn, will help you to your right.
My nephew third, baron of Brechin bold,
Shall rise with us, thus I my tale have told.
Then said the Bruce, it were a lucky chance,
Could we get Wallace back again from France ;
This kingdom he redeem might yet once more.
We're too long strangers, which I rue full sore.
This with the Cumming did not well go down,
For he himself an eye had to the crown ;
Yet that same night they did complete the band,
And seal'd the same most fairly with their hand.
This paper Bruce left with the Cumming there,
Then with King Edward did to England fare.
And did remain until it was made known,
Three years and more before he claim'd his own.

Some think that Cumming did disclose the thing,
Because his wife was cousin to the king.
But had the Bruce gone to St. Johnstoun town,
By whole assent he had receiv'd the crown :
And then he might have execute the law
'Gainst Cumming, and kept all such rogues in awe.

BOOK XII.

CHAPTER I.

How Wallace conquered the land of Guyen and was made lord thereof.

IN Guyen Wallace carry'd on the war,
And had the better of the English far.
In five set battles did them so defeat,
To Bourdeaux they all made their retreat.
Wallace pursues, and did invest the town
Full twenty days, broke forts and bulwarks down.
But victuals falling short, it did oblige
Him and his army to give o'er the siege.
Then to the king in pomp he went at last,
And gave account of all the actions past.
Who did rejoice that Guyen land was won,
And thanked Wallace for his service done.
By this time came from Scotland an express,
With a most humble, but a neat address,
Unto the king, beseeching him to send
Good Wallace home, his country to defend,
From rage and fury of the Southron foe,
Which did the kingdom then all overflow :
And that he would advise him soon withal,
To take the crown and ease them of their thrall.
Which they did suffer from a king unjust,
Or else in short, the nation perish must.
This was the very substance of the thing,
Which the address contain'd unto the king.
But yet the king concealed all was writ,
Lov'd not to part so soon with Wallace yet :

Who liv'd as great at Shemon as a prince,
And none more happy liv'd there ever since.

About this time, a certain proud French knight,
Did boldly claim an heritable right,
Unto some office, and to sundry lands,
Of Guyen, which was then in Wallace' hands.
Whether the answer which the monsieur got,
Pleas'd or displeas'd his worship, I know not.
He an appointment does with Wallace make,
Pretending service under him to take:
But that was not what the great rogue design'd,
For something else was in his bloody mind.
With fifteen each, at the appointed place,
Meet, and salute with a becoming grace.
But the false knight, his treach'ry soon display'd.
Had forty armed men in ambush laid.
Who all so soon as he with Wallace met,
Had orders to enclose him in their net.
In angry mood then spoke the Gallic knight,
'Thou dost possess my lands, by no good righ'
In modest terms repli'd Wallace brave,
'I have no lands but what the king me gave,
And which I won in peril of my life,
From Southron foes in a most bloody strife.'
Then said the knight, 'thou shalt them here resign,
'Or lose thy life, by all that is divine.'
Then draws his sword, whereby he soon alarms
The ambush, which appear in glitt'ring arms.
By which surprising unexpected sight,
Wallace perceiv'd the treach'ry of the knight.
'Are these the thanks,' said he 'I from your hand
Get, for restoring of your native land.
Altho' I armour want, as do my men,
Tho' but sixteen 'gainst fifty-six, what then?
Here is a sword made of the truest steel,
Which thy deserving neck shall shortly feel.'
Then with one single stroke cut down the knave,
And bade him purchase for himself a grave.
At which the fifty-five fierce Gallics then,
Environ'd Wallace and his fifteen men;
Who like brave Scots, with noble hearts and true,
Fought, and a great deal of the Frenchmen slew.

'Mong whom was the knight's brother, stout and strong,
Who fought it like a fury very long.
And dealt his blows about him very fast,
But was all cut in pieces down at last.
Close by, nine Frenchmen were a mowing hay,
Who do advance with all the speed they may.
Each a sharp scythe into his rustic hand,
As if, forsooth, none might their force withstand.
Nor was there any that could do it then,
Save only Wallace, that brave prince of men;
Who as soon as he could the rogues descry,
Did leave his men, and then immediately
Most boldly did towards the clowns advance,
Mock'd such machines, and all the scythes in France.
The first he met, ill may the carle thrive,
At Wallace with his weapon made a drive.
Had it but hit him, as it miss'd, I vow,
No doubt it would have cut his body thro':
But Wallace being hearty, brisk, and blyth,
Most cleverly he overleaped the scythe.
Then with his sword gave such a backward blow,
As kill'd the fellow, a brave rary-show,
As in that country e'er before was seen,
To see his head hap happing on the green;
The next clown's scythe he also jumped o'er,
And clove his shoulder half a yard and more.
Unto the third most nimbly play'd the same,
Then at the fellow such a stroke did frame,
As gave him a prodigious mortal wound,
Till he gosp'd out his last upon the ground.
The fourth he clove him cleanly through the coast,
Let him take that for all his brag and boast.
The first three scythes did Wallace overleap,
And by good providence did thus escape:
Four men he kill'd, one still at ev'ry stroke,
Upon my word it was a pretty joke.
He that was last was the first man that fled,
Else he had got the cold ground for his bed.
Good Wallace then the tith does close pursue.
O'er takes him quickly, and the fellow slew.
Then marched back to his own men again,
Who forty-nine had of the Frenchmen slain.

Seven did escape, and fled with all their might ;
 A marvellous, but true and bloody fight !
 Four of the mowers did no more incline
 To stay, but scour'd, and left their scythes behind,
 Or else of them there had been news belyve,
 Such as perhaps befel the other five.
 Thus was the knight and's men caught in the net,
 Which basely they had for brave Wallace set.
 For most of all were kill'd, the rest they fled,
 At which the king he was exceeding glad ;
 For Wallace sent, and pray'd him earnestly,
 That he might one of his own household be ;
 Where he might live at peace and rest secure,
 Under the covert of his royal bow'r.
 For well he knew that some envious were,
 At favours which the king bestow'd him there
 No wonder, for he rescu'd in few days,
 All Guyen land, to his immortal praise,
 In spite of all the South'ron's force and pow'r,
 Syne made them scamper off themselves and scour.
 And when he fairly did it thus reduce,
 Did chase the South'ron all unto Bourdeaux.
 Then to the king in pomp he went at last,
 And gave account of all the actions past.
 Who did rejoice that Guyen land was won,
 And thanked Wallace for his service done.
 Then two full years remain'd at the French court,
 And was diverted with all princely sport.
 King, lords and ladies, much of him did make,
 Both for his own and ancient Scotland's sake.
 'Cause 'twixt the kingdoms there had been so long
 A kind alliance, and a very strong.

CHAPTER II.

How Wallace killed the two French Champions.

WITH the French king did dwell two champions great,
 Who mortally did the Scots hero hate.
 Expressed themselves in most satiric joke,
 And with disdain 'gainst Scotland always spoke.
 Which fired our brave champion very soon,
 With him such language would not well go down.

This verifies the proverb we may see,
 Two of a trade in one place ne'er agree.
 Save in the case of these French champions, who
 Linked in others arms did always go.
 At length it so fell out, and chanc'd, that they
 Were all three left upon a certain day,
 Themselves alone discoursing in a hall,
 Where they no weapons us'd to wear at all.
 There did the champions talk of Scotland long,
 With great contempt, which Wallace said was wrong ;
 ' Since both our nations live in friendship great,
 And firm alliance, what means all this hate ?
 Did we not help you lately in your need ?
 We do deserve good words for our good deed.
 What would you say of the proud Southron foe,
 When of your friends you talk at random so ?'
 With slighting words, in their own language, they
 Disdainfully replied, and did say :
 ' The Southron are our foes we grant and own,
 But Scots for falsehood ev'ry where are known ;
 At which good Wallace was enraged so,
 One of the champions got a fearful blow,
 That founder'd the proud coxcomb where he stood,
 Made mouth and nose gush out in streams of blood.
 The other struck at Wallace in great haste,
 Not doubting but his friend was now deceast.
 Whom Wallace gripp'd so fast and wond'reus sore,
 His sp'it departed, and he ne'er spoke more.
 The first arose and smote at Wallace fast,
 But their death-strokes he gave them both at last.
 Upon a pillar he dash'd out their brains,
 And said, ' Let them take that up for their pains ;
 What devil ail'd the carles, they're to blame,
 It would be long ere I had troubled them.
 Unto themselves they only owe their pakes,
 If they have won, let them take up their stakes.
 And let all others learn when they are young,
 Strictly to bridle the unruley tongue.'
 Many great lords of the first rank in France,
 Were much displeas'd at this unlucky chance,
 But the good king, who knew the story all,
 Did wave the thing, and kindly let it fall.

And did exoner Wallace the same day,
 So after that no man had ought to say,
 Nor once durst give him but a saucy look,
 Or yet play boo unto his blanket nook.

CHAPTER III.

How Wallace killed the Lion.

THE king of France by no means does neglect,
 To put on Wallace marks of great respect ;
 For many battles had he fought and won,
 And for the king great feats and service done ;
 Had Guyen land from South'ron foes redeem'd,
 And was a mighty conqueror esteem'd ;
 Which gall'd the courtiers, almost put them mad,
 That he was in such estimation had ;
 And cause he had the two French champions kill'd,
 Were with envy, great spite, and malice fill'd,
 For plainly they discover'd now and saw,
 It was the king protected him from law.
 For which two squires hellishly do plot,
 How to destroy the brave heroic Scot.
 Who near relations were, as you must know,
 Unto the late deceased champions two.
 And in this manner do they undertake,
 The Wallace brave a sacrifice to make :
 The king a cruel lion had, which scarce
 Could be govern'd, 'twas so exceeding fierce ;
 Which the two squires knowing, by and by,
 Came to the king, and forg'd a cursed lie.
 'This Scot,' said they, 'his brag and boast doth make,
 And plainly says that he will undertake
 To fight your lion, if you'll freely give
 Him your allowance, liberty, and leave.
 This he desired us of you to ask,
 We're sure he'll have a most difficult task.'
 To which, with great concern, reply'd the king,
 'I'm sorry he desireth such a thing ;
 Yet I will not deny, whate'er may chance,
 The favour that he'll ask me while in France.'

Gladly they went away to Wallace, where,
Like rogues, they counterfeit the story there.
'Wallace,' said they, 'the king commands that you
Shall fight the lion without more ado.'
Wallace replies, 'whatever is his will,
Unto my pow'r most gladly I'll fulfil.'
Then to the king did instantly repair :
A lord at court, when he saw Wallace there,
Most foolishly ask'd him, 'if he durst fight
With the fierce lion?' who replied on sight,
'Yes, truly, if the king would have it so,
Or with yourself, I fear none of the two :
Let cowards from king's courts be all debarr'd :
I may be worsted, but shall ne'er be dar'd,
So long's my nostrils any breath retains,
Or Scottish blood does circle in my veins ;
Like a true Scot I'll fight, and scorn to fly,
For why, I know that man is born to die.'

Then by the king, in short, it granted was,
That Wallace might unto the lion pass.
Yet all this time knew nothing of the plot,
So deeply laid against the noble Scot.
Nor in the matter further did inquire,
Thinking it was good Wallace' own desire,
Meantime of him, so tender was the king,
He order'd harness quickly there to bring.
'No,' Wallace said, 'I leave that to the field,
Almighty God shall only be my shield ;
Since this is but a beast, and not a man,
With what I have, I'll fight him as I can ;
And will encounter single as I go,
This strong, rapacious, cruel, savage foe.'
About one hand he did his mantle wrap,
And in the other did his broad sword clap ;
Then briskly without any further stay,
Came to the place where the fierce lion lay ;
Who, ramping, rose against him where he stood,
Dreadfully roar'd, expecting present blood.
Then Wallace drew a stroke from neck to heel,
With his good sword, made of the burnish'd steel,
And gave the lion such a dreadful blow,
As cut his body cleverly in two.

Then to the king he call'd aloud in ire,
 ' Pray, Sir,' said he, ' Is this your whole desire ?
 Thus to expose me to the rage and will
 Of your fierce lion—have you more to kill ?
 Cause bring them forth, such beasts since I must quell,
 I will obey so long's I with you dwell.
 But now of France for ever I take leave,
 Some greater action I may soon achieve.
 At Shemon, Sir, I thought the other year,
 You would have other business for me here,
 Than fight a cruel savage beast, wherefore
 To ancient Scotland I'll return once more.'
 The king perceiving Wallace in a fire,
 Meekly reply'd, ' It was your own desire ;
 Else by the faith of a most Christian king,
 I never would allow of such a thing ;
 For men of honour ask'd it in your name,
 So you or they are only for to blame.'
 Wallace reply'd, ' I vow to the great God,
 This seems to me a thing both strange and odd ;
 By all that's good, no higher can be sworn,
 I know no more on't than the child unborn ;
 Of honour sure I have a better taste,
 Than to be proud to fight a savage beast ;
 This is a trick devis'd by some of those
 Who are my secret and malicious foes.'
 The king, perceiving there was falsehood wrought,
 Caus'd both the squires quickly to be brought :
 Who when they came the crime could not deny,
 But plainly did confess the treachery ;
 For which, and other most ungodly deeds,
 The king commanded to strike off their heads.
 Thus came the squires unto their fatal end,
 As did the champions, to all men be't kend.
 The champions first, for their disdain and flout
 At Scotland, justly got their brains beat out.
 The squires next, for malice and envy,
 Did lose their heads, and most deservedly ;
 For our instruction then we may reflect,
 Nothing from justice villains can protect.
 Each rogue, although he should with nick combine,
 Shall be discovered either soon or syne,

And may be certain of a rogue's reward,
Virtue and honour who does not regard ;
As in the sacred scriptures we may read :
But to my purpose farther I proceed.
When Wallace saw the court envy'd him so,
To Scotland then he purposed to go :
To aid his country, and to take his chance,
Despising all the wealth he had in France.
Once more his native land for to relieve,
Which South'ron foes did now afflict and grieve ;
And to its pristine freedom it restore,
Or else he vow'd that he should die therefore.
The king perceiving Wallace that way bent,
Gave him a letter that was lately sent
From the Scots lords, which he read and perus'd,
Then told the king he must have him excus'd ;
For he in France no longer could remain,
But must return to Scotland back again ;
Since that his country was distressed so,
Being invaded by the South'ron foe.
But to abridge my story, and be short,
Wallace takes leave of king and all the court.
At which the king did sorrowful appear,
And to the chamber quickly did retire ;
Jewels and gold he gave him in that hour,
For to support his honour and grandeur.
But lords and ladies did lament and grieve,
And weeped sore when Wallace took his leave.
No man he took with him of note or might,
To Scotland back, but Longoville the knight ;
Who loved Wallace with so true a heart,
Whate'er befel would never from him part.
Towards the Sluce in goodly order past,
A vessel got, and made to sea at last ;
Eight seamen had, as good as were alive,
And then at Tay did safely all arrive.

CHAPTER IV.

How Wallace came again to Scotland, and the Battle of Elchock Park.

WALLACE, in silent watches of the night,
Did land his men long time ere it was light ;
And by good luck, before the break of day,
The ship sheer'd off, and safely got away.
From Erne's mouth to Elchock quickly then,
He march'd with eighteen stout brave valiant men :
Who, when he had approached pretty near
To Crawford's house, his own relation dear,
In the backside, a window there did find,
Thro' which he called for his cousin kind :
Who when he knew that it was Wallace wight,
Did not delay, but came to him on sight ;
Embrac'd and kiss'd, you may be very sure
It was a blythsome, glad, and joyful hour.
How to dispose of Wallace and his men,
Was the next point to be considered then ;
How to secure them till they got some rest,
And were with meat, and drink, and sleep, refresh'd.
In a great mow of corn he them did darn,
Most cunningly within a spacious barn,
On the north side a private hole was wrought,
Thro' which they had all due provision brought.
For bed and board, nothing they lack'd at all,
The time they lodg'd within that threshing-hall.
In their corn castle most securely dwelt,
For several days, and no disturbance felt,
Till meat fell short unto the honest core,
Then to St. Johnstone Crawford went for more ;
Where subtile South'ron foes most cunningly,
Took notice what provision he did buy :
And thought the quantity a great deal more,
Than he was wont to buy in times before.
For which immediately they him suspect,
And honest Crawford gripped by the neck :
Where, *brevi manu*, without any shade
Of law or justice, he's in prison laid.

'What guests hast thou,' said one, 'and for whose sake
 Dost thou so mighty great provision make?'
 Crawford reply'd, 'Sir, I have ne'er a guest,
 All this is only for a kinking feast.'
 But it was dreaded and alleg'd by some,
 That Wallace he from France was lately come.
 And that they might know whether it was true,
 Most subtilly devise what next to do.
 Set Crawford free, and in good harness then,
 Do quickly put eight hundred chosen men:
 And at a due convenient distance from
 Good honest Crawford, they do dog him home.
 Whom when good Wallace saw, he did exclaim
 Against his conduct—said he was to blame,
 Who did expose himself so much unto
 The cunning notice of the South'ron foe.
 'In sleep this night, by vision I was told,
 That thou had me unto the South'ron sold.'
 Sir, that shall be the last thing I'll attempt,
 My neck has no such itching after hemp.
 Black be their cast, great rogues, to say no more,
 'Their generation all I do abhor.
 Yea, for my country, since I went away,
 I did expect my dearest blood should pay;
 And that I should no doubt a martyr been,
 And never more the Scottish hero seen.
 The prison strong and cruel where I lay,
 Will testify the truth of what I say.
 Quickly get up, and take you to the fields,
 I greatly fear the rogues are at my heels,
 I'll give you all th' assistance that I can,
 For I myself shall be the twentieth man.'
 The worthy Scots got up with merry speed,
 Unto their arms, and were not slack indeed.
 Then suddenly the South'ron all appear,
 Eight hundred men in armour bright and clear,
 And at their head was Butler that young knight,
 To twenty men a formidable sight.
 When Wallace saw his number was so few,
 He from the plains to Elchock park withdrew.
 Where he a certain sort of pass espy'd,
 Which naturally was so well fortify'd,

With great and close grown hollin on each hand,
As might the South'rons' first attack withstand.
Great long tall trees across he there did lay,
Then to his men courageously did say :
‘ The wood is thick, tho’ small in breadth and length,
Had we but meat enongh, we’d keep the strength.
Mean time let us go on with heart and hand,
And bravely fight so long as we e in stand :
For our old native country, valiantly
Come let us to it, either do or die.
Before they gain the pass, I’m ~~much~~ inclin’d,
To lay some of their bellies to the wind ?
By this young Butler, eager, keen, and eruse,
With all his men surrounded Crawford’s house :
But came too late, as he himself did own,
He got the nest, but all the birds were flown.
Poor Crawford’s loving wife they seiz’d anon,
And ask’d at her what way the Scots were gone.
She would not tell for boast, nor yet reward,
Then Butler said, ‘ too long hast thou been spar’d,’
And caused build a great prodigious fire,
Then swore an oath, in horrid wrath and ire,
That he would burn her quick, flesh, blood, and bone,
If she conceal’d what way the Scots were gone.
‘ Pray, hold thy hand,’ said Wallace, ‘ do not so,
For here I am, I own myself thy foe.
Wouldst thou torment an honest sakeless wife ?
Come forth to me, and we shall end the strife ;
It were great sin to kill the female Scot,
Art thou a Christian ? tell me, yea or not :
In all my victories I here declare,
Priests, women, children, always lib’rate were.’
When Butler had good Wallace fairly seen,
And that he was alone upon the green.
He threw his face, some time his lip did bite,
His bosom swell’d with venom and with spite.
It was no wonder, for to tell you plain,
Wallace had both his dad and good sire slain.
The So’ah’ron then fiercely march’d up at length,
And Wallace he retir’d unto his strength.
Most hardily the English men began,
Attacked sore with many a gallant man ;

But Scots within did make a strong defence,
And Southron foes were soon repuls'd from thence.
Who at first entry fifteen men had kill'd,
With English corps the pass was almost fill'd,
At which they all retire a little back,
In order to make another fresh attack.
Wallace beheld, and did distinctly see
Butler the knight divide his men in three.
' You knight,' said he, ' in war is so expert,
And has it so engraven on his heart,
That he unto a very point does know,
Each stratagem and nice punctilio.
For by the disposition of his men,
I know for certain that he does intend,
So soon as he with his fresh men comes back,
Us in three different places to attack.
A brisk and brave defence then let us make ;
Dear Longoville thou six with thee shalt take,
As many with good Crawford here shall go,
And five with me to stop the cruel foe.'
In three divisions march the English sparks,
Butler's division Wallace nicely marks.
To the old pass, without all dispute more,
They march, and do attack it very sore.
Design'dly Wallace let some Southron in,
But to get out the way could never find.
The first seven men that marched in the front,
When they got in look'd most confounded blunt.
Wallace's five each one a fellow slew,
And Wallace two then bade the seven adieu.
Butler was next, no farther he durst pierce,
But did retire, he saw the Scots so fierce ;
Good Longoville and Crawford fought so sore,
That time the Southron sallied them no more.
By this the stars appeared in their sight,
Then suddenly approach'd the darksome night.
Butler the watches set, to supper went,
But griev'd that he his time had so ill spent,
Mean time he eats a very plenteous meal,
Of good provisions, bread, and English ale.
While the brave Wallace nothing had at all,
But Adam's ale, which we cold water call.

Yet with a cheerful countenance could say,
 'Cheer up my lads, it is not long to day,
 What though we all should fast one single night?
 We fast for honour, and for Scotland's right.'
 Perhaps our foes that now so fully feed,
 To-morrow's night shall no more victuals need.

The Earl of York, who Perth with troops did fill,
 Commanded Butler to continue still
 At Llechock park, and he would reinforce
 Him with a fresh supply of foot and horse;
 And that he would himself in person come,
 With sound of trumpet, and with beat of drum.
 Courageous York, upon my word well spoke:
 Was he in earnest, pray, or but in joke,
 To offer such a reinforcement then
 Unto eight hundred against twenty men.
 This sure must add much to his lordship's praise,
 And b'aze his character in after days.
 But Butler fair would have the hero yield,
 Before that York appear'd upon the field,
 That he himself might have the praise alone;
 Thanks to you, Butler, forty men to one.
 Then to the park the English knight draws near,
 And calls on Wallace, asking him 'What cheer?'
 'Good cheer,' said Wallace, 'you may take my word;
 Then laid his hand upon his awful sword.
 'Here is the blade that still keeps up my heart,
 And many a time has made the South'ron smart;
 With many a bloody wound, both wide and deep,
 And may do so this day before I sleep.'
 'Well,' said the Butler, 'that is not my fear,
 But I would talk a moment with thee here.'
 'Content,' said Wallace, 'for a little hire,
 I will not stand to grant thee thy desire.'
 'Dost thou not sore repent,' said Butler, 'now,
 That thou my father and good sire slew?'
 'No,' Wallace said, 'tho' it were thy whole kin,
 To kill my foes I never thought it sin;
 Come they my way, I'll do the best I can,
 As God me save, to kill them every man;
 And hope I shall a good occasion have
 With these two hands to send thee to thy grave.'

‘That is not likely,’ said the Butler, ‘now,
 My prisoner I’ll make thee first I trow.
 Mean time, what I desire, I pray thee grant,
 And what I promised thou shalt not want.’
 ‘With all my heart,’ said Wallace, ‘every bit,
 If safety and true honour will permit.’
 Then Butler said, ‘What profit wilt thou reap
 Here to abide, since thou canst not escape?
 And since thou seest it may not better be,
 Leave off thy folly, yield thyself to me.’
 With frowning face, and mighty great disdain,
 The Scottish hero did reply again :
 ‘So great a fool I never hope to prove ;
 I’ll yield to none but the great God above.
 To him each day, twice do I yield and bow,
 But, little mushroom knight, pray what art thou ?
 Bids yield to thee, for all thy haste and heat,
 Faith that is not what I design as yet ;
 And though we be but twenty Scots, what then ?
 I mock thee much and thy eight hundred men.’
 ‘To worship God,’ says Butler, ‘thou dost well,
 And to thy Maker twice a day to kneel ;
 But dost thou folly and no conduct show,
 When with thy men thou art environ’d so,
 And close surrounded, no way to get out,
 Thus to debate, though thou wert ne’er so stout.
 Therefore come forth, and make no more ado,
 Thou’lt find my counsel wholesome words and true.’
 With great disdain, Wallace he smil’d and leugh ;
 And answ’ring said, ‘Sir, you have talk’d enough ;
 For tho’ all England had the contrair sworn,
 I’ll cut my passage through you once the morn ;
 Or else this night, believe me what I say,
 This shall be done before nine of the day.’
 Butler was careful then when it grew dark,
 To plant his watches all around the park.
 There Wallace staid noways alarm’d or fear’d,
 Until the twinkling morning star appear’d.
 A rooky mist fell down at break of day,
 Then thought he fit to make the best o’s way.
 Who, when he had made strict search round about,
 Found a convenient place, and then broke out.

Then hasten'd to the place where Butler lay,
 And round about him did great numbers slay.
 Most nobly fought each gallant worthy Scot,
 But Crawford he was wounded on the spot,
 Whom in a moment Wallace did rescue :
 Then at one stroke he the bold Butler slew ;
 Got Crawford up into his arms ere long,
 And bravely did defend him in the throng ;
 About him made great room where he did stand,
 And cut five South'ron down with his own hand.
 Bore Crawford out, in spite of all were round,
 Nine acres breadth, before he set him down.
 The South'ron finding Butler to be dead,
 And thirty more for which was no remeade,
 Do view the corps, what could the men do more ?
 And then condole their loss exceeding sore.
 Wallace by this was quite out of their sight,
 The mist had so eclipsed all the light :
 At which he smil'd, and said to Longoville,
 ' Upon my word this mist assists us weel.
 Then let us quickly march to Methven wood,
 Where we shall get provisions very good,
 We fasted have so long, in truth, I trow,
 Its almost time we had our breakfast now.'
 But by the time they had got to the height,
 The sun display'd his beams and radiant light,
 By which they did perceive immediately,
 Thirty and four men in a company.
 Then said good Wallace, ' Be they friend or foe,
 We'll meet them since their number is no moe ?'
 When they approach'd, a noble knight it was,
 And a true trusty friend, Sir Hugh Dundas :
 With him a prudent knight, brave Sir John Scot,
 Who in Stratherne was then a man of note,
 And with Dundas's sister led his life,
 A virtuous lady, and a loving wife.
 They and their men the road were passing on,
 To pay their fewty to the South'ron ;
 Because the lord of Brechin's strict command,
 Had forced them basely thus to hold their land.
 Who when they saw that it was Wallace wight,
 Gave thanks to God for that blythe welcome sight ;

Glad of the succour he had sent them there,
To Methven wood with joyful hearts repair.
Where they refresh'd themselves to their own mind
With such provisions as they there could find.
Then were they hearty, clever, brave, and tight,
And unto Birnam wood march'd all that night.
There they with Ruthven met in a short space,
Who long had liv'd an outlaw in that place :
From thence they march, and unto Athol go,
Where eatables were scarce, and friends also.
Then pass to Lorn, as little found they there ;
Of wild and tame, that land was stripped bare.
Wherefore they most religiously anon,
Address the heavens, and make a piteous moan.
Good Sir John Scot said, ' He would rather die,
And starve with hunger than with infamy
To live a rogue, or let himself be bound
A slavish subject to King Edward's crown.'
Wallace his own distress with patience bore,
But for the rest he groan'd and grieved sore.
' Of all this want,' said he, ' I am the cause,
Yet since it is for Scotland's right and laws,
That thus we suffer by the divine will,
Let none of us once grudge, or take it ill.
For he that made us by his mighty pow'r,
Can feed us by his providence I'm sure,
With him is neither found deceit or guile.
Stay here till I remove a little while,
In a short space I shall return again.'
Then walk'd he o'er a hill unto the plain,
Where in a forest, underneath an oak,
He sat him down with spirit almost broke.
His sword and bow he leaned to a tree,
In anguish great, then on his face fell he.
' Ah wretch ! ' said he, ' That ne'er could be content,
With all the wealth that God unto thee sent :
The lordships great, long since to thee assign'd,
Could never please thy fierce unstable mind ;
Thy wilful will to make thy nation free,
Thro' God's permission's brought this woe to thee :
For worthier by far than ever I,
With hunger now are like to starve and die.

O God, I pray, relieve them of their pain,
 And let not this my prayer be in vain.
 Then after sighs and meditations deep,
 He slumber'd softly, and did fall asleep.

Five bloody rascals, boldly, with one breath,
 Had bound themselves under the pain of death,
 To take the Wallace wight, dead or alive,
 Which prov'd their ruin, for old Nick did drive.
 Three of the base assassins English were,
 Scottish vile villains were the other pair.
 Three days before, they travell'd had about,
 Like bloody hounds to find the hero out.
 With them a boy that us'd to carry meat,
 Among the hills and rocky mountains great.
 When Wallace did retire from his brave men,
 The rogues most privately were lurking then ;
 Saw his departure, dogg'd him in his way,
 And knew the place exactly where he lay ;
 In covert of the rocks they pass and peep,
 And plainly did perceive him fall asleep.
 Near to his person then the rogues approach,
 Thinking they had him fast within their latch.
 And then the bloody hounds put it to vote,
 To take alive, or kill him on the spot.
 One said, could we get him but safe to Perth,
 It were our greatest honour upon earth.
 His sword and bow no safety more affords,
 Then let us tie and bind him fast with cords.
 This we may do, I'm sure, at our own will,
 And lead him by the backside of yon hill ;
 So that his men shall nothing thereof know,
 Content, said they, then all to work they go ;
 And thought thro' force him prisoner to make,
 But brought to-bed soon of a grand mistake :
 For when they gripp'd him, a sour face he made,
 ' What is the matter, then, he boldly said ?'
 About he turn'd him, out his arms he threw,
 And with his fists made them both black and blue ;
 The fiercest and the stoutest man took he,
 And dash'd his brains all out against a tree.
 Then with unparalleled strength arose,
 In spite of his four other bloody foes.

And boldly seized the dead fellow's sword,
 Wherewith he made sound payment, on my word ;
 Another South'ron, at a single stroke,
 He hewed down before he left the oak,
 The other three fought, but full soon were glad,
 To take them to their heels, and so they fled,
 But to escape, they all in vain did strive,
 None could do so on foot from him alive.
 Then following fast, their nimble speed he try'd,
 Gave them their mortal wound whereof they dy'd.
 As he returned from the rogues with joy,
 He met with, and said to the servant boy,
 ' What dost thou here ! ' who, with a pale dead face,
 Fell on his knees, and humbly asked grace.
 ' I little have to do indeed,' said he,
 I lately hired was for meat and fee,
 With yon five men, had I known their design,
 Such service ne'er had enter'd in my mind.'
 ' What's that thou carriest, boy ? ' ' Sir, it is meat,'
 ' Then come along with me, it's time to eat.
 Meat at this time is better far than gold,
 It's worth at present cannot well be told.'
 Then with a cheerful merry heart, and glad,
 Went to his men, who all were quickly fed,
 With good roast-meat, plenty of bread and cheese,
 And did their strength recover by degrees.
 Thus fifty-four refreshed were, who before
 Had fasted full three days, and somewhat more.
 O mighty miracle to see (God knows)
 A sleeping man surrounded by his foes,
 Lie open to their fury on the field ;
 All weaponless, no helmet, sword, or shield,
 Exposed thus unto their barb'rous will,
 And yet for all their wrath no power to kill.
 Fifty and four, with hunger almost starv'd,
 And yet from sword and famine both preserv'd.
 When all had fully eat and drank also,
 ' How came this meat,' said they, ' pray let us know ?'
 There, where the bloody rogues all dead did lie,
 He led them, and disclos'd the mystery.
 ' Fy, Sir,' said they, ' A chieftain should beware,
 And not expose himself by half so far.'

To which he answer'd in a merry mood,
 'No matter since the success has been so good.'
 'But now,' said he, 'Let us consider soon,
 What is the proper thing next to be done.
 Since we are blest with such deliv'rance great,
 From starving hunger in our pinching strait ;
 And I from the deceitful bloody foe :
 Let's thank good fate, and to the lowlands go.
 Mean time, pray, little boy, dost thou know where
 We'll get provisions till we once come there ?'
 To which he meekly answered again,
 'No, Sir, until we come to Rannach plain ;
 There with that lord great plenty you shall find,
 He serves King Edward, tho' against his mind.'
 'Then I'll be guide,' said Wallace, 'to the shell,
 I know the place myself exactly well.'
 Thro' that wild land he led them brave and right,
 And to the Rannach brought them safe at night.
 Where they the watch did seize that was a Scot,
 On which account they spar'd, and kill'd him not.
 Who told them the condition of the place,
 Which they commanded in a little space.
 The gate they won, for castle they had none,
 But a thick mud wall without slime or stone ;
 Wallace in haste struck up the chamber door,
 Made it in pieces lie upon the floor.
 Then all in fear from sleep start suddenly,
 The lord gets up, and does for mercy cry.
 But when he knew it was Wallace wight,
 Most heartily he thank'd the God of might.
 'I was a true man all my life, until
 I vanquish'd was by South'ron 'gainst my will.
 All Scots we are that now before you stand,
 And ready to obey what you command.
 Since for this land so great things you have done,
 What Scots man dare hold his face to the sun,
 And yet resist you in so good a cause,
 Defending of our liberty and laws ?
 If any one be found that is so bad,
 I'm very sure that fellow's worse than mad.'
 Then all did promise with uplifted hands,
 Most frankly to obey his just commands,

And the more fully to confirm the thing,
 Did swear allegiance to their righteous king.
 Then merrily went all to meat, I trow ;
 No wonder, for the case was alter'd now.
 This lord with mighty pleasure also told,
 He had three sons, all valiant, stout, and bold,
 And twenty of 'is own near kinsmen more,
 As good as ever sword or target bore :
 Ready to serve him both with heart and hand,
 For the true honour of their king and land.
 To heaven, then Wallace turning up his eye,
 'I thank thee, O my God, for this supply.'
 Then did they pass the day as seemed best,
 At night set watches, and went all to rest :
 But on the morrow, when the day did peep,
 Wallace arose fully refresh'd with sleep ;
 And to the fields took all his men at length,
 To know what w^s his perfect real strength.
 There did he muster all his little force,
 And thanked God that matters were not worse.
 Then to his men he champion like did say,
 'The royal banner let us now display,
 For under it most faithfully we'll fight,
 In the defence of brave old Scotland's right,
 Ourselves no longer we'll abscond and hide,
 Friends will flock to us now on every side.'
 They took such horses as they there could find,
 Then to Dunkell march'd all with cheerful mind.
 The English bishop to St. Johnstoun hastes,
 Wallace was none of his beloved guests :
 The Scots soon took the place, and in a word,
 Put all the South'ron quickly to the sword.
 On good provisions then did nobly fare,
 Which the Lord Bishop for bimself brought there :
 Silver and gold, fine jewels there they got,
 All that their heart could wish they wanted not.
 Five days rejoicing merrily they spent,
 And on the sixth Wallace to council went.
 'We have not men enough,' said he, 'You know,
 Perth to invest, therefore we'll northward go.'
 In Ross our friends have made a strength I'm told,
 Hear they of us, they'll come like warriors bold :

Good Bishop Sinclair is in Bute also,
Who, when he hears the news, will not be slow
To come and take his fate with cheerful heart,
He never yet did fail to act his part.
The westland men, when warn'd, we'll get them all,
Never yet did know them sit my call;
For like brave men, this region they throughout,
Have been with me at many a bloody bout.
The council then with one voice did conclude,
As he propos'd, for all was very good.
They mount their horses, march without delay,
The English men kept all out of their way;
Those that possess'd the strengths staid within doors,
The rest of them crept close in holes and bores;
For all began to flee and scatter, from
The very time they heard he was come home.
Then with an army strong, the Scots at last,
Most awfully thro' all the kingdom past.
Strengths were deserted by the South'ron 'then,
And soon possessed by the Scottish men;
Who in good order now, as could be seen,
Seven thousand strong march all to Aberdeen.
But frighted South'ron posts away in haste,
And leave the town all desolate and waste;
In all the land left nothing more or less;
Lord Beaumont took the sea at Buchanness.
Clement, the knight of Ross, appeared then,
With a brave company of gallant men.
Took in the house of Nairn, with that brave core,
The South'ron captain slew, and many more.
From Buchan and from Murray came anon,
Numbers of Scots in quest of Beaumont gone,
Who missing him to Wallace march on sight,
Mongst whom was Sir John Ramsay, that brave knight.
Whom when he saw, with many others there,
That long ago his bold companions were;
How pleas'd he was, I scarcely can describe,
But thought himself the happiest man alive.
Thus he the northern parts recovered, and
Made good men judges over all that land.
When this was done, that no time might be lost,
March'd to St. Johnstoun straight with all his host.

CHAPTER V.

The Siege of St. Johnstoun.

WALLACE the town does here besiege, in short,
And keeps a sturdy guard at ev'ry port ;
Where Bishop Sinclair came to him on sight,
With clever lads from Bute, all young and tight.
Lindsay and Boyd, who did him ne'er begnile,
From Arran came, and from the Rauchry isle ;
As did the baron bold of great renown.
Brave Adam Wallace, then of Richardtown.
In all the road no enemy durst be,
Some fled awaÿ by land, and some by sea.
Seatown and Lauder, and good Lundie now,
Came in a barge to his assistance too :
And in the haven did the anchor cast,
Where they two English ships secured fast.
The one they burnt, the other load'ned well,
With warlike stores, and sturdy men in steel,
To watch the port they strictly were oblig'd,
That men nor victuals pass to the besieg'd ;
From south to north, the flying South'ron mourn,
Some left their wives in pledge they would return.
The South'ron bishop that fled from Dunkell,
To London rode, and told all that befell.
Edward he sends for Aymer Vallance now,
And asks of him what he thought best to do.
Who, like a traitor, answered and said,
'Doubtless he by a friend must be betray'd ;
Or by some of his own companions sold,
Who have best liking to the English gold.
For which I shall myself to Scotland go,
And try the treason, whether yea or no.'

King Edward therefore sign'd to him a band,
That he would ratify and firmly stand,
To whatsoever bargain he would make :
Thus Vallance does the treason undertake.
To Scotland comes, at Bothwell does arrive,
To execute the plot he did contrive.

Unto Sir John Monteith express did send,
To come and speak with him at Rutherglen :
Who, when he came, disclosed all his mind,
And laid before Sir John the whole design.

I know,' said he, ' That you no stranger are
Unto the news of this new bloody war,
Which, if it be not soon put to a stand,
Will prove destructive to our native land :
Nothing but blood and rapine we can see,
Which will our great misfortune always be,
So long as Wallace lives, who late and air,
Insults King Edward boldly every where.
The country thus harrass'd on every hand,
There's neither trade nor culture in our land.
Now, good Sir John, if you'll advised be,
To take a wholesome counsel once from me.
It's in your pow'r to be an earl now,
And to do service to your country too ;
I know you are for certain one of those,
In whom Sir William Wallace does repose,
Great trust and confidence in each respect ;
O would thou then but grip him by the neck !
As lords and earls we might live and reign,
Under King Edward, our most gracious king.'
' Fy,' said Monteith, ' It were a mighty shame !
Yea, you and I, shall both be much to blame,
If we betray a man, who late and soon,
To king and country hath such service done.
He's of our nation, and our forces all,
Both Governor and Captain General.
For my part, I declare, come weel or woe,
I'll never condescend to treat him so.'
Vallance reply'd, ' If you but understood,
How great a shedder he's of Christian blood,
You would not plead for him so much, I'm sure,
But rather contribute to break his power ;
Besides, the king, could he but end the strife,
Has no design to take away his life :
But to confine him, so as make him cease
From war, and not disturb the common peace.'
This put Monteith into a little stand,
Who wish'd that Wallace were in Edward's hand,

Providing always he his life would spare,
And make all good that Vallance promis'd there.
When Vallance saw Monteith thus in a muse,
Mest cunningly his little time did use.
Then in a moment down he quickly told
Three thousand pounds of finest English gold.
'This you shall have, and Lennox at your will.
If you the king's desire will now fulfil.'
Then he who was brave Wallace' friend before
The strong temptation could resist no more:
But did resign his honour and himself,
To act the treason for the love of pelf:
Receiv'd the gold, and then was strictly bound,
To carry Wallace safe to English ground;
And there to put him in the South'ron's hand,
For which he should be lord of Lennox land.
This Vallance promis'd to him without fail,
Sign'd and confirm'd it with King Edward's seal.
Thus part the villains, Wallace' mortal foes,
And Aymer Vallance straight to London goes.
The enrsed tidings he did quickly bring,
Of his good success to the English king.
The contract shows, told every thing that pass'd,
And did obtain his gracious thanks at last.
Which melancholy story makes me mourn.
But to St. Johnstoun siege I now return,
Where Wallace lay besieging all that time,
Not dreaming of the treasonable crime.
Meantime, five hundred South'ron, bold and stout,
Early one morning briskly sally out,
At the South port, against Dundas and Scot,
Where they got a reception mighty hot.
The English fought it for a while, but then
Retir'd with no less loss than fourscore men.
Yet though they were at this time soundly beat,
They took the knight Dundas in the retreat,
Presented him before the Earl York,
Which put an end unto that morning's work.
The knight Dundas nothing at all did find,
But what was civil and exceeding kind.
The Earl York, so merciful was he,
Most generously dismiss'd and set him free.

For which the grateful Wallace, by and by,
 Return'd him hearty thanks most courteously.
 Assuring him upon his honour that
 He would his kindness soon retaliate.
 The Earl now of Fife, who had a truce
 With Edward, but an honest heart to Bruce,
 Perceiving Wallace, like a faithful liege,
 To carry on the war, came to the siege :
 With him Jolin Vallance, who was sheriff then
 Of Fife, and a brave train of goodly men.
 Into the ditch faggots put very fast,
 Around the stakes, heather and hay they cast ;
 With trees and earth they made a passage clear,
 Then o'er the walls do march, quite void of fear.
 The South'ron they briskly resist again,
 While at the wall a thousand men were slain,
 Courageously Wallace his men leads on,
 And hew'd down all before him ev'ry bone.
 Of South'ron foes did dreadful havock make,
 But sav'd the Earl for Dundas's sake.
 In wax a lion on his cloak did set,
 As a safe conduct, when with Scots he met.
 Gold in abundance there he told him down,
 And safely caus'd convoy him out of town.
 Women and children freely he let pass,
 As still before his generous custom was ;
 Then all the country liv'd in peace and rest,
 And with true Scots the town was re-possest.
 Thus having vanquish'd his proud South'ron foes,
 With cheerful heart straight to the South he goes.
 Edward the Bruce, who had in Ireland been
 The year before, is now in Scotland seen,
 With fifty of his mother's noble kin ;
 Attacks Kirkcudbright, boldly enters in.
 And with those fifty, for he had no more,
 Most gallantly he vanquished nine score.
 To Wigtoun next he and his men are gone,
 The castle took, for it was left alone :
 Where Wallace and his men did not neglect
 To meet him with all humble due respect.
 Unto Lochmabane, then most cheerfully,
 Marched that brave and gallant company,

Where Wallace like a true and faithful Scot,
 Resign'd command to Edward, and why not.
 And promis'd that if Robert Bruce the king
 Did not come home in person for to reign,
 He should in that ease certainly and soon,
 Have the imperial ancient Scottish crown.
 Prince Edward in Lochinabane tarry'd still,
 And Wallace went to Cumnock with good will.
 Then with his friends he met at the Black Bog,
 And with them drank a blyth and merry cog.
 Unto King Edward news came reeking hot,
 Of all the victories that Wallace got,
 And how he Scotland did again reduce,
 And that he had received Edward Bruce.
 The English commons deeply swore and said,
 That Scotland they would never more invade;
 For that it was great madness to go there,
 If the Scots champion Wallace living were.
 Then to Monteith, Edward wrote privily,
 Told him the time was now fast passing by.
 'Despatch,' said he, 'the thing you took in hand;
 For which you have my gold, and I your band.'
 The false Monteith read o'er the letter all,
 And then in haste his sister's son did call,
 To whom the plot he did discover all,
 And made him swear he would not it reveal.
 'On Wallace wait,' said he, 'and frankly tell,
 You would with him as a domestic dwell;
 Which if he grant, you must be very sure,
 To watch him nicely and the very hour,
 When all alone securely taking rest,
 Give me a call, and then I'll do my best.'
 The villain promis'd that it should be done,
 Then gets himself in Wallace' service soon,
 But the brave Wallace never had a thought
 Of what the false Montieth against him wrought.
 And he who now had Scotland thrice set free,
 Nothing design'd but lasting peace to be;
 For much fatigu'd with a long tedious war,
 He thought it more eligible by far,
 To serve God and his king in his old days,
 That he in heaven might sing eternal praise.

CHAPTER VI.

How Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Monteith, carried to England, and martyred there.

THAT Wallace' foes might him no more traduce,
 Jop quickly is despatch'd away to Bruce,
 Most earnestly beseeching he'd come down
 To Scotland, and receive the ancient crown;
 Since there was none that now durst him oppose,
 Having subdued all his South'ron foes.
 When Jop's credentials Bruce had fully read,
 His heart exulted, and was mighty glad ;
 With his own hand he back to Wallace wrote,
 And thank'd the hero for a loyal Scot ;
 Intreating him the matter to conceal,
 And quickly he would out of England steal.
 'To meet me then,' said Bruce, 'be very sure,
 The first of July next, on Glasgow muir.
 And let your company be very few,
 For I shall have but a small retinue.'
 Which when good Wallace read, blythe was his thought,
 And all his household then to Glasgow brought.
 That month he order'd them therc to bide,
 Kierly he took with him each night to ride,
 And the young man that false Monteith had sent,
 None but those two knew what way Wallace went.
 The vile young villain, on the eighteenth night,
 Warned Monteith, who sixty men on sight,
 Caus'd mount, that were his own near kinsmen born,
 And deeply ail unto the treason sworn ;
 Who from Dumbarton march, fy on them, fy !
 And near to Glasgow town lurk privily.
 A cunning spy out as a watch they sent,
 To notice and observe where Wallace went.
 Rarbreston it was near to the way side,
 And but one house where he us'd to bide.
 There walk'd on foot till midnight it was past ;
 Kierly and he lay down to sleep at last.
 Charg'd the young rogue, from whom no harm he fear'd,
 To waken him if any man appear'd.

But as he soundly slept, the traitor bold,
 His uncle met, and like a villain told,
 That now it was the only golden time
 For him to perpetrate the wicked crime ;
 Then all the cursed vile barbarian crew,
 Surround the house, and honest Kierly slew.
 The ruffian servant, he to work does fall,
 Steals Wallace' sword, his dagger, bow and all.
 To bind him then with cords, the barb'rous byke,
 Surround the hero ; but he, Samson-like,
 Got to his feet, finding no other tool,
 Broke one rogue's back with a strong wooden stool ;
 And at a second blow, with little pains,
 Beat out another fouty rascal's brains.
 As many as upon him hands could lay,
 By force do think to carry him away,
 On foot alive ; but that prov'd all in vain,
 He on the spot choos'd rather to be slain.
 At which the false Monteith his silence broke,
 And subtilly thus unto Wallace spoke :
 ' So long you have continu'd here alone,
 That notice is unto the South'ron gone ;
 Who have beset this house all round about,
 That by no means at all you can get out.
 With the Lord Clifford, who doth here command,
 And with his party at the door doth stand.
 I spoken have, who promises your life
 Shall be most safe, if you'll give o'er your strife :
 That to Dumbarton you shall with me pass,
 And be as safe at home as e'er you was ;
 You likewise see that we no weapons have,
 We came in mighty haste your life to save.'
 Wallace believing he would do no wrong
 To him who had his gossip been so long,
 Made the Monteith to swear he would fulfil
 What he had promis'd, then came in his will.
 ' As prisoner, the South'ron must you see,
 Or else by force they'll take you, Sir, from me.'
 Said false Monteith, then slyly on his hands,
 They slipped cunning and most cruel bands.
 Which underneath, with sicker cords they drew ;
 Alas ! the Bruce that binding sore may rue.

For Scotland's ruin quickly came about,
 Occasion'd by the loss of Wallace stout.
 Oho ! when led out, little or nothing said,
 But missing Kierly, knew he was betray'd.
 Then he was carry'd south o'er Solway sands,
 And left in Vallance and Lord Clifford's hands.
 To Carlisle prison with him they do scour,
 Which to this day is called Wallace' tower.
 Some writers please to say, but that's not sound,
 That Wallace martyr'd was in Berwick town ;
 That could not be, I'm very sure, for then
 It was possest by brave bold Scottish men.
 For which the traitors went not by the Merse,
 Nor durst they march thro' Berwick for a purse.
 Scotland, alas ! to whom wilt thou complain !
 From tears, alas ! how caust thou refrain !
 Since thy best help is falsely brought to ground,
 And chieftain bold in cruel fettters bound :
 Oh ! who will thee defend in thy true right,
 Or like brave Wallace ever shine so bright ?
 Thy grief and anguish now approacheth fast,
 Thou shalt in sorrow soon be left at last ;
 Thy general, and noble governor,
 Is too, too nigh his last and fatal hour.
 Who shall defend thee now, and make thee free ?
 Alas ! in war who shall thy leader be !
 Who shall thee now rescue from Saxon rage,
 And who their wrath and fury can assuage ?
 I say no more, but beg God of his grace,
 May thee in haste restore to wealth and peace :
 Brave Wallace now shall govern thee no more,
 Who to thy rights restor'd thee thrice before.
 'Mongst Wallace' men, at Glasgow where they lay,
 Great sorrow was when they found him away.
 Unto Lochmabane Longoville did pass.
 In mighty haste, where good Prince Edward was ;
 There he in greatest grief, and sorrow swore,
 He never would depart from Scotland more :
 Nor yet his native land of France would see,
 On Wallace' foe, till he aveng'd should be.
 Thus did that knight in Scotland still remain,
 Until the Bruce returned home again,

Was with the king when he St. Johnstoun took,
 The second man that enter'd, says the book :
 With charter'd lands was gifted by the king,
 From whom the charters ever since do spring.
 Robert the Bruce came home on the third day,
 To Scotland, after Wallace was away :
 And at Lochmabane with good Edward met,
 Where he the news of Wallace soon did get :
 At which was so exceeding griev'd and sad,
 He almost lost his wits, was next to mad.
 ' Hold, brother,' Edward said, ' by all that's good,
 If we him lose we shall revenge his blood :
 It's for your cause he's now to England led,
 In your defence Scotland he thrice hath freed ?
 And had he not a faithful subject been,
 The ancient kingdom we had never seen.
 Remember, when he offer'd was the crown,
 How he refus'd, and knock'd the project down.
 And now the traitor that him basely sold,
 From you he thinks Dumbarton for to hold.'
 Unto Dalswintoun Edward order'd was,
 With men in arms next day in haste to pass.
 And if he chanc'd to find the Cummeling there,
 That by no means his life he then should spare.
 Finding him not, they all return in peace :
 The king hereafter kill'd him in Dumfries.
 How that was done is needless to be shown,
 Since perfectly to ev'ry man 'tis known.

First to the king came Douglas, that brave knight,
 In all his wars who worthy was and wight ;
 Nor need I tell how Bruce did take the crown,
 And how Lord Soules deliver'd Berwick town ;
 Galloway lost, how John of Lorn arose
 Against the king, with many other foes.
 Now Brechin bold against the king did ride,
 With whom few honest Scots men did abide.
 And how the north was given from the king,
 Which made him long in painful war to reign.
 But Douglas still his loyalty did shew,
 And to the king was steadfast, firm, and true.
 A better chieftain Bruce had never one,
 Save Wallace, who's without comparison,

Yet of the Douglas' more good knights have been,
Than in one house was e'er in Scotland seen ;
As Bruce's book doth plainly testify,
By Mr. Barbour written faithfully.

With Clifford now, Wallace to London goes,
A prisoner among his mortal foes ;
Then in a prison strong clapt up was he,
Whose dismal hour King Edward long'd to see.
Wallace about him, from his childhood, kept,
Where'er he went, whether he walk'd or slept,
A psalter book, where he beseech'd a knight,
Lord Clifford, might be brought unto his sight.
Which done, he caus'd a priest upon the place,
To hold it open straight before his face,
On which he look'd, sometimes his eyes up cast,
Religiously unto his very last.

Then quickly came the executioner, who
Gave him the fatal and the mortal blow.
Thus, in defence, that hero ends his days,
Of Scotland's right to his immortal praise ;
Whose valiant acts were all recorded fair,
Written in Latin by the famous Blair ;
Who at that time the champion did attend,
Was an eye witness, and his chaplain then,
And after that, as history does tell,
Confirm'd by Sinclair, bishop of Dunkell.

F I N I S.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF WALLACE.

Invida mors tristi Gulielmum funere Failum,
Quæ cum ta tollit, sustrulit.
Et tanto pro cive, cinis pro finibus, urna est
Frigusque pro lorica obit.
Ille quidam terras locase infectora reliquit.
At fata factis suppressim:
Partes fui meliore solum cælumque; pererrat,
Hoc spiritu, illud gloria
At tibi si inscriptum generoso pestus bonesto,
Fuisset hostes proditi
Artibus Angle tuis in pœnas in partior escess,
Nec opidatum spargeres;
Membra viri sacranda adytis, sed seiu, quid in ista
Immanitate riceris
Ut Valla in ounctus oras spargantur & horas,
Laudes tuumque dedecus.

*The Author of the History of the DOUGLASSES hath
translated the preceding Verses thus:*

Envious death, who ruins all,
 Hath wrought the sad lamented fall
 Of Wallace, and no more remains
 Of him, than what an urn contains.
 We ashes for our hero have,
 He, for his armour, a cold grave ;
 He left the earth, too low a state,
 And by his acts o'ercame his fate.
 His soul death hath no power to kill,
 His noble deeds the world shall fill,
 With lasting trophies of his name.
 O ! hadst thou virtue lov'd or fame,
 Thou couldst not have insulted so,
 Over a brave betrayed foe,
 Edward ! nor seen these limbs expos'd
 To public shame, fit to be clos'd
 As reliques in an holy shrine ;
 But now the infamy is thine,
 His end crowns him with glorious bays,
 And stains the brightest of thy praise.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan 2009

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